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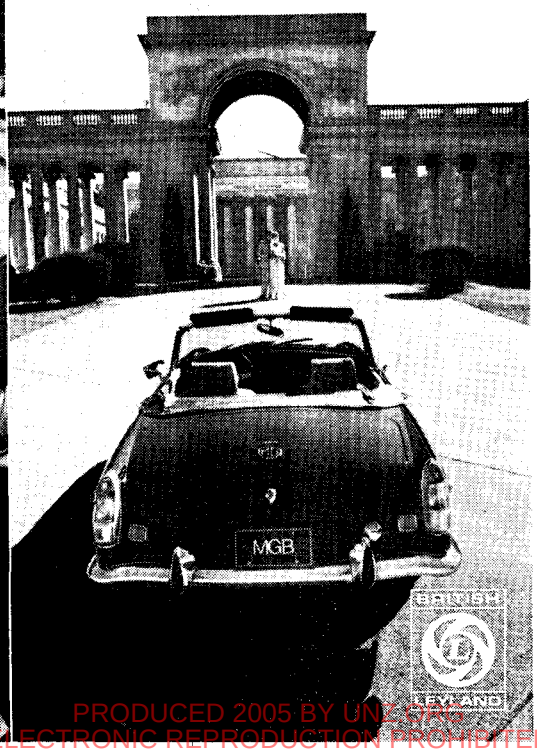

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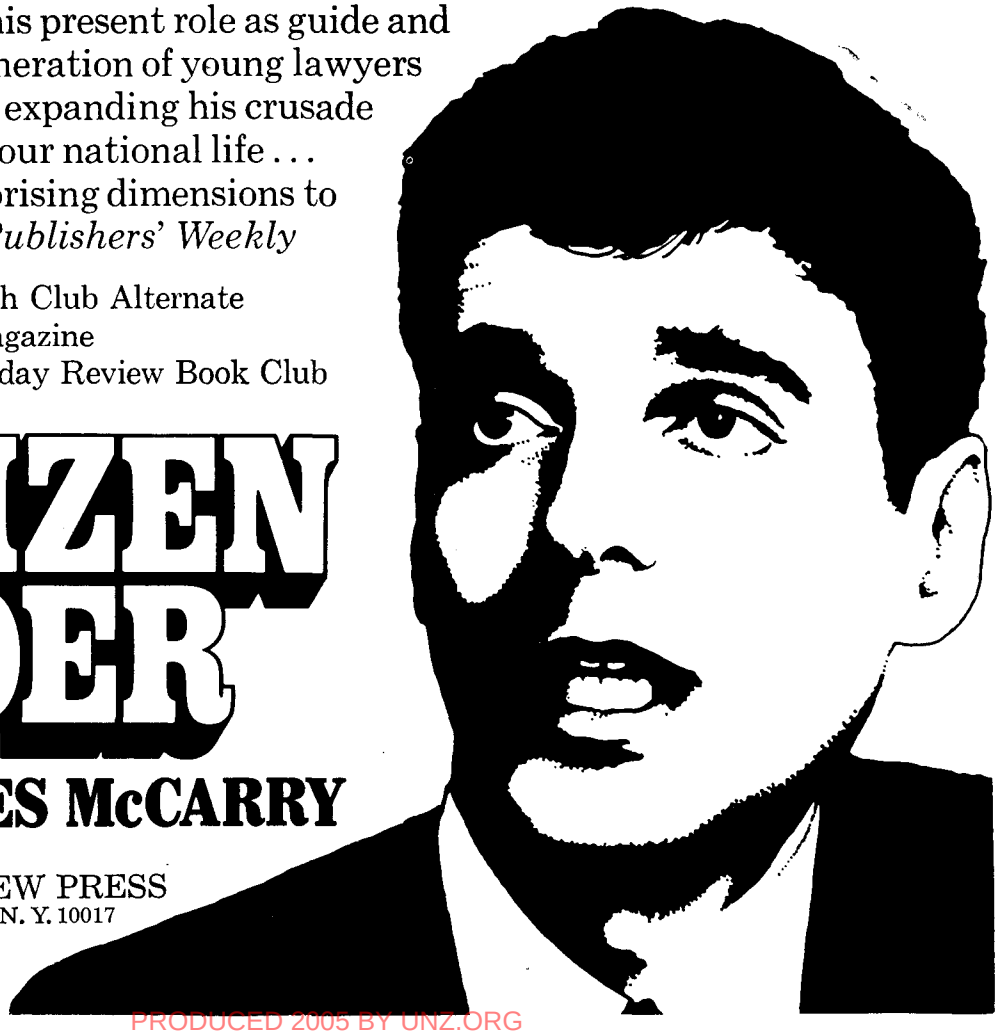

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Anyone for Cartography?

One of my oldest and most precious possessions, which is framed and hangs on the wall over my desk, is a map of Europe from the *Atlas* of Ortelius, published in Antwerp in 1574. I bought it in Antwerp in 1926, during my first trip to Europe, when I had visions of becoming a specialist in cartography and the owner of a world-famous collection of ancient maps. Soon afterward I bought an early map of London. Those two maps brought to a close the map-collecting phase of my life.

In 1574 Shakespeare was ten years old, and I like to think that he used an Ortelius map like the one I see every time I look up from my typewriter. I look up so often that I know this map better than, say, the back of my hand, which I look at infrequently. If Shakespeare used such a map, he got a pretty good idea of the geography of Europe. Cartographers have, however, made a few alterations and improvements.

In Ortelius's map of almost 400 years ago, Norway is shown as squared off at the southern end. Denmark sticks up rather narrow and clublike. Ireland is longer and narrower than on modern maps. Finland is much too small, whereas Sicily is much too large. Spain juts out into the Atlantic (or Occidentalis Oceanus) at too sharp an angle. Despite the somewhat erroneous picture given us of some of the islands in the Mediterranean and of what is now Turkey, Ortelius was better with the southern part of Europe than with the area to the far north. North of the Arctic Circle things get pretty sketchy, it perhaps being too cold for geographers up there.

Nevertheless, it is a very good map of Europe for 1574, and I have a great deal of respect for Ortelius. There are some things on this old map that are better than what we find on the ordinary map today. For instance, I like the mellifluousness of Oceanus Germanicus for what is now the North Sea, Mare Magiore for the Black Sea, and Gallia for France. I also get a certain malicious pleasure from seeing Russia in small type, dominated by such large-letter nations as Lituania, Polonia, and Moldavia.

But what I especially like is the art work that embellishes this 400-year-old map of Europe. There are groves of luxuriant trees in the central and southern portions. Cities are indicated by tiny clusters of reddish buildings, some having the steeple of a church or a cathedral. Somewhat stylized mountains indicate the Pyrenees, the Apennines, and the other ranges.

Another thing that delights me is the little ship under full sail heading across the Cantabricus Oceanus toward what is now the Bay of Biscay. Actually it is not such a little ship, being about a third the size of Ireland, but the artist apparently wanted us to see the planks of the hull, each of the billowing sails, and the pennant flying from the top of the mainmast.

Best of all, though, is the drawing of Europa and the bull, with *"Europae"* inscribed beneath. The bull doesn't look a bit like Jupiter, the disguise being perfect, but Europa looks exactly the way an attractive young lady (attractive enough to attract Jupiter) should look. She is blonde, about 38-23-36, and topless. Sitting sidesaddle on the bull, she is clutching one horn, like a handle bar, and waving, or trying to maintain her balance, with her free hand. A wispy blue veil, gauzy and gossamer, only partially entwines her and seems about to fall off completely. The bull (Jupiter), quite understandably, has his head turned toward Europa and seems to be wagging his tail. What Ortelius, or his artist, seems to be trying to tell us is that this is how Europe got its name, a notion questioned by many etymologists.

As I have said, I see this map of Europe every time I look up from my typewriter, and I am convinced that Europa is waving, all right, and at me.

Richard Armour

Mother Goose for Moderns

Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon. Now mind—
That's one small leap for a cow, 'tis true,
But a giant leap for cowkind.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.
She had so many children, she didn't know what to do.
She said to herself (more in sorrow than anger),
"If only I'd listened to Margaret Sanger."

Jack Sprat could eat no fat;
His wife could eat no lean.
So her downfall was cholesterol,
While his was a ruptured spleen.

George R. Bauer

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Efficiency Note came from Mrs. E. Hedley, who found it in the Wilmington (Delaware) *Evening Journal*:

A multimedia exhibit of resources in Christian education is on display this week in the crypt hall of St. Andrew's Church .... Women of St. Andrew's serve a bullet-style lunch during exhibit hours.

Pot luck?

One Interview of the Week was sent by Stephen Gsell, who found it in an article on Denise Nicholas in the Rocky Mountain *News*:

Denise recently finished her first film, the new Blacula, which is a black takeoff on the famed horror film *Fracula.*

Which, we presume, is the same one we saw in back and white.

A second interview was submitted by two readers, Mrs. Milton Albrecht of Buffalo and Walter Dannhauser of Williamsville, New York. It was with Ira Cohen, former provost of the State University of New York, and appeared in that institution's student newspaper, *The Spectrum*:

SPECTRUM: For one thing, of course, you know there are different levels of administration. Somebody's got to keep the place running. It may be several levels down in the administration, but somebody had better be doing that; otherwise, it's not going to allow the rest of the things to happen.

COHEN: Agreed. Assuming the higher administrator can delegate certain cuties if he wishes to lower levels of administration.

Let's try it once more—from the bottom.

Once upon a time William Damroth was a young man who made good and then wrote about how you can, too, in *How to Win Success Before 40* (Prentice-Hall, 1956). Now that he's reached middle age he knows what to do *after* success, and he has also written about that. This book is called *Passport to Nature* (Viking), and it is a slim but handsome volume that bears eloquent testimony to the fact that Mr. Damroth, having turned his back upon business and put aside all his worldly goods, is now embarked on a new career as a conservationist and wildlife photographer.

We found him a man in midstream—a curious mixture of brusque former businessman and gentle philosopher. "My book?" he said. "Oh, yes. Well, almost everyone who goes to Africa dreams of coming back and publishing his pictures of the animals. I'm fifty-two, you know. I remember that after you are forty-nine you couldn't be a member of the Young Presidents Club anymore." He paused. "Anyway, when you hit fifty, you start to wonder what it's all about. And I don't think that applies to just successful businessmen, either. It's a syndrome of all men—and women. Some go into something else—like politics or something. But the point is, even if you stay where you are, you get to a certain point and you start to ask what the whole rat race is all about. The fun is not there. It's nothing but administrative headaches—and heartbreaks. I've been lucky—I found something."

Born in New York, the son of a building superintendent, Damroth at seventeen was a stock boy in Macy's. Before he reached forty, he was a director of eleven corporations and president of three, including one that sponsored and managed no fewer than five mutual funds. How, we wanted to know, did he do it?

"That's not important," he said quickly. "Anybody can do it. With most people the only reason they don't get anywhere is that they don't want it so bad they can taste it. That's the fundamental thing."

We asked Mr. Damroth if he could tell whether a young person was going to make it. "No," he said. "But I can take a pretty quick reading of his ambition quotient by looking at what he's done. How long has he stayed in his job? Has he made any lateral moves? Diagonals?

"When you see a man who's comfortable in his job," Mr. Damroth continued, "you may want that man. But he's an Indian, not a chief. If I want to move my company, I want a chief. I want a chief with ants in his pants. I want the kind of person who, when you ask him what he wants to be five years from now, looks you right in the eye and says, 'I want your job.'" Mr. Damroth smiled. "If you can tolerate the s.o.b., he's your man."

We looked Mr. Damroth right in the eye and asked if *he* was that sort of man. "I was," he said; "I was. I drove myself because I was trying to please my father. He was a man who—well, never mind. Just say I could never do a job well enough. I loved him, but he was always critical. That set a standard. It was the burr under my saddle."

Is your burr out now? we asked. "No," he said, "it isn't. If it was all the way out, I wouldn't have pushed to have this beautiful book published. I would have been satisfied just to sit and look at my own pictures."

How, we asked finally, did his "dropping out" affect his personal life? "Well," he said, "I was married eighteen years. I have three grown boys. Now I've been single three years. Three years ago I made a conscious flight to freedom that culminated in this book. When there are an infinite number of things you could photograph and you suddenly look at something and it uncovers a feeling—one you may not have ever experienced—you find a new excitement." He paused again. "I'm sorry," he said quietly, "for all my own friends in the Young Presidents Club who have not found this same excitement. And I'm even sorrier for the ones who haven't yet realized that at least they should be looking for it." □

WIT TWISTER NO. 268

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Politicos have — — — — — —;
bands have played;

Old friends have — — — — — —;
now in tired parade.

The crowds — — — — — —, and
this Fourth of July

Ends as a last — — — — — —
lights up the sky.

Clifton Blake

(Answer on page 77)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1985)

JIM HARRISON:
WOLF, A FALSE MEMOIR

Writers for "outdoor" magazines are always referring to "gin clear" water. Switch that to vodka clear for my own taste. But then the great majority of these writers are lame brains with no real knowledge of the prey they speak of except how to catch or kill it.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

You Can't Have One Without the Other

I imagine all people—even Democrats and Republicans—are for a clean environment. I have never heard anyone knock rippling brooks, or redwood trees, or unlittered highways, or spring water, or clean air. Even George Wallace is probably not against sylvan glades. Even if he had to take a bus to get to one.

But if you're one of those chronic wave-makers who insist that the government should do something big, bold, and right now to clean up air pollution, you can save your breath. A recent White House study disclosed that the clean air we hope someday to inhale may not be worth the billions of dollars we will have to expend to get it.

Former Secretary of Commerce Maurice Stans, who resigned his office to help Nixon make a clean sweep in the coming presidential election, recently gave a speech entitled "Wait a Minute." In it he said: "We must weigh environmental goals against the economic reality and say, 'Wait a minute. How do the benefits of one affect the cost of the other?' " He didn't exactly say, "Emphysema can be fun," but what he did say was breathtaking.

What Mr. Stans was referring to was the White House study, which suggested that the cost of cleaning up all pollution-producing industrial plants should be absorbed by those manufacturers of smoke. But if we enforce that, the commission says, the effects will be catastrophic. Quote:

"It would result in a decline of profits, cause prices to rise, close plants, swell imports, lower U.S. exports, affect the balance of payments annually by $700-million, and create more unemployment."

All that for a breath of fresh air? That ought to shorten your hair and narrow your tie. But that's the story of, that's the glory of, progress. Progress begets retrogress. One small step forward for man, one giant leap backward for mankind. It was more pungently stated by a young philosopher who came home from school every day with a skinned knee.

"Why do you fall down every day?" his mother asked. The boy replied, "Because I always run faster than I can." That's why we're always skinning our knees. Right now, the price we have to pay is polluted air. And as we all know, it's not nice to fool Mother Nature.

On the other hand, if the manufacturers did absorb the cost, and the result would be more unemployment, a man would have more time to walk around enjoying that $700-million fresh air. But how would he explain it at home?

"Why are you out of work, Daddy?"

"Clean air, that's why."

"Is that like the last time, Daddy, when you were out of work because of automation?"

"Worse, boy. The union beat that one. But even George Meany can't figure how to beat this gimmick."

The next scene is in another home: "But, Daddy, you promised you'd buy me my own car. Why do you say No now?"

"Clean air, that's why."

"Is that like the last time when they wanted higher salaries?"

"Worse, boy. The wage board beat that one. Not even John Mitchell could maneuver a deal against clean air."

But it will never happen. We are fortunate to have a government now that cares about the *little* people. If asking Big Business to pay for anti-pollution will cause the closing of plants, unemployment, higher prices, lower profits, our government will never allow it. Even if it means passing a law forcing Big Business to triple its profits.

Sad. Progress seems to cure one ill only to create another. It's as if a person is told by a doctor that he can cure one leg, but the other will be shorter. Progress is heads I win, tails you lose. Take peace and war. Seems the only way we can have peace is to spend billions for war.

And the truly insane part is that there are arguments by men of good will on both sides. Take the big debate about ITT's alleged friendly little gift certificate of one, two, three, or four hundred thousand dollars, said to prejudice a merger with three big companies.

One side has it that the gift had nothing to do with the antitrust charge leveled by the government against ITT. The other side says the merger should have been allowed; otherwise it would "stun the market."

In a friendly debate I had with a man at the club, he pointed out that ITT didn't bribe anybody, and besides it happens every day. It was his summation that stopped me. "Let's face it, man," he declaimed. "The whole world is on the free enterprise system."

I thought that over later. And you know something? He may be right. As we all know, God created the world in six days, and on the seventh day He rested. The market was closed. ☐

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Steinberg's Berlioz; the Return of Caballé; the Duke

Symphonic conductors as they grow older—and music critics, too, perhaps—tend to fall into patterns of work that externalize what they think of, privately, as their own approach to "this eternal mystery." There are the poetizers, heads thrown back, eyes turned heavenward, seeking divine guidance in their quest for results beyond mere human capacity; the improvisers, who plan everything very carefully, then dissemble the plan on the podium with throw-away motions; and the rigid authoritarians, who will not allow so much as an eighth note to be played without a motivating gesture.

William Steinberg, who made one of his rare New York appearances with the Boston Symphony, though he is its music director, is in a class apart. He is, rather, the epitome of the old pro, all arts and graces, the podium equivalent of what the world of pugilism calls a "dancing master." In engaging the substantial bulk of Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette*, Steinberg boxed with it beautifully, piling up point after point, but never quite achieved heavier contact.

What emerged was highly organized prose rather than disembodied poetry. Steinberg's thoroughly prepared performance illuminated innumerable fine points in Berlioz's innovative score. But this is also a famously passionate musical response to Shakespeare's tragedy, which demands a touch of interpretative recklessness to fire and fuse the cold blocks of notes into molten imagery.

For such values one has to look these days to interpreters other than Steinberg. Certainly he had all the means at hand, vocal as well as instrumental. However, Joanna Simon's beautiful sound could have been formed into a more lustrous fulfillment of the solo for the female narrator, and there is a potential for eloquence in Kenneth Riegel's well-pointed tenor tones that Steinberg did not exploit. The New England Conservatory Chorus performed effectively rather than compellingly. The gentlemen (and ladies) of the instrumental ensemble outdid themselves to provide Steinberg with what he wanted, which was not often enough what Berlioz required.

Montserrat Caballé, who missed her part in last fall's opening performance of the Metropolitan Opera season because she was expecting a baby, resumed her New York activity with a series of performances that could proceed only from a calm mind, a full heart, and what might be described as a happy throat. A combination of any two of these would give the average soprano cause for contentment—which is why, perhaps, one sees few of them about when she is performing.

Caballé's command of the arts of agility and facility that enable her to glide through difficulties and serenely surmount the obstacles that inconvenience the average vocalist clearly entitle her to high marks in *bel canto*. But what she did at the Metropolitan as Elisabetta in Verdi's *Don Carlo* and in a Carnegie Hall recital may better be described in terms of a new vocal category, *bel aria*, or "beautiful air." No matter what the pollutant content of an auditorium in which she appears, the oxygen Caballé draws in emerges cleansed, purified, and clarified into the loveliest vibrations to be heard from any body now before the public.

So far as such sound is the essence of the vocalist's art, Caballé offers a hundred cents' return on the ticket buyer's dollar. For those who believe that beautiful sound is only a down payment on a larger dividend in dramatic meaning, Caballé's exchange value must be more than slightly discounted. In *Don Carlo*, for example, the new, slimmer Caballé is a believably regal Elisabetta only when she is standing still. When the script requires her to move, illusion is dissipated, queenliness downgraded. The sound is always beautiful, her fourth-act "Tu che le vanità" thrillingly so. But seekers after dramatic substance are advised to seek elsewhere.

The Carnegie Hall recital reproduced a scene and a setting with all the visual symbols of success associated with such great names of the past as Tauber and McCormack, Pons and Flagstad. These included an overflow of listeners on the stage that left barely enough room for the performer and piano, and a reception at Caballé's first appearance that kept her bowing for what seemed like minutes.

As a demonstration of the Caballé command of *bel aria*, it was peerless. All that went in rough and sooty emerged cleanly vibrant, more than 99-44/100 per cent pure. Clinging contours and rounded conformations were altogether apt for the seldom heard items by Donizetti that provided the program's centerpiece. They merely caressed the surface of the Schumann songs that preceded.

The really suitable materials for Caballé's voice were concentrated into two segments of the program. One was the Donizetti, the other the Spanish matter by Obradors, Mompou, Falla, Montsalvatge, Rodrigo, and Halffter that brought on a sequence of encores supremely generous in length. Separating the Donizetti from the Spanish was a group of French songs. It was not altogether surprising that Caballé's treatment of Hahn's "Si mes vers avaient des ailes" or Duparc's "Chanson triste" was not much more idiomatic than her Schumann. But it was a puzzlement why Ravel's "Vocalise en forme d'habanera" should be lacking in rhythmic accent and atmospheric color. Miguel Zanetti's piano playing was helpful to Caballé where she needed it least and deficient in definition where she could have used it most.

Duke Ellington at the piano, Duke Ellington playing "Soda Fountain Rag" from his formative days in Washington, D.C., Duke Ellington recalling Cotton Club nights and sunlit African mornings—these were the rewards for those who managed to squeeze into a gallery of the Whitney Museum of American Art for the latest in its long-running series of Composers' Showcase evenings. The particular pleasure the evening afforded came from Ellington's solo discourse, at the piano, of a substantial segment of his most memorable music, and his participation, in partnership with Joe Benjamin, bass, and Rufus Jones, drums, in sundry other compositions.

The exponent of an art half-African, half-American, but all musical, Ellington took permissible pleasure in the presentation of a stamp issue by the Togolese Republic. It honors Bach, Beethoven, Debussy, and the Duke himself. Ellington's musical response brought on a brusque dance piece from the *Brava Togo* Suite and a more languorous evocation of a long, sun-striped beach.

For those fortunate enough to be present, it was more like an evening at home with Ellington than a public performance. He talked (briefly), improvised at length on such well-remembered matters as "Sophisticated Lady," "Black and Tan Fantasy," and "Mood Indigo" from the days of past glories, and moved on decade by decade through "New World A-Coming" to the portrait of Pastor John Gensel titled "The Shepherd Who Watches over the Night Flock." For this, as well as for other works sprinkled through the evening, Ellington's ability to verbalize the content of what he has created was the source of a unique kind of imagery—whether stated as "The Mooch" or "Satin Doll." It is an engaging paradox that he nevertheless spoke little at all about his work, though the format of these evenings encourages such latitude. □

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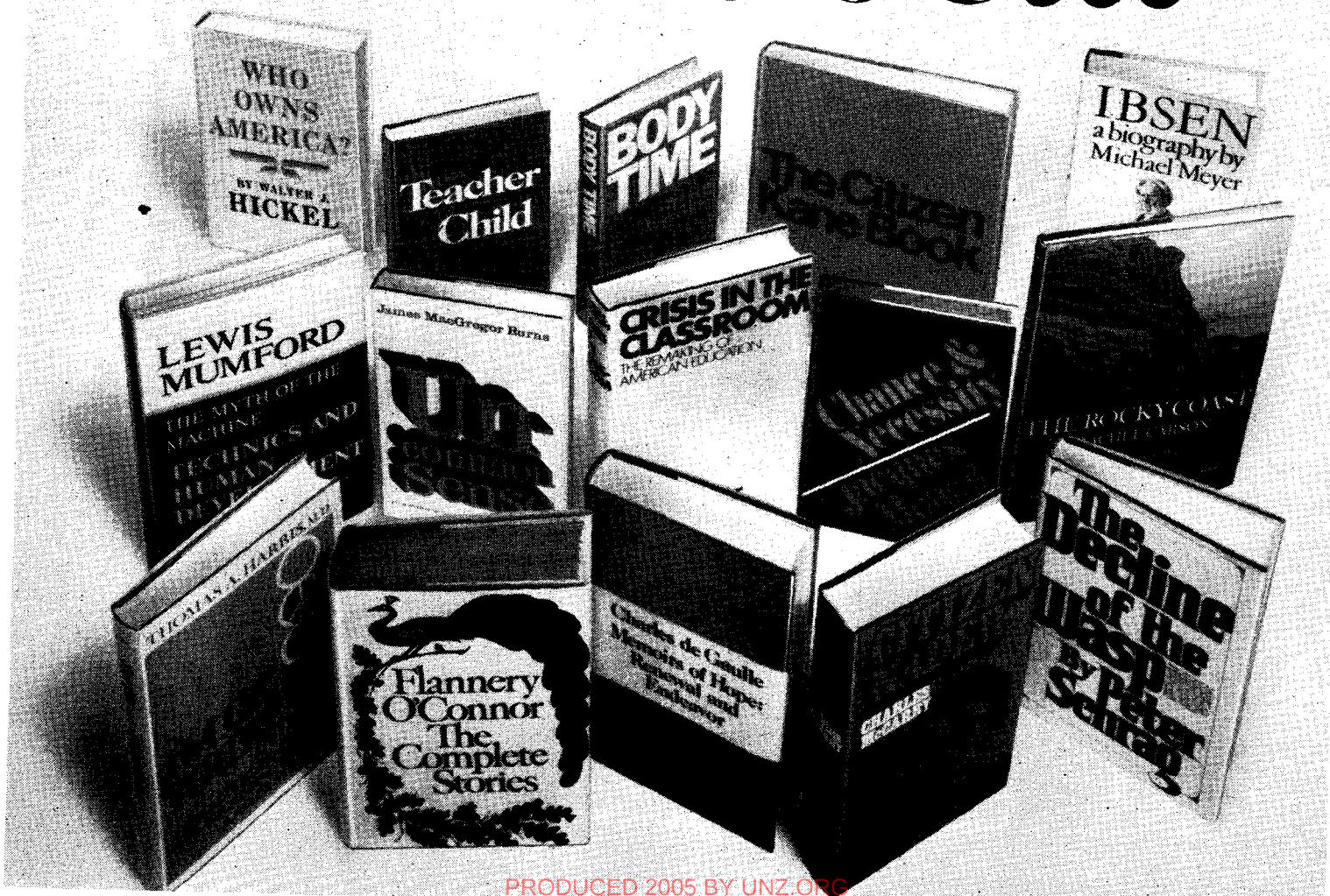
We had our own ideas about what a book club should be...



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so we started one: The Saturday Review Book Club.

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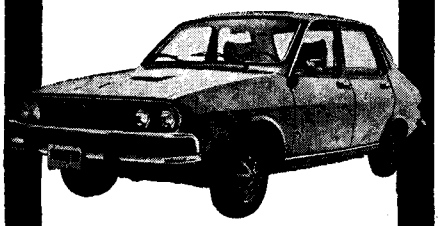

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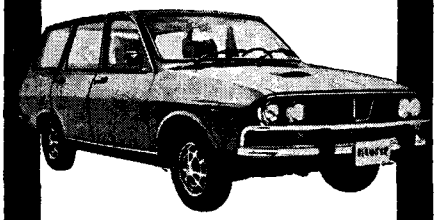

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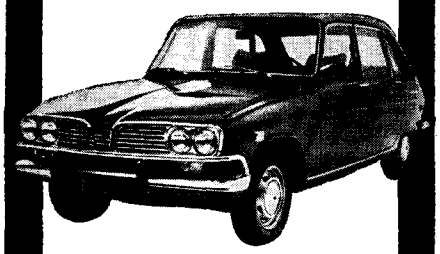

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America Through a Bus Window—I: The Hidden Riders

The first impulse you feel entering New York's Port Authority bus station is to get the hell out. Here moves the maddest crush of humanity under one terminal roof. Grand Central and O'Hare Airport are British stately homes by comparison. Here, too, are the major leagues of panhandling. You never get hit for less than 38 cents in the Port Authority, usually by a young man who says he needs just that amount to get back to Fort Dix.

Lining up for the bus marked "Miami" down in the rumbling bowels of the terminal, I felt none of the jumpy elation that attends airline departures. It was a drizzly Sunday morning in late spring, and I had a long, slow trip ahead of me. My destination was Albuquerque the long way around: through Washington, down across the Deep South, into Texas, and up through the Panhandle to New Mexico. You can make that trip in forty-eight hours by cutting straight across the heartland and picking up Route 66 into Albuquerque, but I wanted to make overnight stops along the way, see parts of the country strange to me, and meet that hidden group of Americans, the bus-riding public.

Somehow, waiting in line, I found myself in a group of funmakers—old ones at that. Some had ridden since dawn from New England, but they seemed as chipper as a planeload of weekend gamblers heading for Freeport. Just before we pulled out, a gray-haired well-wisher climbed on, scanned the forty or so faces, and shouted, "Did you get your seat, Alice?" She hadn't, but she was comfortable where she was. I think I had Alice's seat. The bus driver had assigned reserved seats while he took tickets at the door, but many of us were out of place, and no one was grumbling.

"Have a good trip, everybody," Alice's friend sang out.

Then the doors flapped shut, and the Trailways bus snorted into the rain. We would be sealed in for four hours. Next stop, Washington. Almost abruptly, the mood of merriment ceased. People went to sleep, stared out the window, or tried to read as the bus lurched through stop-and-go traffic.

Taking trains was once the American

Conference at Roanoke—"By dusk we were cutting across a corner of Georgia and into the red hills of Alabama."

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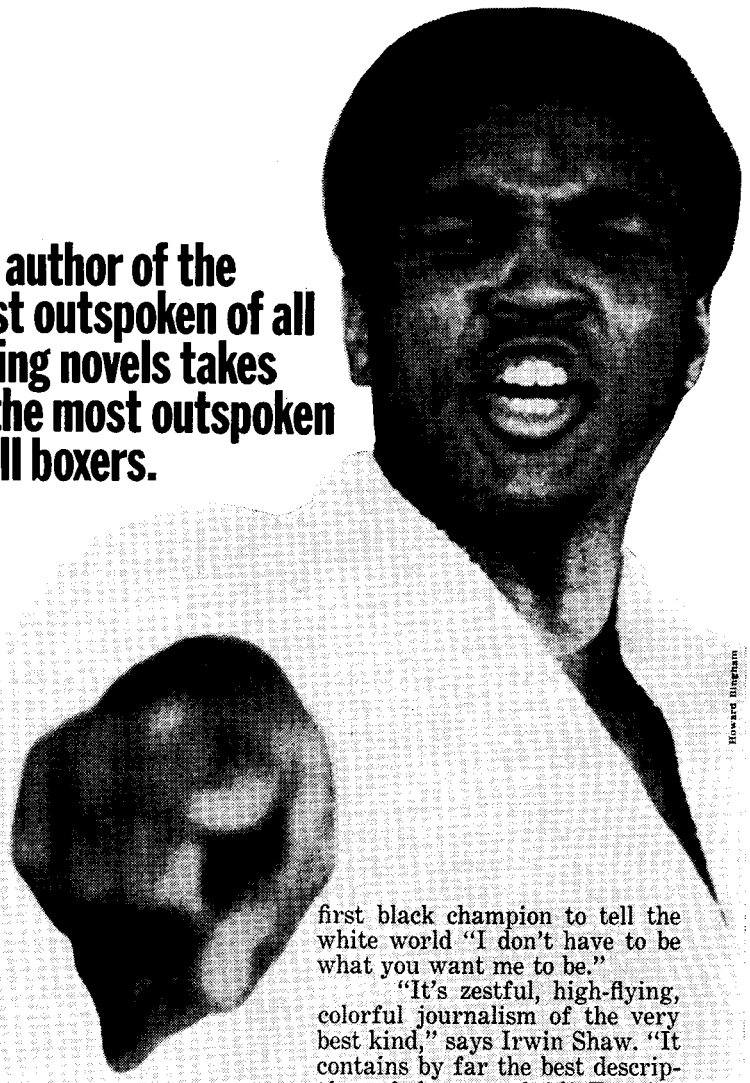
way to go. Airplanes, in spite of recent losses and cutbacks in service, have replaced the railroads in the national favor, while an even greater number of travelers have turned to the automobile. Bus riding, meantime, has plowed straight ahead, moving more passengers than ever on intercity runs of one hundred to three hundred miles. Usually people ride buses because they have to, not because they want to. Either they haven't the money for an airplane ticket, or they are afraid to fly, or the trains and planes don't provide service to where they are going, or they are running away and don't want to get there too fast. Ironically, it is the foreign visitor who uses American buses more for travel than for transportation. Tickets bought overseas enable tourists to ride twenty-one days for $99—our answer to Eurail Pass.

Just before noon, the rain still falling, an old woman across the aisle opened a red-plastic food hamper and began to divide the contents with her husband. "Don't we stop to eat?" I asked, making conversation. "She can't—kosher," the husband said softly. I said I could smell the dill pickles. "Pickles?" he shrugged. "Eggs, salami, bread, everything." In six minutes—by the clock above the driver—they had finished lunch. Then the man adjusted his cloth cap, leaned back, and closed his eyes; she rested her hand on his

On Board—"Almost abruptly, the mood of merriment ceased."

The author of the most outspoken of all boxing novels takes on the most outspoken of all boxers.



Howard Bingham

LOSER AND STILL CHAMPION: MUHAMMAD ALI is Budd Schulberg's portrait of a man and a symbol of his time. The Ali who brought confrontation politics into a ring. Who espoused an unpopular religion. Who refused to be drafted. The Ali who was the first black champion to tell the white world "I don't have to be what you want me to be."

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If you fly Pan Am this summer, here are three problems you won't have to face at Kennedy Airport.

If you've ever returned from a vacation abroad and landed at Kennedy Airport's International Arrivals Building you probably remember what it was like to get your baggage, clear customs and get out of the terminal. (If you don't remember we'll refresh your memory. It was murder.)

Well starting June 1, it won't be murder.

At least not for Pan Am® passengers.

Because this summer, as a Pan Am passenger, you won't be landing at the International Arrivals Building.

You'll be landing at the new Pan Am terminal (our $92 million Pan Am terminal) where you'll be able to go through immigration and health, get your baggage, clear customs and be on your way in a matter of minutes. Here's how.

The before clearing customs problem.

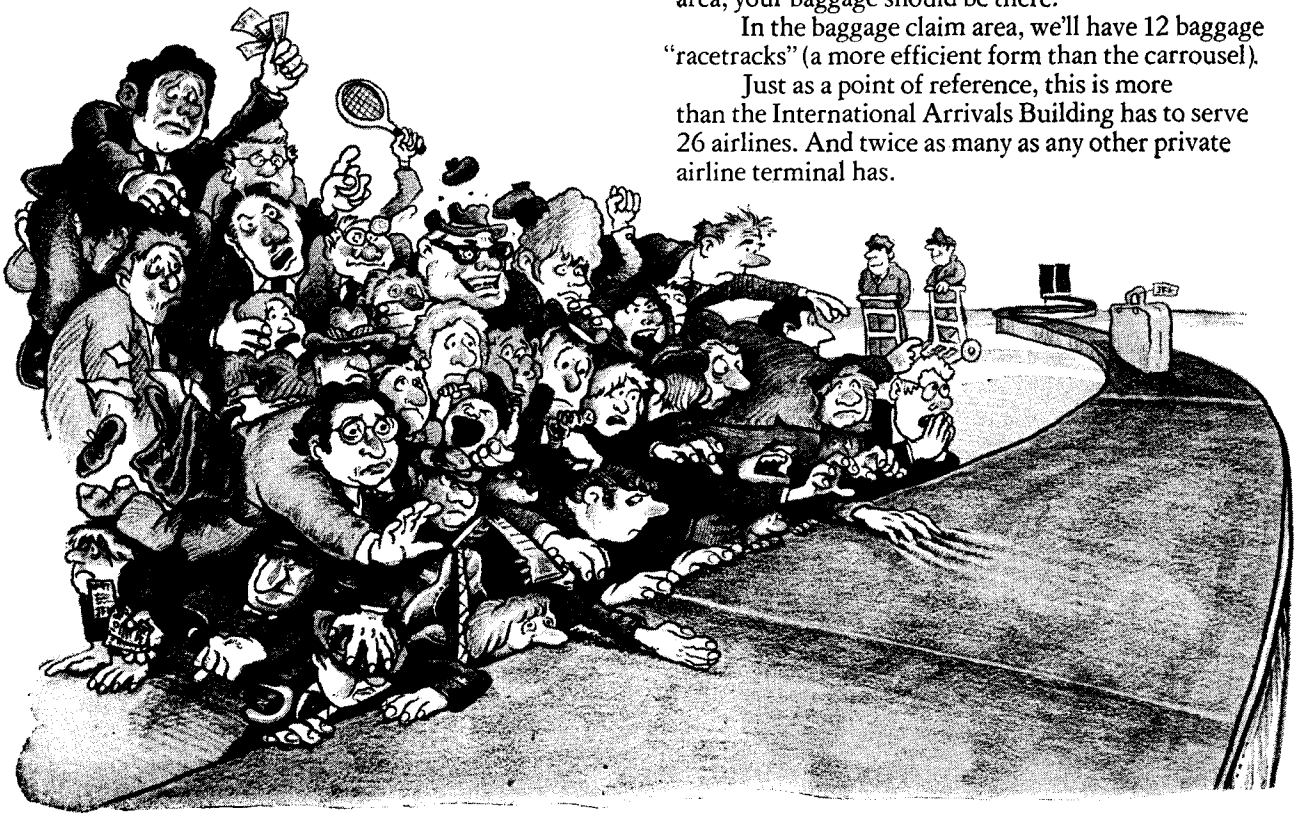
Also known as the trying to get your baggage problem so that you can clear customs.

We've installed a fully automatic baggage conveyor system in the new terminal which ties into each gate. Once a plane "docks," luggage will be unloaded and on the conveyor system within five minutes.

And by the time you get off the plane, go through health and immigration and get to the baggage claim area, your baggage should be there.

In the baggage claim area, we'll have 12 baggage "racetracks" (a more efficient form than the carrousel).

Just as a point of reference, this is more than the International Arrivals Building has to serve 26 airlines. And twice as many as any other private airline terminal has.



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The clearing customs problem.

The problem with clearing customs at the International Arrivals Building during peak seasons can be summed up in one sentence. Too many airlines (26) served by too few customs positions (64).

At the new Pan Am terminal, we will have 36 customs positions. That's more than any other airline has. Which means lines (if there are any at all) should be a lot shorter than they will be at the International Arrivals Building or any other terminal at Kennedy. And the shorter they are, the faster you get through them.

The after clearing customs problem.

It's called walking.

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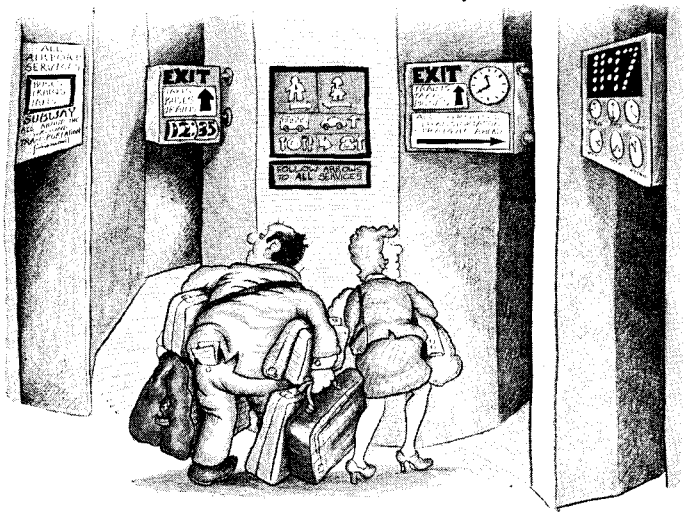

This fall: The end of a lot of other problems.

After October 15, when you fly Pan Am, here are some more problems you won't have to face.

The waiting in line to check in problem. The new terminal will have 52 check-in counters.

The walking all over the terminal to find your plane problem. A special electronically controlled traffic system will direct taxis and cars to the check-in counter most convenient to your departure gate.

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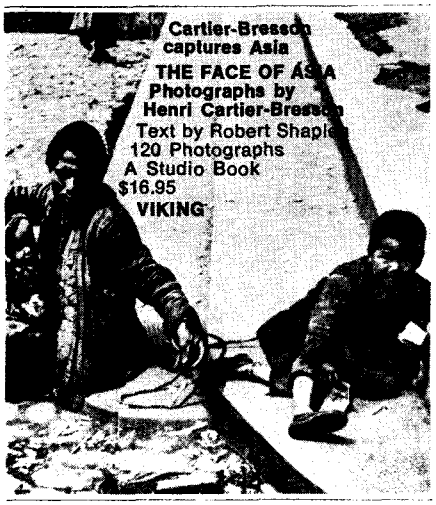

The obvious conclusion

When people keep coming back to a product again and again and again, it's probably because it gives them the same pleasure, again and again and again.

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and gazed out the window. They were going to Miami and would be up all night. So would the woman behind me —Alice it was—who passed out chewing gum to everyone within reach. "The chewing keeps me awake," she said as we crossed the Delaware Memorial Bridge. "I want to stay awake now so I can sleep tonight." She had recently been down to Florida on vacation and was returning to find a place to live out her years in the sun.

After a night in Washington, I boarded a bus Monday morning for Charlottesville, Lynchburg, Bristol, and points south. The day was warm and hazy, a different season from the one we had left in New York. It was also the first day of National Transportation Week—and the start of a national railroad strike. More than half the passengers were students going back, after weekend retreats, to the many colleges spread through central and southern Virginia. How tender are the names: Sweet Briar, Mary Baldwin, Randolph-Macon, Hampden-Sydney.

John Krajovic, a pleasant, thoughtful student riding back from Baltimore to the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, was no stranger to buses. He rides them during the school year and on summer vacations to Maine. "Everybody thinks I'm nutty to take the bus," he said. "And maybe I am. I really don't like buses . . . but you meet people. I guess there's a point where I'll start using other modes." We were winding along Highway 15, a two-lane road that cuts through the heart of Virginia horse country just east of the Blue Ridge Mountains. It is a land of trim split-rail fences and gentleman farmers who oversee such properties as Cismont, Strawberry Hill, Tall Oaks, and Arcadia.

Krajovic knows the territory well. He had gone out for polo at UVA the previous year and said he would gladly join the U.S. Army if the cavalry still existed. "You might find it amusing, as I did, to know what these nice rich horsy ladies do on their spare afternoons," he said.

"Yes?"

"They go bowling. Isn't that odd?"

Bus riding may be the most mundane way to travel, but early in the journey, before tiring of the sameness of it all, you can't help being curious about the people and where they are going. Like the boy and girl in the Simon and Garfunkel song who play guessing games with faces, wondering if the man in the gabardine suit is a spy. South of Charlottesville, I finally introduced myself to the white-haired man in the blue suit, white shirt, and blue tie who had been riding since Washington. R. J. Madden was glad to talk but was guarded about discussing his line of work.

"I call it my three-M job," he said, eyes twinkling. "Madden's Mysterious Mission." When I pressed him to explain, he disclosed that he was a trouble shooter for the Fruit Growers Express, acting as a mediator in labor-manage-

"This could blow the case wide open!"

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ment disputes. Even if the rail strike had not been called, he would have been riding the bus. Passenger trains no longer run to Roanoke. "I find I get along pretty well with the bus," he said. "You see"—he laughed—"that's the secret part of my mission: I work for the railroads but have to travel by bus. The only thing I don't like about buses is that an old guy like me has to get around and shake himself loose every once in a while to keep the joints from going stiff. But you can meet people on a bus, always dig up a conversation; kind of makes the time go."

After a day or two on the road, it is not hard to categorize the bus riders of America. There are retired people with time on their hands; the poor, both black and white; students and other resilient youth; military men riding to and from widely scattered posts. Another rider, not so easy to spot, is the one who is running from something, someone, or somewhere and doesn't particularly care where he goes.

Late in the afternoon I noticed a young black woman in granny glasses, broad-brimmed hat, and green suit. She was tugging absently at a long fur piece in her lap. At a roadside stop the driver told me the woman had been riding since early that morning from New York. "I asked her a couple times where she was going, but she didn't say," he said. "I don't think she knows, herself." At Roanoke, when we reboarded the bus after a forty-minute stop, the woman in green was gone.

Bus riders who stop for the night don't stay at the Ritz. At Bristol I checked into a red-brick pile next to the Trailways station—a former YMCA only slightly remodeled and renamed El Matador. From a wire cage at the rear of the lobby, an ancient clerk, lean as a buzzard, regarded me through rimless glasses. He hesitated a long moment and then gave me a room on the fourth floor—spare, shabby, lit by naked bulbs—for $8.32, plus 50 cents deposit. I was up and out of Bristol shortly after dawn.

By dusk we were cutting across a corner of Georgia and into the red hills of Alabama. For the first time I felt the presence of the South—not outside the bus but within. A seating pattern had emerged, one that would hold for the rest of the journey through Dixie. Up front, clustered around the driver, was a group of older whites. In the center sat the blacks: two plump young women with small children, an old woman sitting alone, an old man in a camel's-hair cap ahead of her, and a younger man in a business suit across the aisle. At first they seemed to be a family or a group of old friends. But the old man, holding one of the children on his lap, said they had met boarding the bus in New York almost twenty-four hours earlier.

He was going back to Birmingham for the first time in years to attend his sister's funeral. "I hope to get there before they bury her," he said. "She died Sunday, but I didn't get the word till yesterday [Monday]. Then I had to take the bus because of the train strike. I don't like to fly. Not that I'm afraid. You just get there too fast; you don't see anything." The old woman behind him nodded her assent, and he went on: "This is my first bus ride. I like the train because you can spend time in the club car. But I never get a bed on a train—too much rigmarole getting undressed."

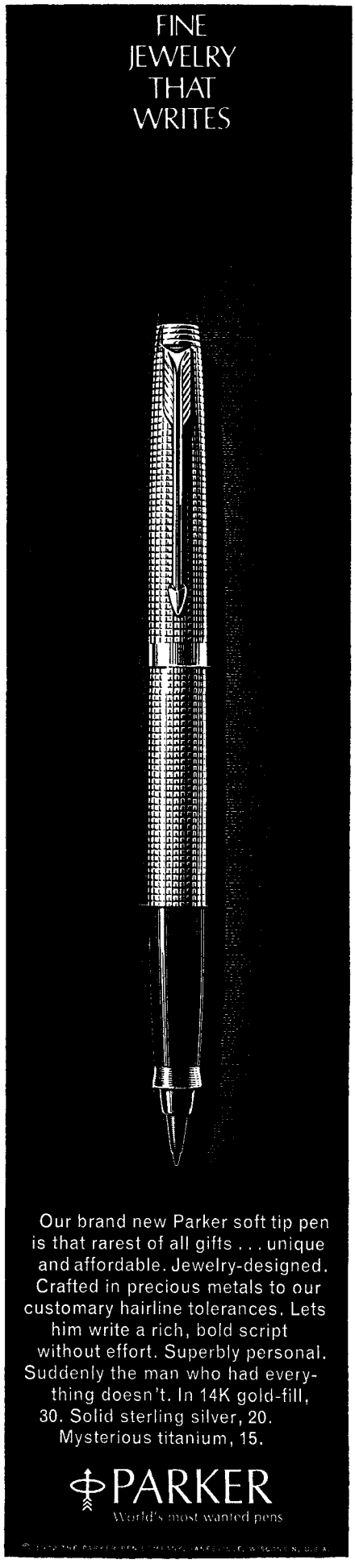
While darkness fell across northern Alabama, the seventy-year-old man talked openly about his life, of going up from Birmingham to Detroit in 1923, of working as a newspaper editor's chauffeur for twenty years—during which time he had crossed forty states from Swampscott, Massachusetts, to the Arizona desert—of moving to New York during the war, and of tooling around the city on a motorcycle until just a few years ago. As the lights of Birmingham winked into view, the old woman tried to soothe the man's growing anxieties. "I'm sorry about the occasion of your visit," she told him.

"I was okay," he said. "But now I'm getting nervous." He hoped his nieces, down from the Midwest, would be there to meet him. Over his voice I could hear snatches of another sad tale a young white man was telling the old black woman. I sat down across the aisle, and he told me about shuttling back and forth all week between Albertville and Birmingham to be near his wife and infant daughter, who on Friday would undergo open-heart surgery. He was a car salesman. He said the Birmingham surgeon believed the chances for recovery were better than fifty-fifty.

The old black woman was going home to Mississippi for the first time in nine years. "Yes, dear," she said, answering my questions. "I lost my husband, then my brother last year. People tell me I *should* get out; I *should* come down here. I don't know. I don't really care. So I'm just taking a long, slow ride."

At 9:30, as the bus pulled into the Birmingham terminal, the old man changed from the camel's-hair cap into a dress hat. He got off carrying a small suitcase and talked for a while with his fellow riders from New York, glancing around for signs of his family. Finally, he disappeared, alone, through the back door of the terminal. □

(This is the first of two reports on bus travel in America.)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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Fragments of Compassion

There is a scene in *1984* when Orwell's hero enjoys a rare moment of elation. He has found and holds in his hands a photograph, a bit of documentary evidence, that contradicts the party's official version of history. One has very much that same elation after viewing *The Sorrow and the Pity*, an extraordinary documentary that covers the grim period of the Nazi occupation of France from 1939 to 1945. Not for just a moment but for a full four hours and twenty minutes the evidence accumulates of French valor and perfidy, of heroism and inhumanity, of the full range of man's capacity for good and/or evil when he is caught in the crucible of a time that tries men's souls.

As produced and directed by Marcel Ophuls, *The Sorrow and the Pity* brings together thousands of newsreel and documentary film clips of the period, and interlines—or perhaps better, underlines—them with interviews with almost three dozen of the survivors. Pierre Mendès-France, who was imprisoned by the Vichy administration and later became Prime Minister, with an amazing lack of bitterness, speaks of his trial for treason and of his eventual escape from a French collaborationist-run prison. Emile Couladon, the famous Colonel "Gaspar" of the French Resistance, recalls in a detached manner his involvement with the underground Maquis; but Dr. Claude Levy, now an eminent biologist and author, is clearly still shocked at the callousness shown by the Premier of the Vichy administration, Pierre Laval, in sentencing to death thousands of Jewish children that had been picked up indiscriminately in a Gestapo raid specifically aimed at Jews over sixteen.

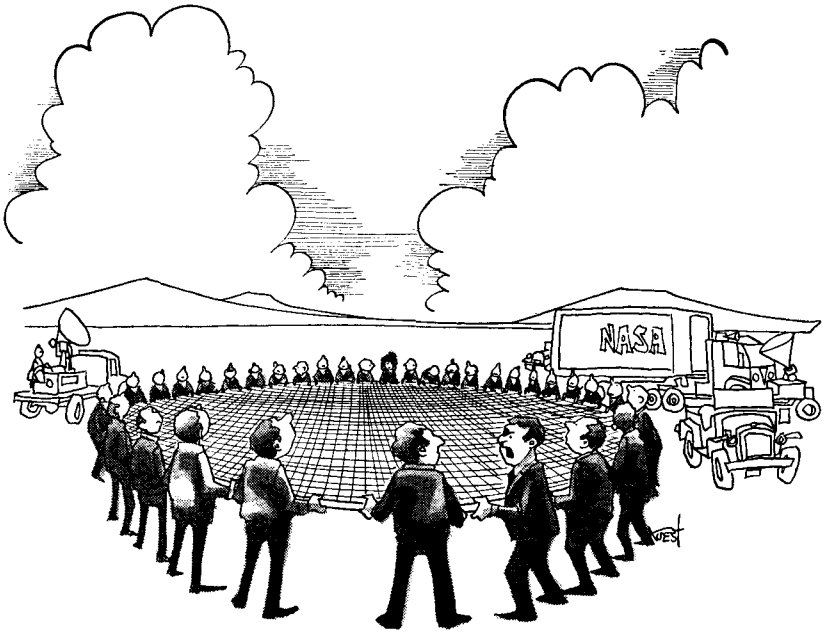
On the other hand, there are also interviews with the ordinary people of France: the brothers Grave, two stolid farmers betrayed to the Nazis by a neighbor for their activities in the underground (they still prefer "red" wine, one of them says with a grin); Marius Klein, a shopkeeper who feels constrained even now to explain that, despite his name, he is not Jewish; an aristocrat, Christian de la Mazière, whose disillusionment with the Nazis came only after his elite tank corps of several thousand Frenchmen was assigned to protect the German retreat from Russia (fewer than 200 of his men got back to France); Madame Solange, a petite beautician imprisoned and tortured by the Maquis after she had been accused of consorting with the enemy.

What is so remarkable about these interviews is the breadth of soul they reveal. The two brothers know very well who informed on them, but they harbor no thoughts of reprisal. The aristocrat is aware that he was used, and badly, by the Germans, but he can explain the historic circumstances that led to his involvement. Even the beautician, now elderly and grandmotherly, can look back on her captors without rancor. It seems less a matter of time healing all wounds than of time providing the perspectives through which one can understand the motives for cruelty in one of history's cruelest periods. This loftiness of spirit, expressed again and again by the little people, is eloquently summarized in a concluding statement by Sir Anthony Eden, a moving, quiet, retrospective memoir in which he speaks of "the sorrow and the pity" of this period.

Perhaps too much footage has been allotted in the first half of the film to the tragi-farcical stalemate of the Maginot Line; perhaps too much attention is devoted, almost anticlimactically, to Maurice Chevalier's self-serving *apologia* for having appeared in Germany during the war to entertain French POWs. But the broad picture is there—never simplistic, never condemnatory, always compassionate. If the purpose of studying history is to prevent one from making the same mistake twice, this penetrating and perceptive film might well stand as a milestone in the enlightenment of mankind.

By comparison (or perhaps even without the comparison), seeing the two-hour documentary *Russia* is a far less satisfying experience. Notwithstanding an illuminating commentary by Harrison Salisbury, formerly a *Times* correspondent in Russia, most of the visuals—photographed over an eighteen-month period, beginning in 1969—are typically *National Geographic* views of lofty cathedrals, vast public squares, and smiling inhabitants. Whatever might be construed as controversial comes from Salisbury's text, although it boils down to nothing more revealing than the fact that Russians are a great people in a great country. Although Theodore Holcomb, the producer and director of *Russia*, has made much of an attempt by Soviet customs agents to destroy his negatives, it is just possible these agents were acting more as critics than as censors.

Finally, since this has become a survey of films made round the world, let me call your attention to a modest, graceful, and wholly beguiling picture from Hong Kong, *The Arch*. Actually, were it not for political circumstances, this would be a completely Chinese film. Its young director, Shu Shuen, is of Chinese descent, and her story is set in seventeenth-century China. Villagers have petitioned for an arch to be constructed to honor the virtue of a beautiful, widowed teacher who venerates her husband's memory, raises her daughter chastely, and successfully resists the demands of the flesh. The widow, exquisitely portrayed by Liz Lu, retains her purity despite all temptations and frustrations, and so does the film itself. *The Arch* pleases the eye—and the soul. □



"I still think a splashdown in the Pacific makes better sense."

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Saturday Review
Mankind Enters Phase Four—The Civilized Identity Society
NUCLEAR WASTE IN AMERICA'S BREADBASKET
Mack Almanac: 3000 Years Of Killer Earthquakes

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It is the special that covers science as it needs to be covered.

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Health and medicine. Psychology. Physics. Environment. Sociology. Anthropology. Biology. Chemistry. Computer sciences. Applied sciences. And the ideas and discoveries of the top men in the various fields of science.

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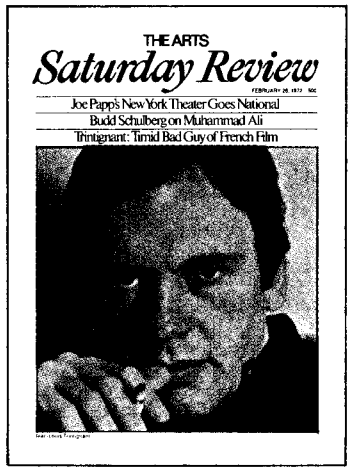
THE ARTS
Saturday Review
Joe Papp's New York Theater Goes National
Budd Schulberg on Muhammad Ali
Tintignant: Timid Bad Guy of French Film

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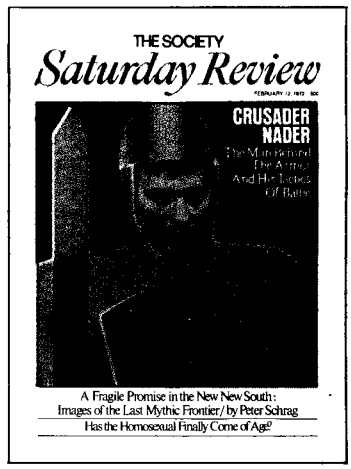
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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

On Being Stupid

Every man finds himself caught, from time to time, in an embarrassing error. The more restrained refuse to talk about it and try not to remember. I prefer to think the best reaction to one's own stupidities is expressed by a Humphrey Bogart line in the movie version of Hemingway's "Winner Take Nothing." One of the refugee women in the movie is apologizing to Bogart. "My husband is a coward," she says. Bogart, the tough charter boat skipper, looks out to sea, tight-lipped, and answers, "He didn't invent it."

I take that line to be the most merciful in all literature. It is not merciful merely to forgive cowardice. The mercy of the line lies in the fact that it recognizes the guilt it forgives.

It isn't cowardice that concerns me. In World War II, when I was young enough to worry about such things, I bucked for combat duty more out of curiosity than patriotism. It would have pleased me, I think, to have discovered heroic impulses in myself. I found none. When I finally came under enemy fire, I discovered that I was a coward but I could live with being one. I have been living at ease with the fact ever since. I need ask no mercy for my cowardice; it is itself a mercy.

Stupidity is the thing for which I will ask such mercies as I may be given. A writer is a man forever fencing with stupidity. Stupidity is forever trying to thrust its way into the writing. It tries harder the more strongly the writer feels about what he is writing. It is forever lunging, and the writer is forever trying to parry.

The writer's best defense is revision. There is a simple formula for revision: Two are better than one, three are better than two, four are better than three, and so on from left to infinity, or at least to the point at which the match is over and no more can come of it.

Who was the French poet who put it so well? "A poem," he wrote, "is never finished. It is abandoned in despair." Poets revise as long as they can bear it. So do other writers, even reviewers.

But what, then, of the man who must meet a weekly deadline? He can try to write his column far enough ahead so as to leave himself a chance for revisions. But the time is never enough. A piece of writing is a piece of mortal intent or else it is column-inches of filler and worth less than the paper it spoils.

I think that is the thought I was playing with in a poem I started three years ago. Is it finished? Ask me in five more years, or in ten, if I am still around. I haven't even found a title yet, though I think I have identified myself in the opening line:

> The resident dispenser of bromides,
> being included in the General Call
> after yesterday's train wreck,
> packed his vials and went running
> to bring pink pills to the maimed.

I think I may call it "On Meaning Well." Theodore Morrison, in his "Stones of the House," asked a question related to these lines. "What good does it do to do good?" What good does it do to do not enough good?

There is not enough help, I conclude, in what help there is. I meet deadlines; therefore I will be stupid. I meet deadlines at *SR*; therefore the readers will catch me and write detailed letters anatomizing my stupidity. At times—since they, too, generally fail to take time for enough revision—they will introduce into the discussion a few stupidities of their own.

It is at those times that I need the absolution of Bogart's line. "They didn't invent it," I tell myself when I find the readers being stupid. "I didn't invent it," I tell myself when they make me see that I have been stupid. I confess that at times I have been tempted to send back snappy answers:

Dear Sir:

Thank you for your views in which I take a special lack of interest.

Yours truly

But I never send them, for I would know I was being defensively quippish, that I had in fact been stupid but was trying to hide the fact. And how, then, could I learn from my own stupidity? I would rather give myself the mercy that recognizes the guilt. I will take my comfort in the thought that I have never committed a stupidity for which I could claim a patent.

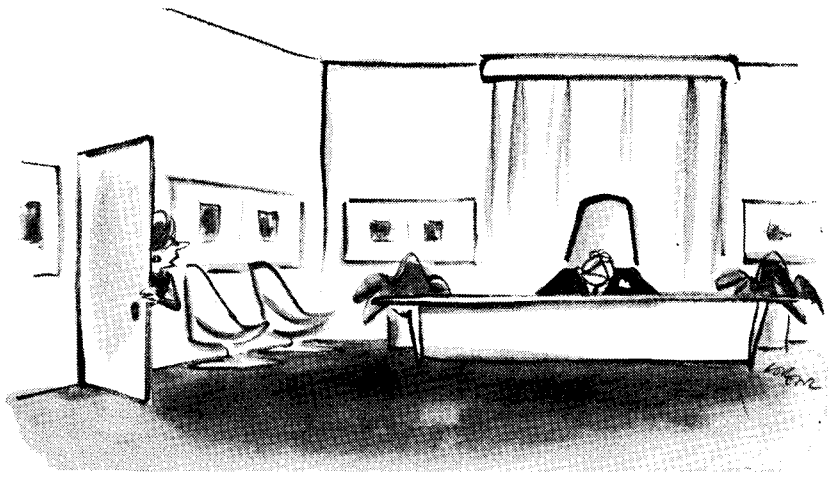
And still I remain, in some lost and partial way, the product of New England schoolmarms with the devil's own dose of guilt and with the devil's own nose for it. There are times when I need more absolution than I can find in a shrug and a repetition of my line.

At such times it helps to remember the follies of the great. I was especially happy to find among some old school notes a passage I had transcribed (and wreathed with exclamation points) from Woodrow Wilson's "Democracy and Efficiency." Lest I lose it again in my mishmash files, let me print it here to clip later and to keep by my desk for reading in the dark hours when my stupidities come home to clack around me like roosting buzzards. Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States:

> We might not have seen our duty, had the Philippines not fallen to us by the willful fortunes of war; but it would have been our duty, nevertheless, to play the part we now see ourselves obliged to play. The East is to be opened and transformed; whether we will or no, the standards of the West are to be imposed upon it; nations and peoples which have stood still the centuries through are to be quickened, and made part of the universal world of commerce and ideas which had so steadily been a-making by the advance of European power from age to age.

Mercy, like courage, is where one finds it. Let me believe I have not been guilty of such a phrase as "the universal world." Let me believe I have observed the distinction between "peoples, which have stood" and "peoples that have stood," and I will claim outright that I have never been quite that fatuous. If a man may combine such fatuity with such a style and yet be President, what may a scrivener not be forgiven in his obscure garret? Come my darkest hour, Woodrow Wilson can still restore me to whatever assurance I may need for writing next week. Bless him for his analgesic example.

And thank you for your letters. If I have been stupid, I have precedent for it. What is your excuse? □



"Mr. Pendrall, your comeuppance is here."

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Fairness Deferred

The importance of the FCC's recent panel discussions on the Fairness Doctrine was underscored by the fact that of all the broadcast carriers only National Public Radio picked up the full three days of the commission's inquiry. The assembled panel represented the views of the industry, communications lawyers, and citizen groups, which seek greater access to electronic media. Commercial networks carried mere bits and pieces of the discussions in their news broadcasts even though the panelists and the commissioners were groping for solutions to complex problems bearing on the First Amendment, respecting the right of the public to hear a variety of opinions and its right not only to hear but to initiate some opinions, however controversial. The commercial broadcasters, of course, were well within their own First Amendment rights in not covering the FCC's Fairness Doctrine inquiry. As public trustees under the Communications Act, they are permitted journalistic discretion in deciding what is news, how much of it should be presented, and with what balance and emphasis.

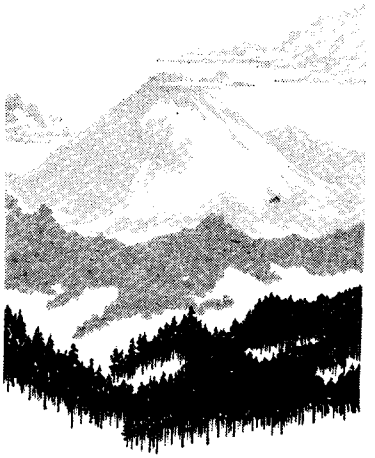
The broadcasters would have been exercising their constitutional rights had they elected to take editorial stands on any of the issues raised in the panel discussions. They probably would have been required, under the Fairness Doctrine, to provide reasonable opportunity for others to offer opposing views. Had you or I, however, offered to pay a station commercial rates for time to argue that the Fairness Doctrine ought to be strengthened so that it would apply to product commercials, we should most likely have been refused. The Fairness Doctrine, which provides for balanced treatment of controversial issues that are of public interest, does not, as presently construed by the broadcasters and the FCC, permit private citizens to *initiate self-expression* on the doctrine itself.

Without this right of self-initiated speech, the general public, which seeks wide-open debate on matters of controversy, must place its confidence in the good faith of the public trustees who hold broadcasting licenses. Sometimes that confidence is well placed, but in a great many instances it is betrayed. Too many broadcasters not only censor and inhibit diverse and antagonistic views but also serve their own special interests in their use of the media.

The question of whether a licensee can be constitutionally required to sell some of his commercial time for self-initiated editorializing by the public has come before the Supreme Court in a case that may be decided early next year, *FCC* v. *Business Executives' Move for Vietnam Peace.* Following its Fairness Doctrine inquiry, the commission may issue a policy statement on the public's right to counter advertising on the air that explicitly or implicitly raises controversial issues.

The FCC's position is an uneasy one. A majority of the commissioners seem responsive to the TV industry, which argues that to grant access to the public would drastically alter the broadcasting system. Yet the cultural climate in which the Communications Act was originally written almost forty years ago has itself been altered radically. Broadcasting in this country was born in a time of a national cult of prosperity, conspicuous consumption, and idolization of the GNP. Ecological upheavals, the unpopular and drawn-out war in Vietnam, and mutations of life-styles and values have all generated powerful forces to challenge the proposition that the electronic media are, in essence, to be devoted primarily to fun and games. We can no longer allow only a small section of air time to be set aside for the debate of serious issues.

The myth of the two cultures in broadcasting dies hard, but it is dying. More and more citizens realize that this nation's goals are set not only by the programs explicitly devoted to public issues but (in the words of Judge Skelly Wright of the U. S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia) by the "virtual free-fire zone" of advertising and even by the "cloying blandness" of the general programing. The judge deplored any "overdose of non-ideas and nonissues." As long as access to the air is limited by technical considerations, not everybody can have a right to speak. But, by the same token, not everybody should be barred as a matter of policy by the broadcast licensees who are granted their franchises so as to act in the public interest. And the public interest, some recent appeals court decisions have held, is not fully served unless partisan voices have a right to initiate controversy on the air in their own words, pictures, styles, and accents. That is what the Fairness Doctrine panel discussions were all about, and, predictably, they were carried only by National Public Radio. It was a monumental service. □



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Letters to the Editor

Southern Desegregation

I wish to challenge emphatically a statement made by John Egerton in his article "Report Card on Southern School Desegregation" [*SR*, April 1].

Mr. Egerton states, as fact, that before the submission by HEW of its desegregation plan to the district court the plan "was personally approved by former Attorney General John Mitchell and HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson; Tennessee's Republican leaders—Senators Howard Baker and William Brock and Governor Winfield Dunn—also previewed it and acquiesced."

The other men identified are perfectly capable of speaking for themselves, but I can and do state categorically that I never saw, approved of, or "acquiesced" in any proposed plan. Had Mr. Egerton or any of his editors sought to verify the accuracy of this statement, I would have been delighted to dispute it.

The truth of the matter is that I disapprove vigorously of the HEW plan and of the order of Judge Morton. Mr. Egerton reports accurately that I am "urging the Justice Department to join in the appeal against the Nashville desegregation plan."

Senator Howard H. Baker, Jr.
Washington, D.C.

Heroes or Victims?

To some readers, the Marvin Leiner-Robert Ubell article "Day Care in Cuba: Children Are the Revolution" [*SR*, April 1] must have struck a note of *déjà vu*, and rightly so. In the 1930s similar paeans of praise flowed from the pens of even such astute visitors to Nazi Germany as Walter Lippmann. Surely, it was then argued, children educated with such intensive care and mothers liberated for meaningful work inevitably must produce "the new man" (perhaps akin to the "new Cuban man"). German education was seen as "the wave of the future." We know what happened.

Is Cuba any different? No, unless we assume it is less reprehensible to mold children to serve a totalitarian regime of the Left than one of the Right. In both instances education becomes preparation for mindlessness. Cuban children are not the heroes of the Revolution; they are its collective victims.

William Jay Jacobs
Director, Teacher Education
Ramapo College
Mahwah, N.J.

Hedonists of the Counterculture

Re: "The New Naturalism" [*SR*, April 1]. It is an unfortunate exhibition of intellectual pandering for Daniel Yankelovich to write that ". . . the student-led cultural revolution elevates nature and the natural to the highest position. Whatever is natural is deemed to be good; whatever is artificial and opposed to nature is bad." And he adds: "Our sons and daughters on campus are urging us . . . to restore a vital, more harmonious—and more humble—balance with nature." He confuses what they say with what they do.

I raise two points: First, nowhere does he recognize that the ideas of the youthful counterculture are seldom embraced in personal life-styles, except in a most partial, fragmentary way; and, second, he fails to make clear that the sources from which the counterculture borrows its ideas have been shaping U.S. society for decades.

Having dealt with these new revolutionaries at close quarters, I would counter the glow of Yankelovich's article with a conviction that they are, individually and variously, irresponsible, dishonest, drug-dependent, physically dirty, stray boys and girls who wander in fear and uncertainty through the best years of their lives.

Yankelovich is correct, of course, in foreseeing with great clarity the social revolution that is under way. The influences that move us come from Dostoevsky, Kierkegaard, and Camus, from Tillich, May, and Fromm, from the New Christianity, Yoga, the Environmental Movement, and, in large measure, from America's own Frontier Tradition. The syncretic growth of these forces is driving relentlessly toward fundamental changes, with little if any aid from the sad, confused hedonists of the counterculture.

Monroe Bush
Taos, N.M.

Daniel Yankelovich argues convincingly that the present student critique of the logical and [its] demand for "total engagement of the mind and senses with the subject being studied" is not a rejection of reason but an appeal for that which will supplement it. But his remark that "this type of involvement is the opposite of detachment" can lead, I think, to misunderstanding. It is the opposite, not of detachment, but of indifference, which is something else again. The detachment that is required is from partisan prejudice, not from interest or concern with the subject. The attempt to be objective is an attempt not to escape from the responsibilities of involvement but to meet them more completely.

J. S. Bixler
Jaffrey, N.H.

Munich's National Theater

Re: "The Hills Are Alive with the Sound of Munich" [*SR*, March 25]. Irving Kolodin writes about the magnificent, loving job of architectural preservation done on the Cuvilliés Residenztheater in Munich. The restored interior is a perfect duplicate of the original, even down to the materials used. But the acoustics are not duplicated; they are not as good. In reconstructing portions of the outer walls, concrete was used instead of the stone with which the palace originally had been built. This affected the acoustics within the auditorium.

There is a point to this. Whenever a theater is built, there is a great deal of discussion about acoustics. The truth is, however, that we know almost nothing about the subject. Success still seems to depend as much on chance as on skill. To the above footnote about the Cuvilliés theater, we can add Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall and Sydney's Opera House as examples of acoustic disaster areas despite the large sums of money paid to acoustical engineers.

Jonathan Abarbanel
Chicago, Ill.

Irving Kolodin replies: *As the Sydney Opera House has not yet been finished, let alone tested, comment on its sound values is at least premature. In recent years there have been acoustical successes—such as the new Metropolitan Opera House, the Opera House and Concert Hall in Kennedy Center, and the Pavilion in the Los Angeles Music Center—to demonstrate that some acousticians can achieve good results without depending on chance.*

Ulster Volunteer Force

In my recent article "Ireland: Religious War—or Class Struggle?" [*SR*, March 18], I described, among other things, the militant forces in Ulster active on both the Catholic and the Protestant sides. Although the major Protestant terrorist group, the UVF, has been operating all along, intimidating in particular the Catholic families in predominantly Protestant neighborhoods, events since then have even further aroused the extreme right. The following Xeroxed copy of a letter from the UVF shows that its harassment has now been extended to members of the foreign press.

"Friend Rukeyser,

"This is to tell you and your friend Allison Smiley to get out of Ulster by the end of the week or you both will be found hanging from a beam.

"You have been writing and filming some real dirt about the Protestants and the Government of this Province of ours and trying to peddle it to ABC, NBC, NZBC, and others. Mr. R. E. Hereford may keep you in mind, but so will we. We, unlike the IRA, like to keep things sort of peaceful.

"You look nice in your chinaman hanging from your upper lip, a beard won't hide it, but you won't look so nice hanging from a beam, there are plenty of empty houses about, we don't shoot we hang them like the dogs they are.

"This is not a joke, but a fact, so get your skates on and start rolling. You and your place of abode are being watched.

W. Johnston 2 I/C
South Belfast V. F. for Ulster
W. Blair Adj."

The letter is addressed to Bill Rukeyser, a young journalist and radio news reporter who worked in Ulster from early September 1971 to late February 1972. The allusion to Allison is a reference to his wife. Mr. R. E. Hereford is the chief of news of NZBC, I believe. The "chinaman" is a reference to Bill's mustache. The signature W. Johnston is a name I have seen used in previous communications transmitted by the Ulster Volunteer Force.

Miriam Reik
New York, N.Y.

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A Talk About Life and Style with Tennessee Williams

Fighting obscurity for nearly a decade, the man some people have called America's greatest living playwright has returned to prominence with a new play and a new outlook.

BY JIM GAINES

It was Easter Monday in New York City, and several theater critics seized the occasion to declare that the reputation of Tennessee Williams—a reputation generally believed to be somewhat ghostly these days—had been resurrected.

The playwright cared little for the metaphor; but he had reason to be pleased that his new play, *Small Craft Warnings*, a melancholy study of a group of characters gathered in a Southern California bar, was received with genuine enthusiasm. One critic praised the play for its "seedy honesty," and Clive Barnes wrote in *The New York Times*: "I suspect it may survive better than some of the much-touted products of his salad years." The sixty-one-year-old Williams had not received that sort of praise from the New York critics in more than a decade —not since *Night of the Iguana* opened on Broadway to highly favorable reviews in 1961.

Even before the critics rendered their judgments, however, I was prepared to admire the play. Indeed, I have long regarded Tennessee Williams as something of a national treasure—one of those rare literary artists whose work springs from a passionate desire to "tell all" about himself and his world.

Accordingly, I arranged to visit the playwright at his home in Key West

three weeks before the opening of *Small Craft Warnings*. I was not interested in attempting yet another of the psychoanalytic dissections that have been written about him in recent years. I wanted to learn what I could about the master's work habits, creative technique, past influences, and aspirations for the future.

Williams met me at the airport, and he was a picture of what I supposed was Key West gentility. A short and portly man, he wore white linen trousers and a delicately decorated white shirt that opened at the neck and paid high tribute to his deep Florida tan.

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His charm was Deep South, too. As we drove to town, he spoke of trivialities, but his voice had a weightiness—albeit cast in a southern drawl—that made what he said seem greatly important.

His half-acre compound on Duncan Street contains a white clapboard house fronted by a picket fence, a studio (he calls it the "Mad House"), and a pool surrounded by tropical plants. The impression one gets is that of a light, well-kept-up living space that has admirably withstood twenty years of exposure to the tropical wind, rain, and sun.

Arriving at the house, I saw Williams's black cat, Sabbath, mauling a lizard on the front porch. The cat's predatory nature is a constant annoyance to Williams, I later learned. Sabbath was spanked and scolded severely by Williams's housekeeper, and the lizard scurried into the bushes to regenerate its tail.

On the first evening of my visit, the playwright took me and some of his friends to a local restaurant famed for its turtle steak. We heard an account, eerily reminiscent of *Suddenly Last Summer*, of the slaughtering of sea turtles—how they are impaled on large hooks and the meat is carved out of the shell by a man renowned for his quick facility with the butcher knife. Williams also told of a one-winged sea gull named Pete and a local pelican whose gular pouch had been mutilated, both of which creatures depended for food "on the kindness of strangers." All of this was accompanied by the sound of a group of senior citizens lifting frail choruses of "Smile, Smile, Smile" and other old favorites.

A race riot had broken out the day before, and after dinner Williams wanted to visit the scene. Outside, the night was shot through by the flashing lights of police cars and the sound of sirens converging on the scene of more violence downtown. The restauranteur told us that someone had just been shot in the local pool hall. Williams was finally persuaded not to visit the riot area but to return to the safety of his home.

The next morning, after he had taken his regular swim in the pool, Williams wrapped himself in a yellow beach towel, lowered himself onto a chaise lounge, and tilted his face toward the sun. As we talked, he sipped a glass of red wine. I asked him how he got himself started working every morning.

"Well, now it's a habit. When I get up, all I'm interested in is work. I have my coffee alone; I don't want anybody around. I go into the studio, and I work. I've read the stories about Hemingway sharpening twenty pencils every morning to get himself started, but I don't believe them. I take a martini in with me. The hours in the studio are the high point of my day. They're what my day is for, you know? The rest is just passing time as agreeably as possible. But the writing is the challenge and excitement of the day."

"I shall certainly never work in a long play form for Broadway again. I want to do something quite different."

Does he use diagrams to keep characters or the story line in focus?

"Nah. It shocked me to learn that F. Scott Fitzgerald used diagrams. The only time I attempted it was with *Stairs to the Roof*. I pinned up a little schedule on the balcony of the rooming house where I lived in the old slave quarter of New Orleans. It said, you

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"Movies? I like 'Baby Doll,' which I wrote. I like 'Streetcar,' which I wrote and Kazan directed. The rest are the work of Hollywood 'pros.'"

know, 'tomorrow scene three' and 'then discover stairs to the roof' or whatever it was. I worked with a schedule because I was desperately poor at the moment, and I hoped it would help me cut down the time."

Does he have a clear focus on characters and story line when he starts to work on a play?

"Noo. I *see* somebody, you know? Like I saw Blanche sitting in a chair with the moonlight coming through a window onto her. My first idea for the title was 'Blanche's Chair in the Moon.' But I only wrote one scene then. She was waiting for Mitch, and he wasn't showing up. That was as far as I got then; it was December of 1944. I felt *Streetcar* so intensely that it terrified me. I couldn't work for several months I was so terrified. I said, 'I can't cope with it; I can't carry this off.' I didn't go back to it until 1947, when I was in New Orleans, after I had written *Summer and Smoke*. Then I went back to it, and it wrote itself, just like that. I finished it here in Key West in the La Concha Hotel. It took me by storm. Blanche was so dynamic, she possessed me. I got that out very quickly.

"You see, I don't work from the beginning to the end of a play. Usually, I have a vision of the most dramatic scene, the central scene, and then I work around it for the approach and the denouement, you know? Like in *Small Craft Warnings*, I first saw Leona remembering her beautiful brother and the violin piece he used to play. Not that I kept that scene completely intact. In fact, I'd like to trim that scene down now, take out some of the repetition and get some more detail in. I think she should interrupt her lyric speech at some point and scream something like: 'They *told* me he hung out in the Greyhound's men's room. Arrested! What filthy lies people tell! He was just too weak.' You know, to break it up. Then go back to the lyricism.

"I think that subconsciously I know the story line before I start to work, but I have to go through many drafts before I know for sure. It comes out, it emerges like an apparition out of the mists."

Has he ever felt in the course of his work that "something inside" was taking over?

"Only about three or four days out of a year. It's like, you know, something transcendental, and those are the days when you really write the play. Technically, you're working on it every day, but those few days each year are the times you write, you know, with expansion, with great, great freedom. It's like something inside yourself, a possession."

He told me he thought the character Miss Alma in *Summer and Smoke* was the most fully developed of any in his plays. I then asked him which he considered the most healthy, the most integrated.

"Well, I think that Leona in *Small Craft Warnings* is a fully integrated woman, you know? She is the first really whole woman I have ever created and my first wholly triumphant character. She is truly devoted to life, however lonely—whether it be with a stud like Bill or some young faggot she takes under her wing because he reminds her of her brother.

"I think the character I like most is Miss Alma, though. You know, she really had the greatest struggle. It seemed that Blanche had really solved her problems. She had certainly expiated the death of her husband already through her continual orgy with those boys of the army camp. But she was an hysteric, on a collision course with some terrible thing in her that Stanley brought to a head. I think Alma was certainly the more triumphant of the two, though Blanche was perhaps the more feeling. You see, Alma went through the same thing that I went through—from puritanical shackles to, well, complete profligacy."

He laughed. I asked him what he really meant by "profligacy," and his expression became grave. "Freedom," he said. "Liberation from taboos. I don't make any kind of sex dirty except sadism."

Has he ever created a character so large as to be unmanageable?

"Well, I was so delighted with Stanley Kowalski that I could hardly hold him within bounds. And Big Daddy Pollitt [in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*] was hard to contain. I loved writing for Big Daddy. Kazan [who directed the play on Broadway] insisted that he come back in for the third act, but I had nothing for him to say, so I had him tell a joke."

Because Elia Kazan had some strong reservations about the ending of the play, Williams extensively rewrote the third act. The new version was so different from the original that both third acts now appear whenever the play is published. I wondered how Williams felt about that rewrite now.

"I still prefer the one that I wrote first. But the thing is, I worked longer on the third act as Kazan wanted it, and, consequently, it is texturally the better written of the two, the more full-bodied. You see, the other was just in second draft, while the one I wrote under his scrutiny was in fourth or fifth draft. But still I think I prefer the original ending, though I doubt that the play would have been successful with it.

"You know, on the surface, I didn't resent his making me change it so much, but it was like a deep psychic violation. I was very disturbed after that experience with *Cat*. In fact, I couldn't write for several months after that. I went to Rome and simply could not write. Kazan's the only one I would do it for, though. He is a man of such enormous talent. He did make the difference between success and failure in a lot of cases, you know. He is a man of great vitality and great directorial talent, which, I think, are also apparent in his own writing.

"It was thrilling to work with him. He wanted me vitally involved in every rehearsal. He never said, 'Go away for a week while I'm blocking.' He was always pleased to see me there. He would say, 'Tennessee, come up here. Now how would you do this? Show us how you would do it.' I remember he had me doing the old lady with the tin flowers in *Streetcar*."

I knew Williams often revised his plays during production, and I wanted to know whether he felt his work was improved in the process.

"Yes, ultimately, although the second or third drafts may not be as good as the first. When you get into the fourth or fifth, you begin to see what you've done wrong and go back more to the first and yet retain some of the improvements. It's really only on the fourth or fifth time over that you can incorporate the best of the lot. I think I do some of my best writing when a play is in production. The imminence and the excitement of the opening, you know, are a great spur to the activity of writing."

Does he approve of the films that have been made of his plays?

"Very few of them. I like *Baby Doll*, which I wrote. And I like *Streetcar*, which I wrote and Kazan directed. The rest are the work of Hollywood 'pros.'"

He told me he considered his best writing to be in his short stories and one-act plays. I asked which were his favorites.

"Oh, I loved 'Three Players of a Summer Game' and 'Rubio y Morena' and 'Two on a Party.' And I think that the first half of 'Desire and the Black Masseur' is very good. Of the short plays, I think I like best 'The Unsatisfactory Supper,' 'Something Unspoken,' 'Auto

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da Fe,' and 'Twenty-seven Wagons Full of Cotton.'"

How has his writing changed over the years? What is he getting at in his latest work?

He laughed at the question. "I think I've fought what they call withdrawing action from an early peak act." Then he raised his wine glass and began combing through his beard.

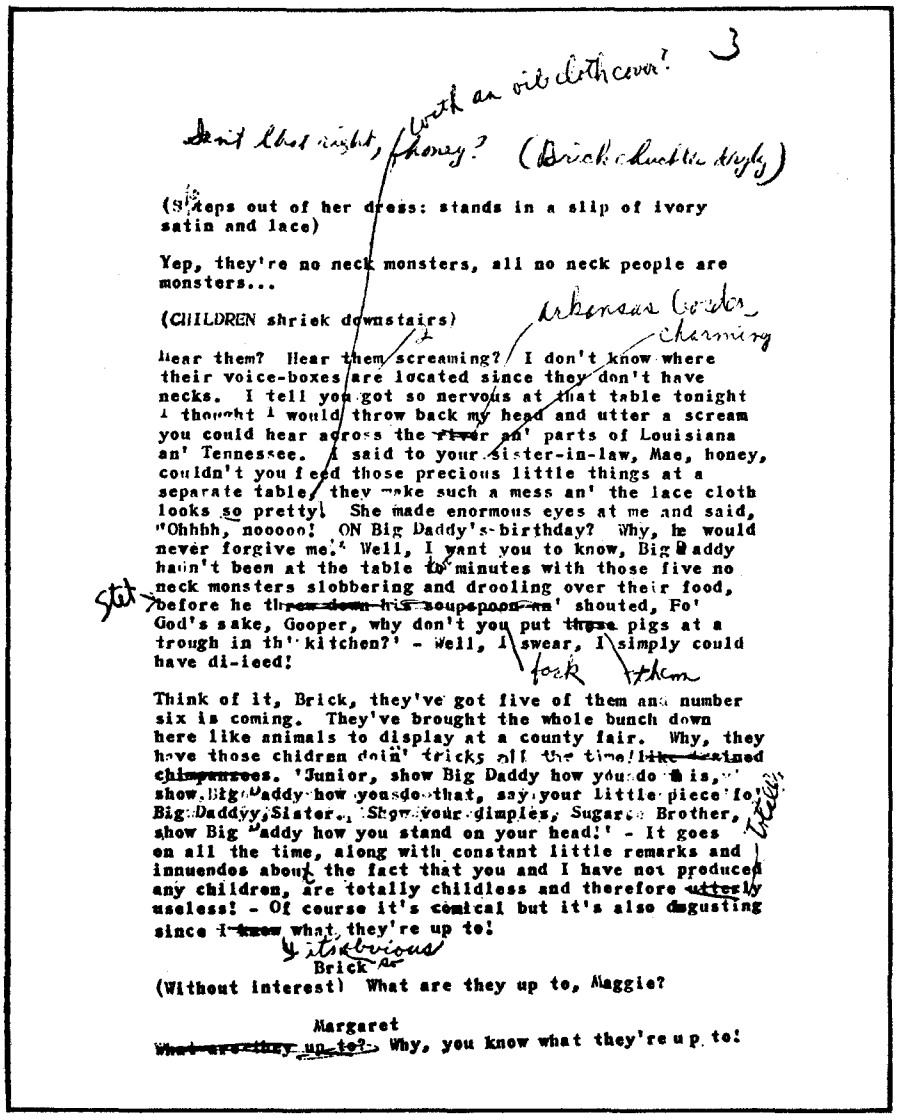
"I've certainly grown less naturalistic, in the Sixties very much less. I think that I'm growing into a more direct form, one that fits people and societies going a bit mad, you know? I believe that a new form, if I continue to work in the theater, will come out of it. I shall certainly never work in a long play form for Broadway again. I want to do something quite different. I'm very interested in the presentational form of theater, where everything is very free and different, where you have total license. I wouldn't even mind having a young collaborator now on a thing or two."

He told me he usually does not talk about work in progress, but then, paradoxically, said that his latest project is very exciting.

"I'm writing something about the whore of Babylon. Babylon is Now, the contemporary world. I place it, arbitrarily perhaps, near Place Pigalle in Paris. Really, this whore is very funny." Williams began to giggle as he talked about her. "She is a compulsive eater. She is constantly eating, and her chambermaid is starving. And this poor chambermaid keeps coming in and saying, 'I see you are having a good deal to eat today.' Anyway, the chambermaid keeps mentioning all the hors d'oeuvres the whore has had—this, that, and the other, you know—and the whore keeps saying, 'Oh, yes—edible, very.' It's called *Edible, Very*, and Bubu de Montparnasse is one of the characters. An American tourist comes in and can't get it up. Nixon comes in at one point, too, and she receives him. Then at the end, the whore gets involved with the chambermaid, who tells her, 'Madam, your creditors are at the door,' and she says, 'Oh, back to bed.' This is after a long lyrical monologue that takes place as dawn is breaking." Williams was laughing uproariously. "Yes, I shall enjoy writing that. And I want to get a young collaborator because this whole thing is just a charade."

What effect does growing older have on his work? Does he find his power increased or diminished?

"Well, you know, as you grow older your powers diminish somewhat. At sixty-one you do not expect your powers to increase, you know, unless you're crazy. Perceptions become somewhat more acute, but what are perceptions without powerful expression? The power of a writer is very closely related to sexuality, sexual power. Not that I have lost my sexual power. No, that is very persistent. But there is a decline of sexual security, of mental assurance, you know?



(steps out of her dress: stands in a slip of ivory satin and lace)

Yep, they're no neck monsters, all no neck people are monsters...

(CHILDREN shriek downstairs)

Hear them? Hear them screaming? I don't know where their voice-boxes are located since they don't have necks. I tell you got so nervous at that table tonight I thought I would throw back my head and utter a scream you could hear across the river an' parts of Louisiana an' Tennessee. I said to your sister-in-law, Mae, honey, couldn't you feed those precious little things at a separate table, they make such a mess an' the lace cloth looks so pretty! She made enormous eyes at me and said, "Ohhhh, nooooo! ON Big Daddy's birthday? Why, he would never forgive me." Well, I want you to know, Big Daddy hasn't been at the table 10 minutes with those five no neck monsters slobbering and drooling over their food, before he threw down his soupspoon an' shouted, Fo' God's sake, Gooper, why don't you put those pigs at a trough in th' kitchen?' - Well, I swear, I simply could have di-ieed!

Think of it, Brick, they've got five of them and number six is coming. They've brought the whole bunch down here like animals to display at a county fair. Why, they have those children doin' tricks all the time! Like trained chimpanzees. 'Junior, show Big Daddy how you do it is,' show Big Daddy how you do that, say your little piece fo' Big Daddyy, Sister, Show your dimples, Sugar. Brother, show Big Daddy how you stand on your head!' - It goes on all the time, along with constant little remarks and innuendos about the fact that you and I have not produced any children, are totally childless and therefore utterly useless! - Of course it's comical but it's also disgusting since I know what they're up to!

Brick

(Without interest) What are they up to, Maggie?

Margaret

What are they up to? Why, you know what they're up to!

The manuscript page above is from a final draft of "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," which opened in March of 1955 and ran for 694 performances despite generally mixed reviews from the critics.

"Also, well, I no longer feel that my hat is in the ring. You know, it used to be a terrible bit of competition. I would be at the Music Box, and Inge would be at the Morosco. I didn't truly respect his work. Now I could be on the same block as Edward Albee and wish him luck. Now I could even wish Inge luck. I've done what I can, and what is left for me to do is just sort of codas for my work. Something might work out, but that's a matter of speculation.

"You know, the press is very anxious to call *Small Craft Warnings* my comeback, but I don't see it that way. I wish they could just take it in stride. I'm not trying to come back to Broadway; I wouldn't even if they wanted me to. I'm just continuing to do what I've always done, and that is writing plays. I can't do anything else."

I said I had observed a younger following for his plays than in past years and asked whether he had any idea why this should be so.

"Don't you think it's probably that I've never stopped having to fight for existence? I think it is that each play expresses a struggle to survive and be liberated. The young people dig that, I think, and recognize it when they see it. I think they also recognize a revolt against 'square' values."

I asked whether the problems that led to his nervous breakdown and hospitalization two years ago were still with him.

"No, there's been a great change. In the bin I came so close to death that I realized I had to take care of my life, that I valued it. And I do value it. I'm going to take care of it as long as it's, you know, necessary. Certainly I don't want to wind up in an intensive care unit with all kinds of tubes stuck in me. I wouldn't allow that, and I don't think that's going to happen. I feel rela-

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"Writing is a purification of that which is sick in the person. It's been the only cure for me."

tively well. I have no pains of any noticeable sort. I just came too close to death in the hospital."

We talked about his experience with psychoanalysis, and I asked him whether he concurs with the opinion of most psychiatrists that the creative impulse is a kind of neurosis.

"It's possible, but it's also a therapeutic measure, don't you think? I believe that writing is a purification of that which is sick in the person. I've always found a total release in writing, and it's always been the only cure for me. I've tried psychoanalysis several times, and it gave a little immediate help at a time of crisis, but it was no long-term solution. Only the act of creation has been long term for me.

"Psychoanalysis confirmed certain insights that I had. It enabled me to get over my hatred of my father and to look upon the family situation dispassionately and clearly, to see my father more as a victim than a tyrant. He had just died a year or two before—just after *Baby Doll* came out as a film. The last picture I have of him is from the Knoxville paper; it shows him standing under the marquee, saying, 'I see nothing wrong with this picture.'" Tennessee laughed in his special way—more like a squeak than a guffaw. Then, more quietly, he said, "He wasn't really a redneck; he wasn't against the blacks. He was a man of violent temper, but still he was totally honest."

Does Hemingway's oft-quoted remark that a writer is at his best when he is in love apply to Williams? He flung his head back operatically and almost sang his reply.

"Oh, yes! It lifts you so high. Yes, my best work was always done when I was deeply in love. There's a great balance between the work and the love, you know? But for me it's always had to be love. I've had, you know, one-night stands, but they were rarely of any consequence and usually ended badly or in embarrassment. I think that love can occur on a single occasion, you know, when it happens to be some transcendentally beautiful experience. But this is rare. Usually, it is something that happens over a period of time."

Did he think, then, that a writer's training had to be more experiential or sensual than intellectual?

"Not exactly. I'd say it would be difficult to train a writer intellectually. A lot of writers don't go to college these days, you know, and not going doesn't seem to hurt them. But I think it helped me to go to college. I was forced to read the literature of the theater, and I read it all. This was at the University of Iowa's drama department. I remember I took a course in comparative literature under a German teacher—wonderful old man. The first semester he taught something I dug—I think it was Joyce—and the second semester he put us on to Goethe. The material was so badly translated that I just said, 'This man is a bore.' Not that directly, of course, but he threw a book at me he was so furious. Of course, Goethe could not have been a bore in his original language. The professor gave me an A-plus the first semester and a D-minus the second.

"Chekhov, of course, was a tremendous influence on me. I began to read Chekhov in depth when I was twenty-four and living in Memphis. I got his short stories from the library, and I had never before come in contact with anything so penetrating, so beautiful. Later I read his plays.

"D. H. Lawrence was influential, I think, but it was merely that I felt an identification with his view of life. I don't think he influenced my writing. I just felt we were getting at the same thing—a belief in the purity of sensual life, the purity and the beauty of it. There was a touch of mysticism in him, too. Perhaps more than just a touch.

"The first time I wanted to become a playwright was when I saw Alla Nazimovo in *Ghosts* from the peanut gallery of the American Theater in St. Louis. She was so shatteringly powerful that I couldn't stay in my seat. I had to get up and walk around. It was then that I decided I wanted to write for the theater."

Williams said he thought that writers were really not very different from other people.

"Writing is a form of release that many people are denied, you know? I have met many people who were not writers who had the sensibility of writers, and I've felt that they were easier to be with. I don't think of writers as being easy to be with, because they are under continual tension. I think that to become a writer one has to compensate for something in one's nature, compensate for it or purify it, however you want to put it. I usually find it happiest to live with creative people—whether they be actors or poets or just people who have a great gift for life. That in itself is a creative thing."

Does he think that the writer in America who wants to be well known or well read or even just published has to compromise himself in one way or another?

"He's much better off if he compromises not at all, providing he has talent and something to say. People like Genet never compromised. William Burroughs never compromised. Paul Bowles never compromised. I think the best contemporary writer was Paul Bowles's wife, Jane Bowles. I think her collected works are just about the single greatest American contribution to letters. She has a perception of a kind that I haven't found in any other writer. She's written only one play, but I think it is a masterpiece—*In the Summer House*. I call the gazebo in my back yard the Jane Bowles' Summer House, you know.

"Of course, I've always been most interested in the southern writers. I think Flannery O'Connor is a superb artist. Carson McCullers at her best was also a great writer—a fine sensibility unfortunately stricken by strokes too early to fulfill her potential.

"I think Hemingway was unquestionably the greatest. I think *Islands in the Stream* is his most important work, epic in scope. You know, I was not inclined to like his wife, Miss Mary, until I had read *Islands* and realized that she had risked the possibility of being hit by a great deal of flack of the sort thrown up against an artist who had always invited that kind of flack—you know, that beautiful declaration of his love for a man at the end. They say he was 'often inebriated' when he wrote it, but if you like Hemingway the man, here you get the man more truly than in any other work. I admired above all his poet's feelings for words. And here, finally, whether or not he intended to, he told the complete truth. For that reason, it is his greatest work. I like all of it."

I asked him if he has any recurring dreams.

"Flying dreams, yes, but I haven't had one in some months. Last night I dreamed that I had been projected three thousand years into the future in some kind of laboratory experiment. I turned into a gray vapor that was in a state of levitation. I was with some other impersonal character; we were levitating together. I was told that I would live to be ninety in this transmogrification. But that wasn't very satisfactory to me, because I was just this piece of gray vapor rising in the mist."

How does he evaluate himself as a literary figure?

"Once I said to someone, 'I think I'm a minor artist who has somehow managed to create two or three major works. I'm not sure which they are.' But I see no reason for a writer to attempt an assessment of his own work; he's probably a pretty unreliable judge. I'd gladly settle for a term such as 'special.'" □

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Editorial

The Democratic Party's Shifting Center

Anyone who spends much time following a national political campaign learns soon enough that the rallies, the campaign offices, and the press conferences attract two sorts of political scavengers: those who are waiting almost with relish for the next casualty—obituary writers ready to record the collapse of a Lindsay or a Jackson—and those who are waiting expectantly for their man to come to life. This year, however, the principal victims of the electorate have been the scavengers themselves: the writers, pundits, and pollsters who have been misreading trends, compounding misjudgments with misunderstandings, describing defeats as victories, victories as defeats.

In January the seers had all but conceded the Democratic nomination to Maine's Senator Edmund Muskie; in March they agreed that he had all but lost it; in April some had come around to describing him as the only man who could rally the divergent forces of his party, despite his weak showing in the early primaries. South Dakota's Senator George McGovern was seen as a loser in New Hampshire even though he won a surprising 36 per cent of the vote in Muskie's back yard, as a loser in Illinois with a strong 37 per cent, and as a big winner in Wisconsin with only 30 per cent. The confusion might stem, at least in part, from the fact that the spectrum of positions in election year 1972 is no longer comprehensible in terms of Right, Left, and center, or even in terms of the obvious issues—the war, inflation, unemployment, tax reform, and busing, among others—that are so sorely plaguing the country.

The very fact that there were a dozen candidates at the start (six of them more or less "serious") made all assessments particularly difficult. But it also suggested that alienation and frustration—and not such specific problems as war and taxes—were the elements to consider. "If George McGovern had not been entered in this primary," said Frank Mankiewicz a few hours after the Wisconsin returns were in, "George Wallace would have swept the state." As one of the managers of McGovern's campaign, Mankiewicz may be guilty of a certain amount of partisan overstatement, but not an overwhelming amount. Among thousands of voters, Wallace was regarded as a second choice to McGovern, and vice versa. (Similarly, in 1968 Wallace had been the second choice after Robert Kennedy of a surprising number of people.) McGovern and Wallace between them won an absolute majority in Wisconsin. Between them they also enjoy an absolute lead over any other two candidates who ran in primaries held before the April 25 elections in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. In other words, the candidates identified with opposition to the Establishment are beating the men who were supposed to win simply by virtue of their position in the middle of the road.

Most of the analysts continue to dismiss Wallace as something of a nuisance candidate. They figure that he might win 250 or 300 delegate votes, but not enough to become a serious factor at the convention in Miami, where 1,509 votes are needed to win the nomination. As for McGovern, had he run second to Hubert Humphrey in Wisconsin, he would have been relegated to the ranks of marginal candidates, as he certainly will be should he do poorly in the coming Massachusetts vote. The latest polls, moreover, give him a scant 5 per cent of the votes among Democrats, well behind Humphrey and Muskie. And yet all such assessments may well be missing the point. They are based on assumptions about the attraction of a sort of centrist politics, both in the Democratic party and in the nation as a whole, that may no longer apply.

Two years ago, in a book called *The Real Majority*, Richard Scammon and Ben Wattenberg bemused most of political Washington with the argument that the electorate, far from growing more radical in its make-up, was actually composed largely of the unyoung, the unblack, and the unpoor. Accordingly, the successful politician was the man who could capture the middle of the road, who could parlay a kind of fuzzy economic liberalism and an ambivalent appeal to "the social issue" (e.g., fear of crime, riots, and blacks) into victory. This year Wattenberg is an adviser to Senator Henry Jackson of Washington; in Wisconsin Scammon, an election expert for NBC, belatedly sought to explain McGovern's success by portraying him as sort of a centrist candidate. That analysis was strained, to put it mildly.

The fact is that while there may still be a discernible center among voters in the Democratic party, that center has shifted markedly. The results in Florida and Wisconsin (and, to some extent, even in New Hampshire) suggest that the more important divisions may be between those voters who are relatively satisfied and those who are highly alienated—those, in other words, who feel that the government has repeatedly lied to them, and who believe that their interests have been cruelly disregarded. McGovern and Wallace are getting the votes of the alienated and the angry. Muskie and Humphrey have been getting most of the rest. The Democratic party, said Mankiewicz, has always had two poles. One, he said, paraphrasing Emerson, was the party of memory. The other was the party of hope. There now exists a growing party of anger and frustration.

In the coming weeks, of course, things may change again. Muskie, who only a few years ago seemed so ideal a candidate for the party of hope, may somehow infuse his moribund campaign with life. Neither Wallace nor McGovern may prove able to capture either the party of hope or the party of frustration. As a result, in November we may get something of a replay of 1968. Yet it may well turn out that the constituencies that have been forgotten for the last three years—the young, the black, the poor—constitute a volatile political element that will prove impossible to ignore for another four years. Nor should it be forgotten that there are a growing number of angry blue-collar workers or that their ranks include a considerable number of young workers.

In 1968 the leaders of the major unions were able, through an eleventh-hour campaign, to weaken Wallace's hold on the rank and file and to divert almost enough votes to elect Humphrey. Despite that campaign, Wallace managed to do well among young workers. But this year, the grip of the union leaders is more tenuous.

Before the convention is held in Miami this summer, they may be able to do a job on McGovern within the Democratic party. But if they do, they will be running the risk that the increasingly independent (and angry) young workers may do a job on them and the Democrats in November by turning to Wallace—or sitting it out. The real majority is getting younger. It feels poorer, and it is becoming more and more angry.

Peter Schrag

A NOTE TO THE READERS

Norman Cousins, our former associate, has announced his decision to launch a new magazine to be called *World*. Undoubtedly, a number of *SR* readers will also want to keep up with Mr. Cousins's new publishing venture. An announcement in *SR* appears on pages 62 and 63 of this issue. We at *SR* offer Mr. Cousins and his associates our good wishes and congratulations.

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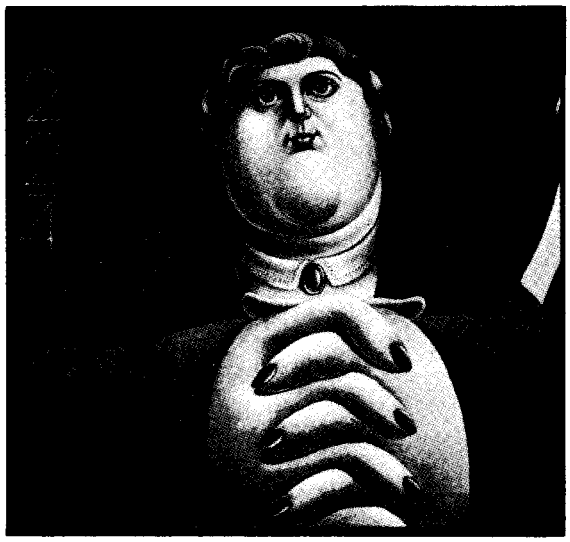
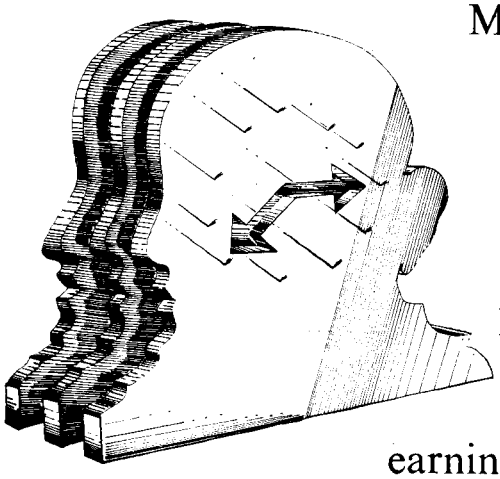
Saturday Review of

EDUCATION





Many questions about education have been raised in recent years, and certainly one of the most basic is whether any relationship exists between the amount of instruction a child receives and what he actually learns. But education provides some answers, too: Children who don't speak English thrive in bilingual classrooms, and many adults are earning credit at Britain's new Open University.

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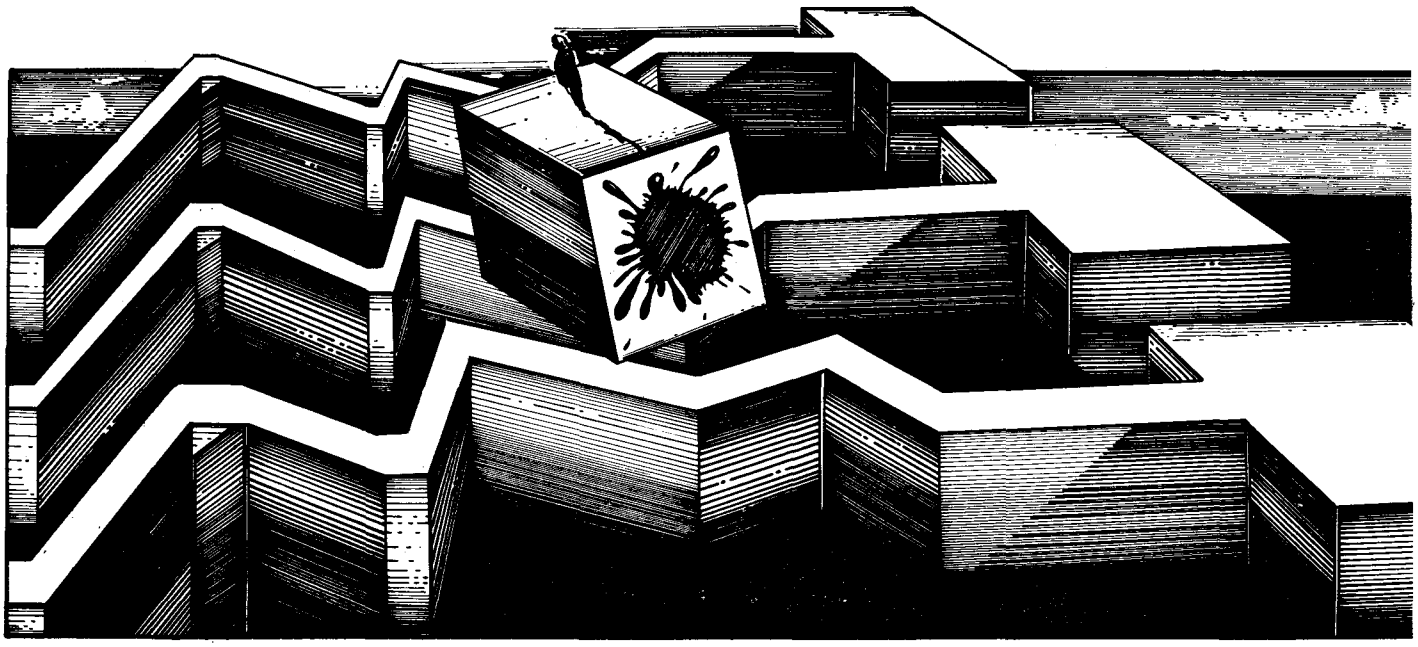

DOES MORE TIME IN SCHOOL MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

Students in rural Norway, twelve to fourteen years old, who received half-time instruction achieved a level only slightly below the group that was taught full time.

BY PROFESSOR TORSTEN HUSÉN

One of the most widely accepted assumptions in education has been that exposure to teaching is highly related to student learning—and in a linear fashion. That is, we have assumed that a 50 per cent increase in full-time schooling would result in a 50 per cent increase in the knowledge retained by students. We have also taken for granted that formal schooling accounts for the major share, if not all, of the knowledge and skills that young people acquire. Therefore, in order to improve standards, it is necessary to increase the number of years of schooling, or the number of hours a subject is taught per week, or both.

Although the findings of various research studies are still suggestive rather than conclusive, there is enough evidence to call into question this kind of pedagogical folklore. And since staff salaries account for two-thirds or more of the operating costs of schools, these findings have important policy implications for developed countries and, even more particularly, for developing nations.

There have always been skeptics, of course. During the late 1950s one of my co-workers, Dr. Nils-Eric Svensson, reported on a study conducted by the Institute of Educational Research at the School of Education in Stockholm in a monograph called "Ability Grouping and Scholastic Achievement." He found that when social background and I.Q. were allowed for, the results of instruction were very much the same in comprehensive high schools and in selective schools designed for the highly qualified. When I told this to Dr. Francis Chase, then dean of the Graduate School of Education at the University of Chicago, he answered jokingly, "That doesn't surprise me. It fits wonderfully with my hypothesis that schooling doesn't make much difference!"

In countries with a national curriculum, where the legislature determines the number of hours per week that will be devoted to each subject area, the competition for more time can be fierce. When the upper secondary school curriculum was revised in Sweden, it was contended that a reduction by only one period allotted to mathematics would impair the competitive strength of the nation in the world market and that a similar reduction of teaching time for biology would endanger the quality of medical education. There were even those who claimed that a reduced timetable for Latin would herald the twilight of our culture.

So far only limited empirical evidence has become available to serve those who make decisions about the length of the school year and the time allotted to individual subject areas. Since these matters are, in many cases, decided upon by the national government or state legislature, they tend to be uniform within each country. Therefore, studies of how instruction time in a particular subject is related to achievement would have to be crossnational, or more precisely, multinational. Certain leads can, however, be obtained from national surveys in which students in all subjects have been assigned widely different amounts of instruction time.

Professor Torsten Husén is on the faculty of the University of Stockholm and director of the Institute for the Study of International Problems in Education.

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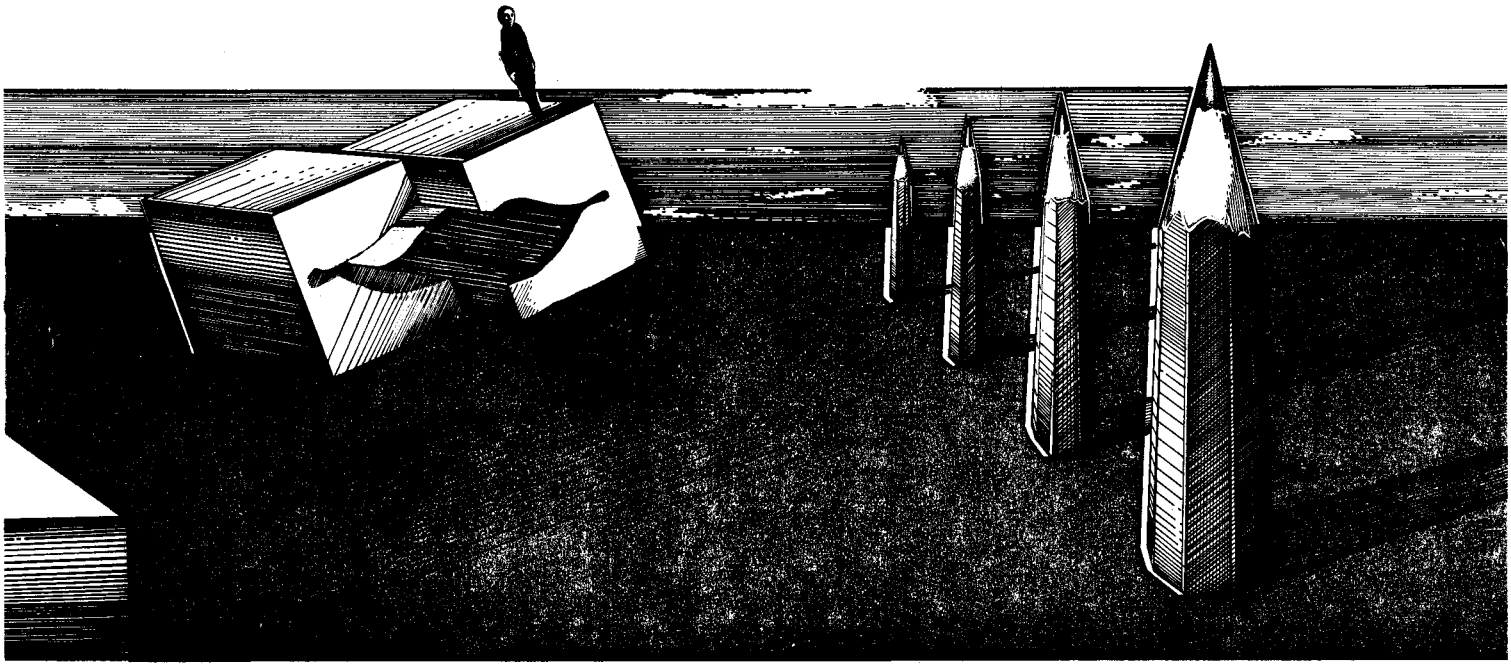

In sparsely populated areas in Scandinavia, for instance, it used to be the normal practice, because of either a shortage of teachers or the long traveling distance, to allow children to go to school every other semester or every other day during part or even all of their compulsory school period. In the 1950s a survey was conducted in a rural region of Norway in which two parallel groups of students aged twelve to fourteen were taught full time and half time respectively during the last two grades of compulsory school. The group that received half-time instruction was assigned more homework and proved to be only slightly inferior to the first in mastering the basic skills. Similar evidence has been collected in Sweden, where since the middle of the 1940s achievement tests in the three R's have been administered to all students at certain grade levels.

During the 1960s the International Association for the Evaluation of Educational Achievement (IEA) launched a series of massive international survey studies of school effectiveness. The first of these studied the mathematics achievement of thirteen-year-olds in a dozen developed countries. The effect of the age at school entry was one of the factors examined by IEA. All countries with some kind of compulsory schooling have regulations that specify the age at which children have to enter school. In countries with well-developed systems of schooling, the age range tends to vary from five to seven. In England and Scotland, for instance, children enter at five, whereas in Sweden and Finland they do not start school until seven. In the other eight countries included in the study, the normal age of entry is six.

The main report of the IEA study, published in 1967 under my editorship, stated that "results suggest, but do not establish beyond doubt, that school systems admitting pupils at the age of six produce mathematics scores at the age of fourteen that are superior to those obtained by students in systems admitting children at five or delaying admission to seven." One cannot, of course, generalize on the basis of observations from so few national school systems. Nevertheless, assuming that it is possible to keep other sources of variation under control, it appears significant that earlier entry alone does not seem to bear any substantial relationship to achievement at the age of fourteen.

The complexity of these matters is suggested by T. N. Postlethwaite, who reanalyzed the mathematics data and concluded that school entry at five did not seem to "be of consequence as far as progress in mathematics is concerned, whereas a loss of a year's schooling between six and seven appears to have a detrimental effect." Furthermore, his findings suggested that earlier entry proved more beneficial to children with a white-collar background than to those from blue-collar families.

So far the IEA mathematics survey is the only comprehensive multinational attempt to relate the number of hours of instruction to retained skills and knowledge as measured by international achievement tests. From the methodological point of view, the thorny problem is how to relate achievement to the amount of exposure to formal teaching, while accounting for differences in other conditions that also affect achievement, such as parental education, rural-urban residence, and teacher competence. Nevertheless, an attempt was made to find out to what extent differences in achievement among students in the twelve countries were accounted for by home background and by teacher, school, and student variables, respectively. One supposedly important group of school variables included: length of the school week, the time given to all homework, the time given to mathematics homework, and the time given to instruction in mathematics. Together these accounted for only about 3 per cent of the total difference in achievement on the mathematics test among the thirteen-year-olds. (For the statistically minded, I should note that the twenty-six factors that went into the analysis accounted for only one-third of the total variance. Therefore, a better measure of the relative importance of the four time factors is that taken together they account for only 10 per cent of the total assignable variance.)

Of these four school-related factors, "the time given to all homework" tended to be the important one for the thirteen-year-olds (when 100 per cent of the age group was still in full-time schooling), whereas "the time given to mathematics homework" and "time given to instruction in mathematics" (in that order) were the important ones at the preuniversity level. Thus, at both levels, time devoted to instruction seemed to be close to insignificant in all the twelve countries included in the study.

The number of hours of instruction for students studying mathematics at the preuniversity level varied from a weekly average of 4.3 hours in the

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country providing the least instruction to 8.9 hours in the country giving the most. However, again the amount of instruction did not seem to bear any significant relationship to the performance on the mathematics test. It should, however, be pointed out that the number of hours of instruction during a single school year does not reflect accurately the extent of a student's total exposure to instruction. When analyzing the data for the five Australian states in the IEA mathematics study, Dr. John Keeves used the total time spent on learning mathematics at school from age six to thirteen. This differed considerably among the states, and Keeves found that the *total* time of mathematics teaching in the schools was significantly related to the average performance on the mathematics tests for the Australian states.

We are now in the midst of analyzing data from the second phase of IEA survey work, which is broader in scope than the initial mathematics study. It includes data for an additional six subject areas in twenty countries where ten-, fourteen-, and eighteen-year-old students were tested. It would be premature to present even preliminary findings from this later phase, but to date I have not discovered anything that strongly contradicts our earlier conclusions.

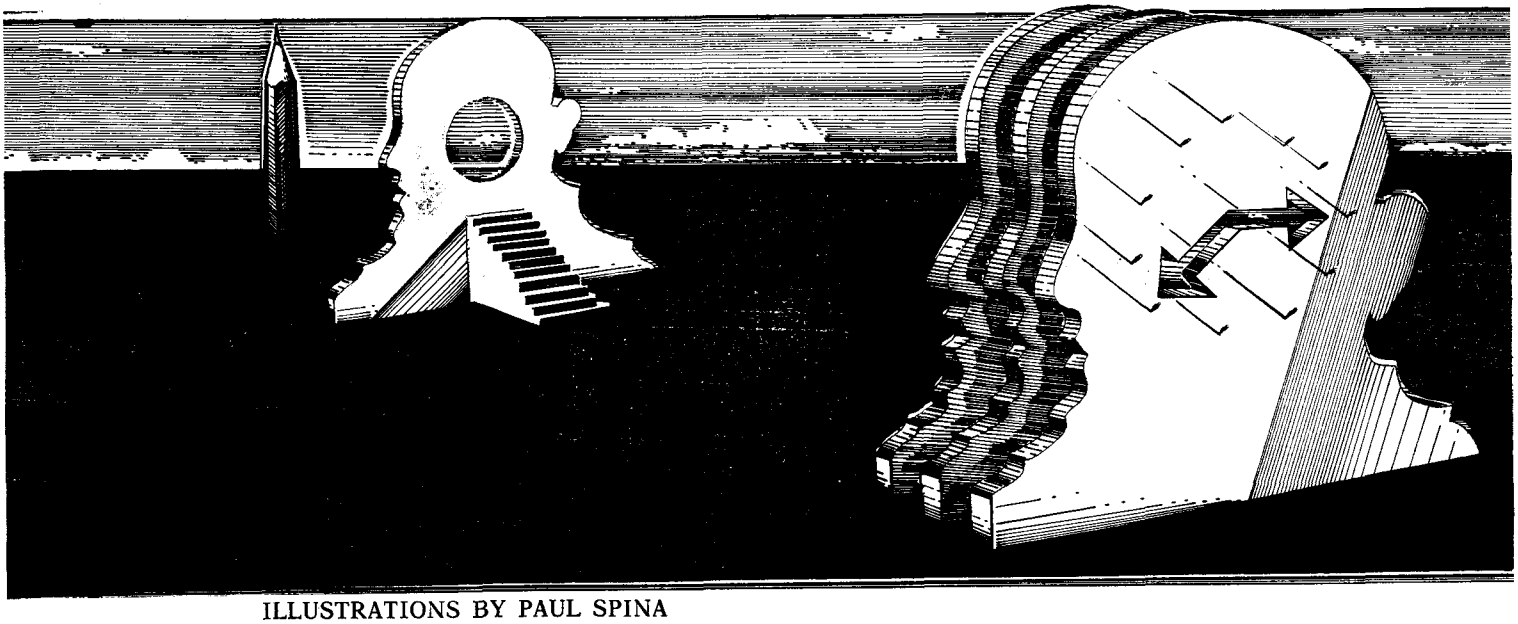
Clearly we all need much more information about those factors that make a difference in the effectiveness of education, but the need is particularly crucial for developing nations. These countries tend to follow institutional patterns developed by the wealthy, industrialized countries at a stage when the social needs were quite different. Universal elementary schooling in western Europe was introduced in a half-industrialized society where parents worked long hours in factories and where the home was progressively less able to serve as a training ground in which members of the family spent the whole day producing and consuming together. In addition to providing children with some basic skills in the three R's and some knowledge of the Scriptures, the school also performed a custodial function. Industry simply needed an institution that could look after the children while it utilized their parents' labor. But there is serious doubt about the value of institutional models evolved in Europe and the United States for developing nations because of the waste involved when children repeat grades or drop out, and because of the high cost of maintaining them.

As Professor John Vaisey of Brunel University in England points out in a recent paper on "The Production Process in Education," economists and others concerned with analysis of the education process have been able to control, in quantitative terms, those factors such as financing, length of the school year, etc., that make up the "inputs" of education. However, very little analysis has been done on the factors affecting student achievement, the "outputs" of education. ("The way in which the inputs are transmuted into outputs is largely an area of ignorance.") This is one of the primary reasons why, in the present stage of the IEA survey work, the main emphasis will be placed on attempts to discover which factors within the school system—such as teaching, material resources, and staff availability—account for differences in educational attainments among schools as well as among students. The overall aim is to identify those factors that can be controlled or affected by policy decisions, and which seem to play a major role in determining success or failure.

So far no comprehensive effort of this kind has been made to measure the qualitative output of school education in developing countries and to relate such measures to strategic input factors—economic, social, or pedagogical. Of particular interest in this connection are those factors that together constitute school resources, such as teacher competence, number of instruction hours, class size, space available, teaching aids, etc.

Before the end of 1972, however, we shall be able to provide precise information about the outcomes of the teaching of reading and science in some twenty countries, among them India, Iran, Chile, and Thailand. Representative samples of children at the ages of ten, fourteen, and eighteen have been given identical international tests, both cognitive and noncognitive. The testing instruments have been carefully pretested, and in each country a special national committee has cooperated with an international committee in the preparation of the instruments. Precautions have been taken to remove test items that could be suspected of bias against a particular culture or country. Translation problems were given special attention, particularly in the development of tests in reading comprehension.

Recent surveys conducted both at national and international levels suggest that much more of the between-country and between-student variance than was previously assumed can be attributed to conditions outside the influence of the school, such as socio-economic structure of the society, local per-pupil allocation, parental education, and type of community (urban,



ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL SPINA

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Pedagogical folklore assumes that a 50 per cent increase in formal schooling results in a corresponding increase in student achievement.

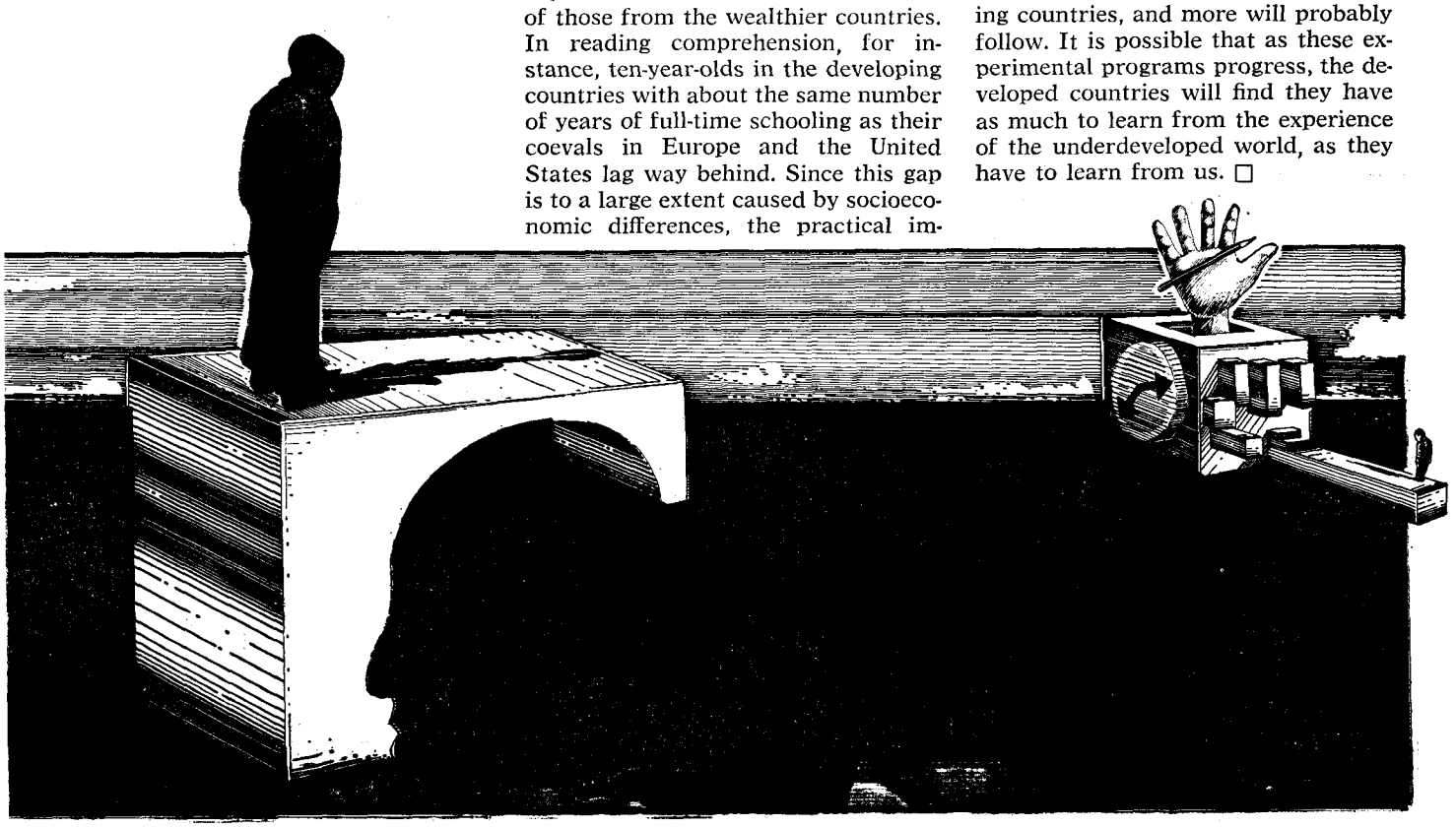
rural, or suburban). The Plowden Commission in England, for instance, tried to account for the differences in achievement among eleven-year-old pupils and found that about two-thirds of the variance accounted for could be assigned to background factors, whereas only one-third could be assigned to what happened to the student at school. Similar findings in the United States were reported by Professor James S. Coleman and his associates in their study "Equality of Educational Opportunity." The IEA mathematics survey confirmed the conclusions of these two national studies. The seemingly modest contributions of teaching per se to differences in student performance have quite naturally caused considerable concern among educators.

On the basis of these and other surveys, we can expect widely different levels of attainment between developed and less developed countries, simply because they differ tremendously in their sociocultural structure and therefore in the socioeconomic background of students. The broad occupational sectors in developed countries are the manufacturing and service industries, whereas the developing countries are dominated by an agricultural subsistence economy. Even school resources and teacher competencies equivalent to those in Europe or the United States would not suffice to bring the children anywhere near the level of achievement of those from the wealthier countries. In reading comprehension, for instance, ten-year-olds in the developing countries with about the same number of years of full-time schooling as their coevals in Europe and the United States lag way behind. Since this gap is to a large extent caused by socioeconomic differences, the practical implication is that education cannot serve as a substitute for social and economic reform.

The present IEA survey is not an international horse race, but rather an attempt to take advantage of differences on the input side of educational systems in order to account for differences on the output side. The interesting point is how strategic input factors relate to output and how much of the output they account for.

The high price paid for the products of formal schooling in developing countries, in high dropout rates and grade repeating, has in recent years prompted several attempts at alternative strategies that could better utilize the resources available and lead to outcomes more relevant to the social and economic needs of a given country. Importing reform models from the wealthy countries does not help very much, because the developing countries are faced with a shortage of both the skills and the capital required.

As a result of the accumulating evidence, we have recently begun to question the very metaphysics of the European schooling approach. The interest that several international and national technical assistance agencies have begun to show in nonformal or out-of-school education is an important symptom. Programs in which the common denominator is a better integration of education and working life have already been launched in the developing countries, and more will probably follow. It is possible that as these experimental programs progress, the developed countries will find they have as much to learn from the experience of the underdeveloped world, as they have to learn from us. □



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RECOVERING A SENSE OF PAST AND PLACE

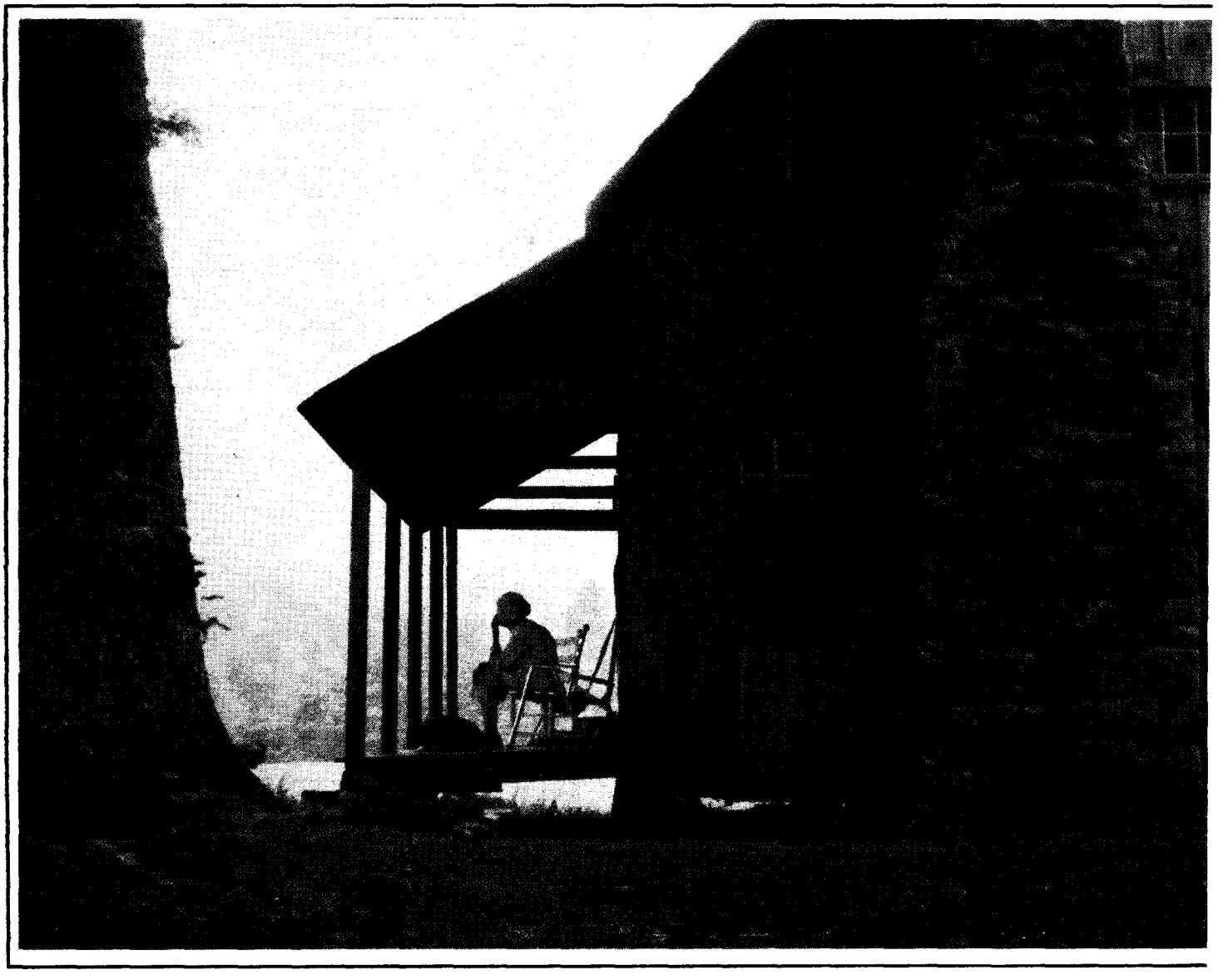
An attempt to extract a maximum of poetry and logic from the experience of the Appalachians

BY DAVID SHAPIRO

Human voices must wake us, or we drown. The *Foxfire* magazine, started in 1966 by Eliot Wigginton, a Cornell graduate, and his high school students in Appalachia, and now in book form, is a fine example of Emersonian self-reliance and compassionate anthropology that would have charmed James Agee and Oscar Lewis. The book is paradoxically as immersed in the future as in the past, for it does not merely lament loss of knowledge, but maintains a sinuous strategy to recover some of the "lost worlds" and "lost words" of Appalachia. The chapters in this selection contain tape-recorded anecdotes of the grandmothers of the mountains—Aunt Arie, for instance, who advises the teen-aged anthropologists that "waiting on mother won't ever be regretted." In a sense this is what the book is about—"waiting" upon the mothers. *Foxfire*, like the recent quilt exhibit at the Whitney Museum in New York, is part of a general effort to re-evaluate, revitalize, and remember the older community, to record the extraordinary "hunting stories" with attention to pattern and accent, and to reaffirm a sense of present worth through links with the past.

Matthew Arnold was supposed to have murmured upon the death of his father, "That is the end of one of the greatest sources of information I have ever had." *Foxfire*'s attempt to recover the sources, through photography, cassetted story, and essay, is in the line of Jamesian "healthy-mindedness." Too often our literary and pedagogical critics have spoken against the popular arts and the possibilities of "great" children's art; for too many years such "popular" arts as quilt-making have been derided and forgotten. Chapters on "Moonlighting as Fine Art" are not merely comical detailing, but a presentation of heartbreaking labor among

David Shapiro, a poet, has taught in elementary schools here and abroad. His latest book, *A Man Holding an Acoustic Panel*, was published last year by Dutton and was a nominee for this year's National Book Award. Captions and pictures from *The Foxfire Book* are reprinted here by permission of the publisher.



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boiling fluids and flesh-burning metals concealed against the attentive law. "Moonlighting," "Faith Healing," "Soapmaking," "The Log Cabin" are all parts of a rural "architecture without architects," as much as the lore of the streets in *The Stoop* is part of an urban "poetry without poets." The Indian esthetician Coomarswamy spoke of the anonymous craftsmanship among medieval Indians that he felt was lost in America. One almost ideal form of anonymous craftsmanship abides still in the folk art, woman's art, children's art, enshrined as it is in the sacred space of hearth and kept free from contamination by the profit motive.

Foxfire and *The Stoop* are admirably within the tradition of much American poetry, the tradition of true collaboration. (The image of harmony in the family I grew up in was the chamber quartet, a mode apart from the programmatic professionalism of the city and city school.) The central and abiding metaphor of *Foxfire* is the stintless labor of men and women who produced the American quilt and the log cabin—and this is a pedagogical image that must be held up to no scorn. Children's play, and that of the artist, can be easily trivialized, and many of us who have worked for councils of the arts as "specialists" within the school system have noticed the disintegration into fruitless silliness when the specialist yields to permissiveness or to surrealism. Various techniques for encouraging fantasy are welcome lubrications, but the artist or teacher may do well to follow the example of *Foxfire* and give his children a chance for some radical empiricism. For example, just as utopian fantasies teach much to children, so video taping, tape recording, and, in general, Margaret Mead's classic field techniques of contact, cooperation, and analysis are particularly suitable and inspiring tools for use in and out of the classroom. *Foxfire* points the way toward a true sense of place, and it is a pity that we do not have more examples of "field work" in the schools (but see the marvelous *Teachers and Writers Collaborative Newsletters*). The point is, we do not just need imaginative "specialists" within the school system; we also need to make explicit the pedagogical palette of possibilities. The anthropological field trip, which salvages life stories, catalogues details, analyzes speech, is a fine form for reaching out and touching today's student.

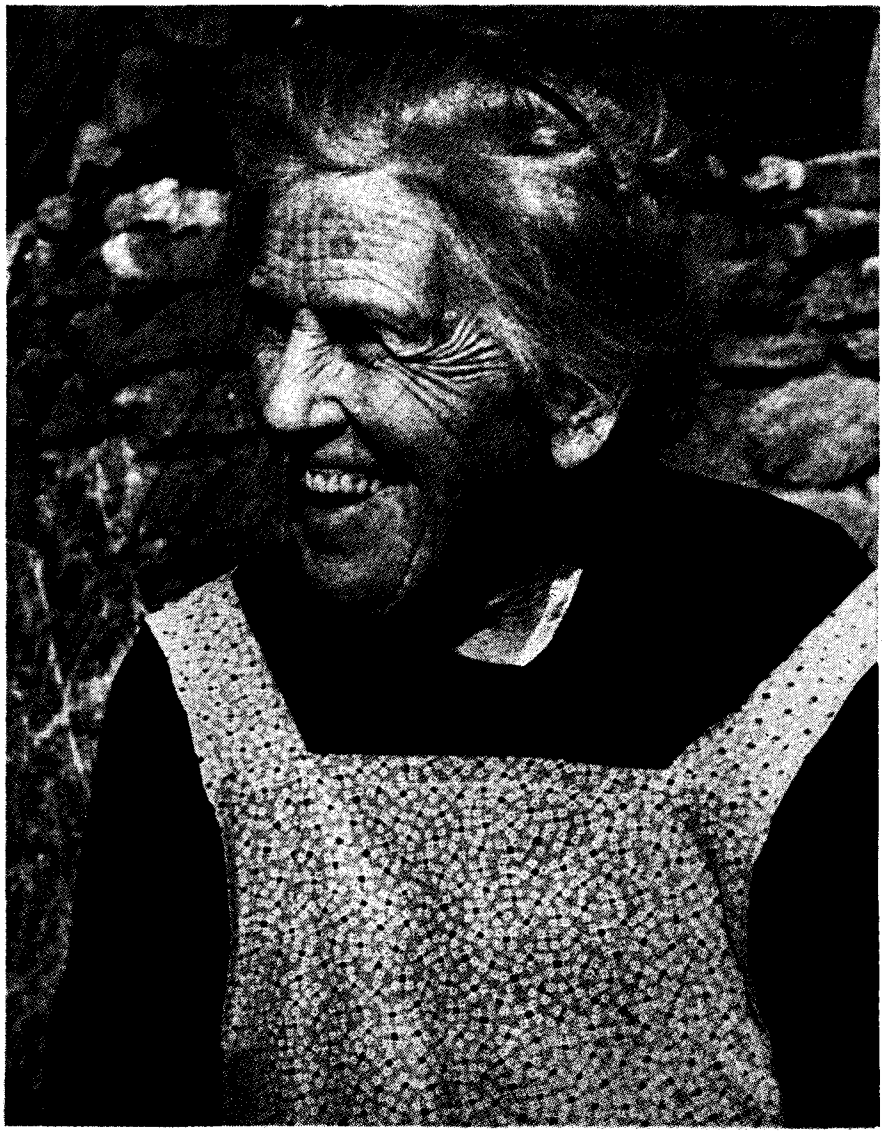
Foxfire's catalogues of recipes and remedies from "The Kids" and their grandparents are poems in themselves. I particularly admire the remedy for headaches: "Smear brow with crushed onions. Tie a flour sack around your head." That should put an end to any complaint. At any rate, what these selections represent is an attempt to extract a maximum of logic and poetry from the experience of the Appalachians. Claude Lévi-Strauss, the French social anthropologist and writer, has vacillated between his wonderful Brazilian field-trip accounts and his armchair symphonic works from the Sorbonne, but these teen-agers of *Foxfire* are still very much in the empirical field-trip mood, and the possibility is that this spirit can become a good

Aunt Arie

Alone in an old-fashioned log cabin, heated by a single fireplace and lacking running water, lives one of *Foxfire*'s favorite sources, Aunt Arie. Speaking her mind directly, Aunt Arie tells her eager listeners how life used to be and how to survive in today's world.

"I was born an' raised on Hick'ry Knoll 'til I was eight years old. It'uz a hard livin'. I don't know how Poppy made it. Mommy never see'd a well day in her life. She was born with somethin' th'matter with her head—one side'a her head run from th'time she was born 'til she died. But I can tell y'one thing. In your life don't never care a cent in this world t'wait on your mother, whether she's sick or not sick. When she's gone, you'll be glad y'did. Yes you will. Many a night I been up waitin' on my mother when ever' body else was in th'bed asleep. I rejoice over that. God'll repay you for all that.

"It's a whole lot easier today. I've hoed corn many a day fer a quarter. Had t'do somethin' t'make a livin'. But we always had plenty t'eat. We didn't have no great stuff that cost a lot. We never did buy that. Well, we just didn't have nothin' t'pay fer't, an' we always tried t'pay as we went. You know, if y'get goin' in debt, next thing y'know you can't pay it t'save yore life. I'm scared t'death a debts. I owe fer this road now, an' it worries me t'death. An' you know how much candy I bought in my life 'fore I's married? I bought one nickel's worth."



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habit. Edmund Leach, one of the finest, if drabbest, critics of Lévi-Strauss, has faulted the French master for not doing more field work. The inaccuracy of much contemporary pedagogy and the inaccuracy of thought among our children come from our inability to permit them to bump up against the "stubborn, irreducible facts" of the community. Children I taught years ago in Bedford-Stuyvesant did not want "abstract expressionist" cadenzas, but were most happy when dealing with the live animals in the "museum" around them, writing poems during observation, and dryly commenting, "Learn something, America." Having to deal with the capricious world of facts is one of the marks of civilization, and the works of *Foxfire* and *The Stoop* are well within the tradition of Orwellian authenticity from which Agee and Lewis derived their strength.

Much of the current interest in "conceptual art," by the way, emerges from a desire to escape the exploitation of the so-called "art object." The school child, like the art object, has too often been exploited and geared for a one-dimension motivational groove. Just as art longs to escape from expensive objecthood and the auction block of Parke-Bernet, so the pedagogue and child must seek a wider freedom in the school. Such freedom to create is evidenced in *Foxfire*'s moving photograph 179, tactfully labeled, "The finished product," in which a calmly smiling Aunt Arie sits firmly poised above her completed basket. A skilled portrait, with the preceding plates a nicely wrought montage, it provides fitting recognition of a fine endlessness that has somehow ended. Good education, like good criticism, is to dip into the community of the past and the present.

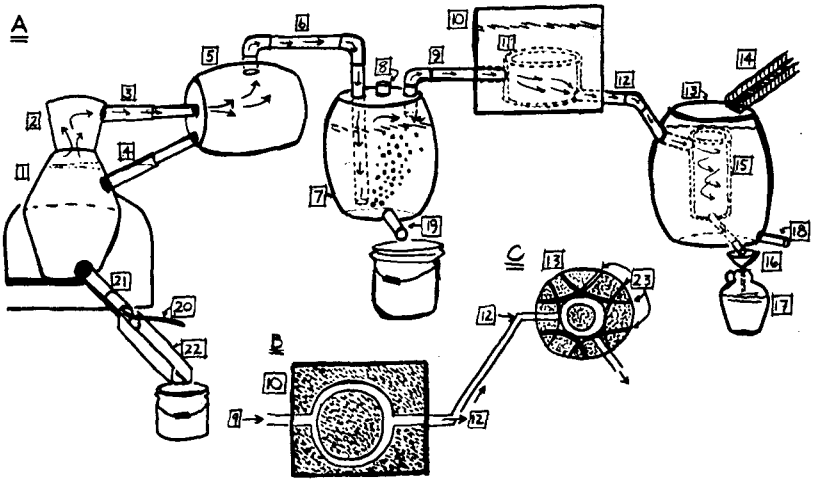
In the magazine *The Stoop*, solicitude for the object also appears in speeches and interviews, as, for example, in the colorful description of Haitian drums. Much of the magazine's poetry is, in a Borgesian sense, merely expressive—but expressive in warm tones of outrage, as were the French wall signs of 1968. The problem is to connect somehow the interview format with a more "realized" poetry. Perhaps the best example of a poetry of poverty, untrammeled by nostalgia or clichés concerning drugs or jail, can be found in *Underground with the Oriole*, by Frank Lima.

The Stoop asserts a heated egalitarian attitude and, as such, strongly complements the whole web of little and underground magazines that have appeared with so little intelligent mediation from the publishing houses. The houses abdicate until they think they can profit from the "homey" or pastoral" qualities—or fashionably violent thematics—of their product (*vide* the late commercial reprinting of the *Whole Earth Catalogue*). *Foxfire* and *The Stoop* remain to humiliate the usual nonnutritious staple produced by the industry. □

The Foxfire Book, edited by Eliot Wigginton (Doubleday, 384 pp., $8.95; paperback $3.95); *The Stoop*, an occasional publication of The Fourth Street i (c/o Brigade for Action, 136 Avenue C, New York, N.Y. 10009. By donation, $1 or more per issue)

Lon's Chair

Lon Reid, an old, almost completely self-sufficient mountaineer living in the backwoods of Georgia, shares his chair-making skills with *Foxfire*. According to Lon, who learned from his father, the best chairs are crafted from oak, maple, and ash, which are gathered during the fall and winter when the sap is down. The pieces are shaped while green and then set aside to season to prevent splitting. For the finished frame of this tall-backed chair, Lon chose maple for the post and backs and white oak for the rounds. The seat will be woven from white oak splits in the herringbone pattern.



A Fine Art

Part of the education of the *Foxfire* staff included instruction in the fine art of moonshining—as told by retired still operators, sheriffs, distributors, and men who practice it today for a living. We present here a distillation of what they learned: "The steam (arrows) from the beer [fermented corn meal] boiling in the still (1) moves into the cap (2), through the cap arm (3), and into the dry or relay barrel (5). Beer which bubbles over or 'pukes' into the dry or relay barrel is returned to the still via the relay arm (4). From this barrel, the steam moves into the long thump rod (6) which carries it into the bottom of the barrel (7) and releases it to bubble up through the fresh beer, which was placed there earlier via inlet (8), now closed to keep the steam enclosed in the system. The beer is drained after each run and replaced with fresh beer before the next. Picked up again at the top by the short thump rod (9), the steam moves into the heater box (10) which is filled with fresh beer. Here the steam is forced through a double-walled ring (11). Heat from the steam warms the beer, making it ready for the next run. The steam then moves via another connecting rod (12) into the flake stand (13) and into the condenser (15). The steam is condensed in this ring by the cold water flowing into the flake stand from (14) and exiting by outlet (18). As the steam is condensed into alcohol, it flows through a strainer and funnel (16) into the container (17)."

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Soapmakin'

"You put two pints and a'half a' water and one can lye—Red Devil Lye—in your pot. You got to stir it 'til this dissolves good; then you got t'add th'grease to it. Then after you add th'grease, you got t'stir it for twenty minutes.

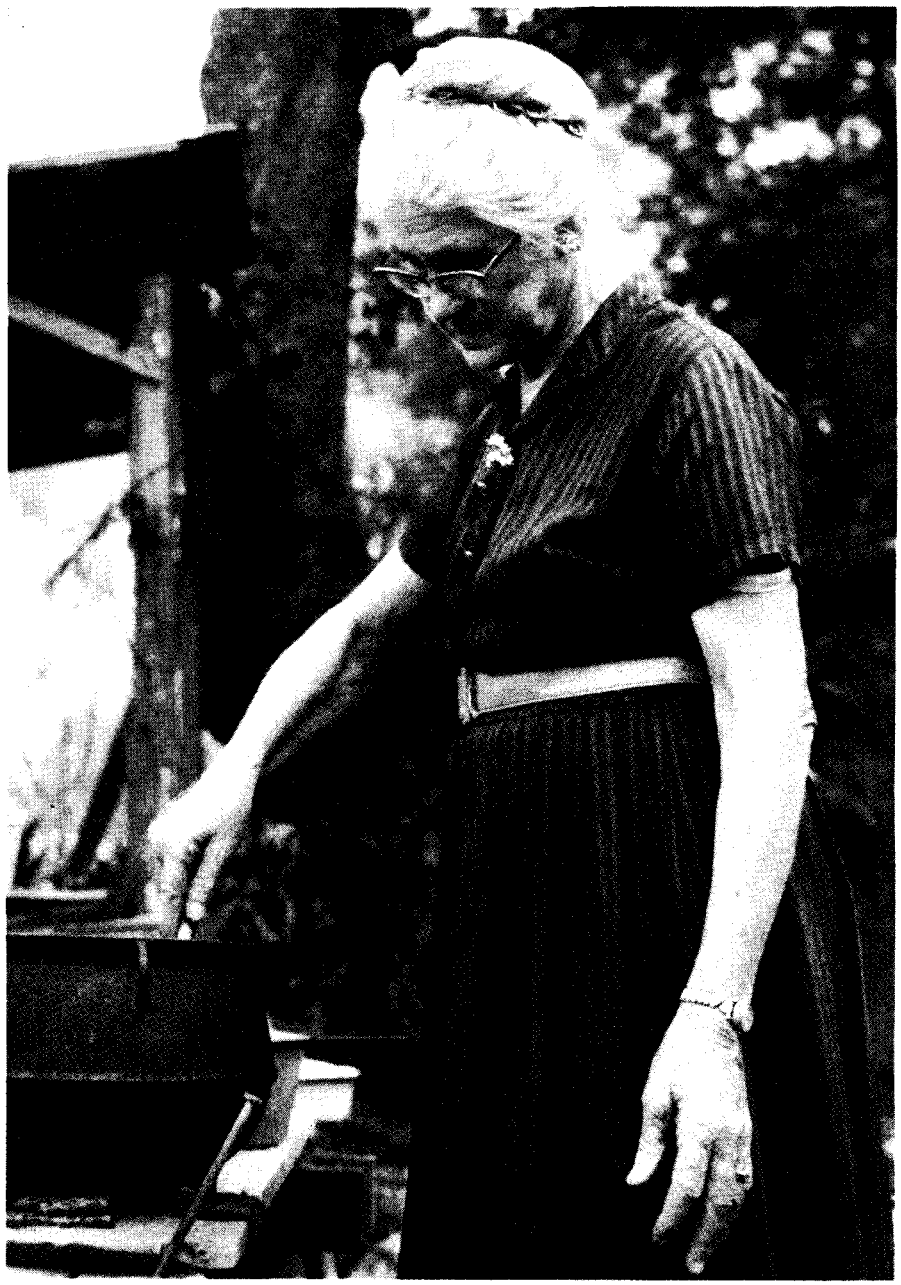
"Lye's dissolved now. Grease, this is th'grease. You just have water and grease and th'lye. This is breakfast bacon grease. You can have anything. I had a man th'other day offered to give me mutton tallow. You know—to make it out of. I think I'll take him up. I've always used hog grease myself.

"This is beginnin' t'get thick now. Looks a lot like chicken gravy don't it? I wish this's a'little darker because homemade soap's always dark. Well, this is homemade soap, but it's not like we used t'make it because we used't'drip th'lye."

Can you wash your clothes in it? "Yeah, you can. Just take that, y' know, like we used to—we took our clothes and put our soap on 'em and rub'em and boil'em. People don't do that now. And I ain't afraid

t'wash my hands in it! That there lard kills th'lye." *Why do you stir it so much?* "It requires it. It wouldn't make if you didn't dissolve it good. You got t'get it thick like jelly, y'know. Y'can't leave jelly 'til it gets right."

Did you ever add perfume to your soap? "I'll tell you, we never did care. But you know, people nowadays like yourn's age, youn's thinks it's something terrible, but we never did care. We just had t'old smellin' lye soap. Now I could put some perfume in this, and it'd just be perfumed up like yourn's. I believe I'll try this just to see."



Mrs. Pearl Martin, far right, demonstrates the technique of making soap to "Foxfire" staff, left to right, Elizabeth Rickman, Andrea Burrell, and Emma Jean Buchanan.

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BRITAIN'S OPEN UNIVERSITY: EVERYMAN'S CLASSROOM

Aimed at Britain's forgotten million, the "university of the second chance" is a denial of past elitist policies and a symbol of an integrated system of university learning.

BY PETER J. SMITH

Late last December the British press reported widely that more than 90 per cent of students at one university who had taken the first-year examinations had earned either a credit or a credit with distinction. The fact that the press bothered to report the results at all is almost as significant as the figures themselves, for the British press is not prone to publish the examination statistics from Britain's other fifty universities. But this was the Open University—the university that accepts only students twenty-one or over, requires no formal entry qualifications, has no full-time students and no students at all on its small campus north of London, yet that will have raised the British university student popula-

Dr. Peter J. Smith is senior lecturer in earth sciences at the Open University and a freelance writer on education.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTHONY BLAKE

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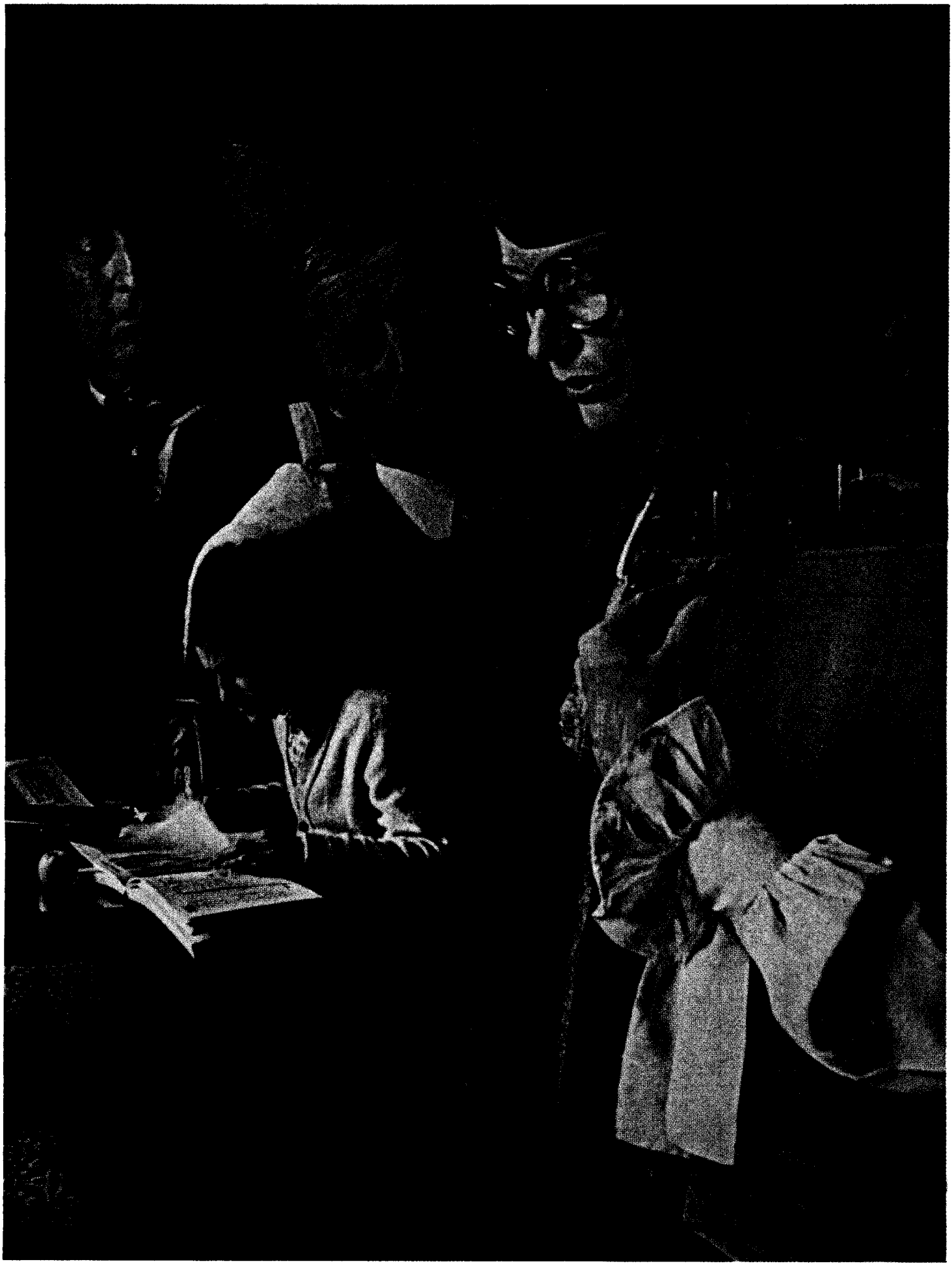

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tion by more than 50 per cent within the next few years and has probably had more eyes upon it than any other university in the world barring (though for rather different reasons) only the Berkeley campus of the University of California. It is, in short, probably the most radical and far-reaching experiment in higher education to take place in any country since the last war.

The origin of the idea of the Open University is obscure. During the mid-1960s the British intellectual climate was ripe for a move against the traditionally elitist conception of higher education. That the system has been, and largely still is, elitist with a vengeance is well documented. In 1900 only 0.8 per cent of the relevant age group entered a university; by 1962 this figure had risen to only 4 per cent (plus another 2.5 per cent in teacher training). It was at this stage that a government-sponsored committee under the chairmanship of Lord Robbins issued a voluminous report on the state of British higher education. Essentially, the Robbins Report set the tone for the destruction of elitism by proposing that places in higher education be limited not by some arbitrary decision but solely by the number of students able and willing to benefit from the system. Thus in practical terms Robbins recommended the doubling of available university places within a decade, noting that this would likely prove an underestimate of true demand.

He was right. As it turns out, the Robbins numerical target has been exceeded—by both the expansion of existing universities and the creation of new ones—and the doctrine of supply based on qualified demand is now widely accepted if not completely applied. But implicit in Robbins's recommendations for the future was an indictment of the past. If it is true that a higher proportion of the relevant age group is now capable of benefiting from higher education, it follows that many adults must have been deprived of a university education for no reason other than insufficient places. In numerical terms it has been estimated that more than a million additional people would have been qualified for higher education had the Robbins proposal been applied thirty years earlier —a not insignificant proportion of a population of only a little more than fifty million. It was to this "forgotten million" that planners of the Open University directed their attention; it was they who prompted Lord Ritchie Calder to dub the Open University the "university of the second chance."

Even so, the Open University might have remained a liberal dream had not

The Open University is not competing to produce more and more specialists but to turn out the generalist who will carry an appreciation of many disciplines into all spheres of life.

the intellectual trend against elitism corresponded in time with a more overt political event—the ending of thirteen years of Conservative government rule and the institution of a Labour administration in 1964. Whoever may have been first with the idea, Harold Wilson, the new Prime Minister, enthusiastically embraced the University of the Air (as it was called in the early days because of its broadcast element) as a symbol of a new type of government—what one commentator has called "a Kennedy-type image to contrast with Harold MacMillan's tory Edwardian manners." In the Britain of 1964 it was fashionable to worry about the apparent nonexploitation of technology that was producing a "technology gap" between Europe and the United States and to look naïvely for a partial solution in more trained scientists and technologists who would help fan what Wilson memorably termed the "white heat of the technological revolution." And where was it more obvious to look for the additional manpower than among the underprivileged, undereducated working class, many of whom would no doubt be found among the "forgotten million"? Thus Labour's more explicit idealist commitment to the advancement of the working class neatly coincided with an evident national need to produce an experiment in education that would serve both.

If Wilson gave political hope to the Open University, credit for converting the ideal to practical expression must surely go to Jennie Lee (now Lady Lee) —wife of the late Aneurin Bevan who was closely associated with that other great monument to the Labour party, the National Health Service. As minister of the arts in the new administration, Lady Lee pressed the cause of the Open University with such effect that, while many other social ideals crumbled in the face of economic disasters, the university maintained its hold on government subsidy. The groundwork was so well laid that when the Labour government fell in June 1970, six months before the Open University was to enroll its first 24,000 students, fears that the new Conservative administration would immediately wield the ax —as Conservatives had repeatedly threatened while they were out of power—failed to materialize. For the time being the university was safe; and by January 1971 its first students had begun work.

What emerged from the years of planning was the prototype of an integrated system of home-based, university-standard education comprising written material programed for self-instruction; television and radio programs transmitted by the BBC on Sunday mornings and between 5:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. (practically prime time!) on weekdays; student assignments, some of which are graded by computer and others by a national network of part-time tutors; a similar network of part-time tutors for face-to-face instruction; summer schools within a traditional university setting for all students; and in science a $300 practical kit for lab experiments in the home. In spite of enthusiastic claims it seems doubtful that any of the individual components is novel. But what is certainly new is the combination of components into an overall system, the scale of both the components and the system, and the size of the organization required to ensure that the system runs smoothly and—lest it be thought that the system is potentially impersonal—humanely.

The full-time central academic staff of about 200 is divided into six faculties (science, humanities, social science, mathematics, educational studies, and technology) that work closely together on a small campus situated in the heart of Milton Keynes, a new city about fifty miles north of London. The function of this central staff is to design both the individual courses and the overall learning system, write the student self-instruction and assignment material, design, in conjunction with the BBC, the television and radio programs, and carry out a whole range of activities that are characteristic of university life anywhere. In addition, members of an associated Institute of Educational Technology assist the faculty in developing educational techniques and monitoring the results. Professors are appointed largely by the usual university criteria of research and teaching; though given the pressures of setting up a completely new institution, few staff members have yet found the time for research.

On a wider scale, the country is divided into twelve regions, each of which has a small full-time academic and administrative staff whose func-

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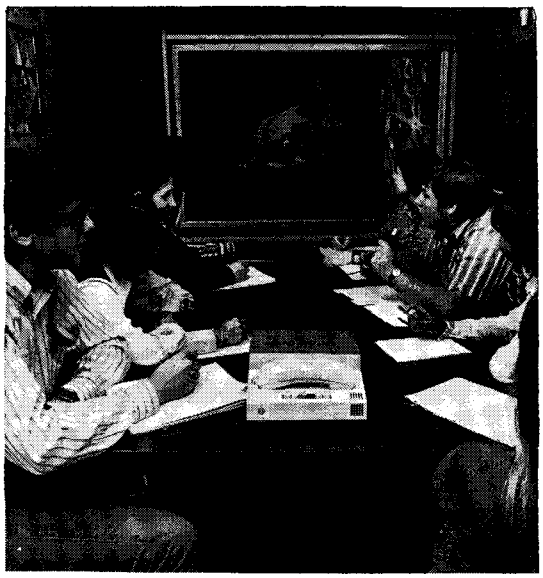

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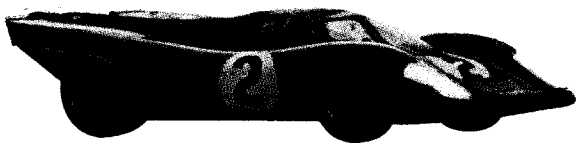
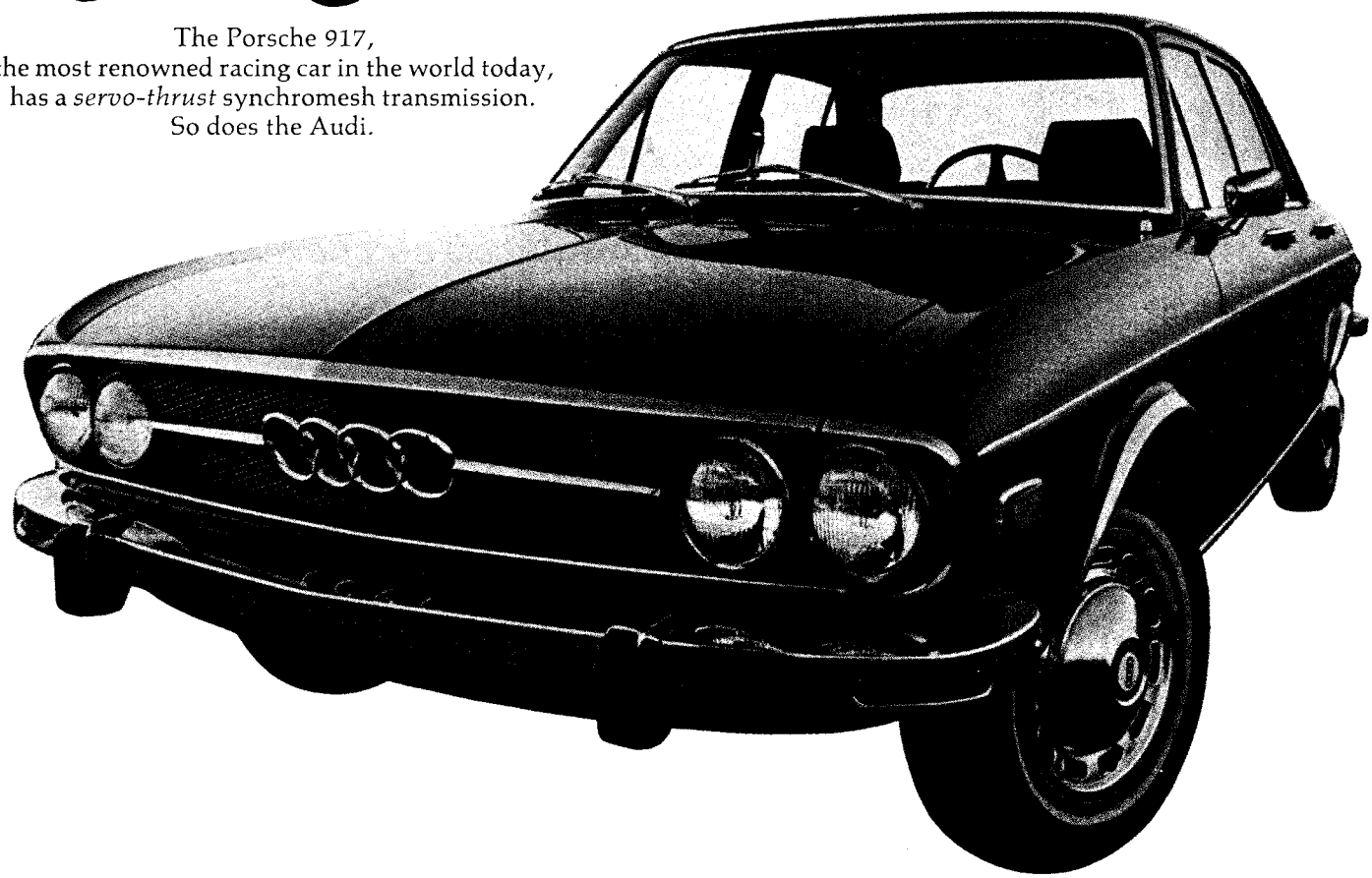
It's a lot of cars



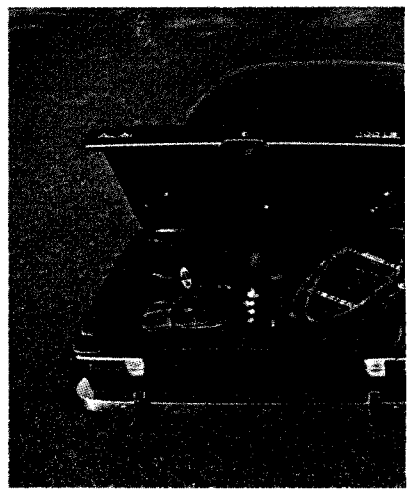
The Porsche 917,
the most renowned racing car in the world today,
has a *servo-thrust* synchromesh transmission.
So does the Audi.

The simplest, most direct
steering system a car can have
is rack-and-pinion steering. The 512 racing Ferrari has it.
So does the Audi.



Both the Cadillac Eldorado and the Audi
have front-wheel drive. But we had it first.

The Audi holds as much luggag



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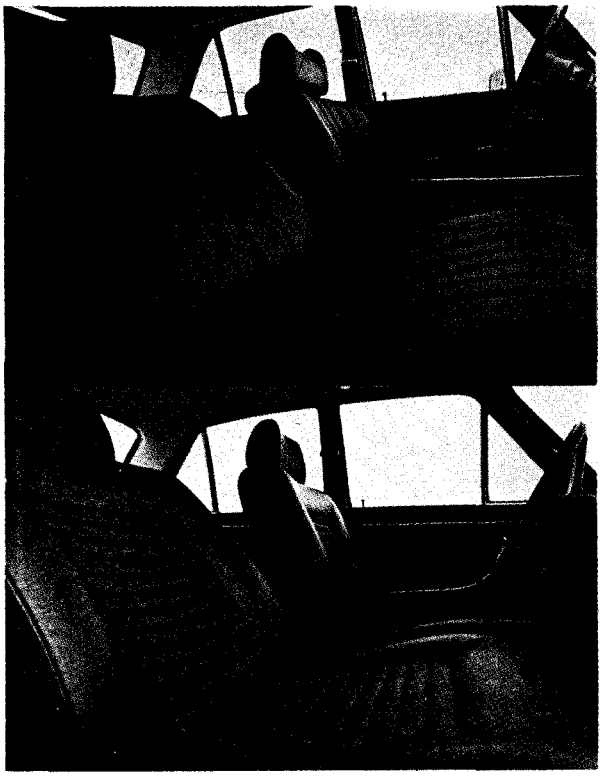
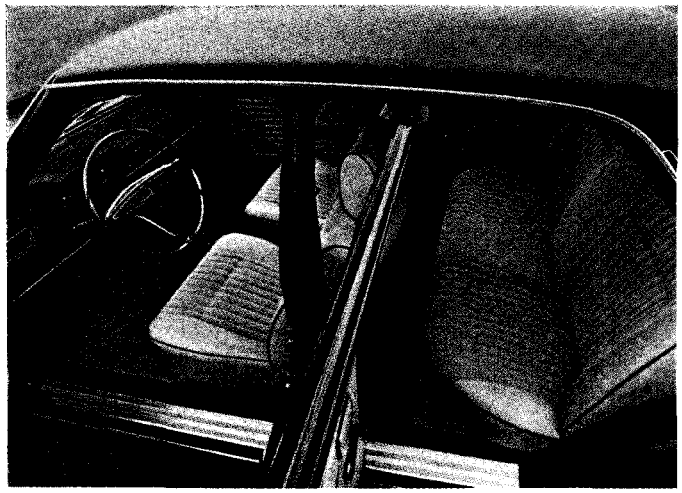
for the money.



The interior on the top is the incomparable Mercedes-Benz 280SE. The one on the bottom is the Audi 100LS.
You'll have to admit there's an uncanny resemblance.

You get just about the same headroom and legroom in the Audi as you do in the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow.



An Audi gets the same kind of expert service a Volkswagen gets.
Because a Porsche Audi dealer is part of the VW organization.

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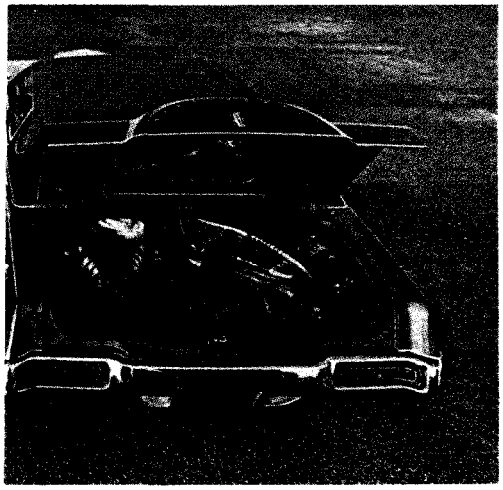

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tions are to organize the nationwide tutorial system and summer schools in accordance with academic criteria set by the central and regional academic staffs. Spread among the twelve regions are more than 250 local study centers (usually in universities, technical colleges, or schools) at which students may receive counseling and face-to-face instruction and, if they have missed the broadcasts on the national network, view the TV programs on film and listen to the radio programs on tape. The tutorial and counseling functions are handled by more than 3,000 part-time academics of three types: counselors who offer personal and operational advice on the learning system, class tutors who lecture and conduct seminars, and correspondence tutors who grade student assignments and offer academic advice in writing or by telephone. Students are not compelled to make use of counselors and class tutors. Summer schools, on the other hand, are compulsory, and each student is required to attend for one week for each course he studies. The academic content of the summer schools varies from faculty to faculty, but for obvious reasons the science schools are primarily devoted to concentrated laboratory work.

In 1971 students could select from four first-year "foundation" courses in science, humanities, social science, and mathematics (a fifth, in technology, is now available), each of which comprises thirty-four weeks' work (thirty-four "units"). The emphasis within each of these courses is on interdisciplinary studies; thus the science foundation course, for example, stresses the unity of science and emphasizes the social consequences and interactions of the various specialties. The humanities foundation course, likewise, combines history, music, literature, art, religion, and symbolic logic. Second-level and (later) third-level courses are more specialized but still broadly based. No student will be allowed to pursue completely monodisciplinary courses, however, since the degree requirements include at least two foundation courses.

Each week's study (each "unit") nominally requires about ten hours' work—six hours of self-instruction, a half hour of TV, a half hour of radio, a half hour of self-assessment tests, about a half hour for "subjective" assignments to be graded later by tutors, about an hour of "objective" assignments to be graded later by computer, and in science about an hour for home experiments. The TV programs, incidentally, are mostly documentaries and not the usual televised lectures. Further, all written materials are printed on letterpress and, with the exception of assignments, are available for sale to the public. What this means, in effect, is that the Open University is also a vast academic publishing house, and it has the marketing organization to match. By the same token, however, the necessary administrative and operational staff outnumbers the faculty by approximately four to one—a situation, certainly, that has its potential dangers.

Britain has developed a teaching system that is potentially applicable to any country and is capable of producing a graduate at about 20 per cent the cost of a conventional university education.

The successful completion of a thirty-four-unit course entitles a student to one "credit," six of which are required for a degree and eight for an "honors" degree. A credit is awarded on the basis of performance in the tutor-graded and computer-graded assignments, the summer school, and a final examination. The Open University is unique in Britain not only in awarding credits but in adopting continuous assessment as opposed to the more usual practice of judging a student by his performance in a single examination at the end of three years' work. Continuous assessment is important in the Open University context because it offers a method of identifying quickly the need for remedial action. Most Open University students have no previous academic qualifications, and many do not even have the experience of high school study. Under these circumstances rapid monitoring of students' progress and remedial help at the critical moment can easily mean the difference between success and failure.

It is easy to describe the mechanics of the Open University but more difficult to convey the special flavor of the experiment or the spirit in which it is carried out. Nor is it easy, after only a single year, to judge success or failure—partly because a final judgment will depend on the quality of the graduates who emerge and partly because the criteria for success are difficult to define and, in the last analysis, not equally acceptable to all observers.

Those of us who have lived with the Open University for two years or more have had our moments of elation and moments of depression, our rewards and disappointments. The long mail strike that began during our second week of operation produced obvious problems but led to the curious sight of faculty deans working alongside secretaries, packing envelopes for dispatch to students before the mailmen disappeared. The scientist who wrote to say that a part of one of the science units was the worst piece of teaching he had ever come across understandably raised our defensive mechanisms, but at the same time he reminded us forcibly of our commitment to continual course improvement. And the old lady of seventy-nine who wrote that she had never enjoyed herself so much in her life and only hoped she would live to complete the course provoked an appropriate sense of humility. But perhaps the greatest encouragement was the high degree of motivation in the students—a welcome contrast to the average undergraduate at a conventional university.

But these are the human moments—in the end the verdict must rest on less subjective evidence. The high success rate in credit acquisition leaves no doubt that the overall system works well. It is perhaps pertinent to note that student assignments, summer school work, and examinations were graded on a "criteria-based" system, meaning that grading was to an absolute scale and was *not* adjusted to obtain a predetermined pass rate. Moreover, a team of external assessors ensured as far as possible that standards were comparable to those in other universities within the British state system. The final pass rate of 92.5 per cent is thus a real measure of achievement. On the other hand, this figure obscures a dropout rate which was higher than that normally encountered in a British university. In absolute terms, 24,191 students first registered in January 1971, but only 19,033 took part in the final May 1971 registration. Still others dropped out later, as evidenced by the fact that 3,210 failed to appear at summer schools (and thus became ineligible for a credit). In the end 15,823 students took 17,664 examinations (some students registered for more than one course), and 16,346 credits were awarded. While the reasons for the attrition have not yet been fully determined, it seems certain that many of the dropouts, especially those between January and May, left because of a fundamental misunderstanding concerning the amount of work that university-standard education entails.

Judging the effectiveness of the individual components of the teaching

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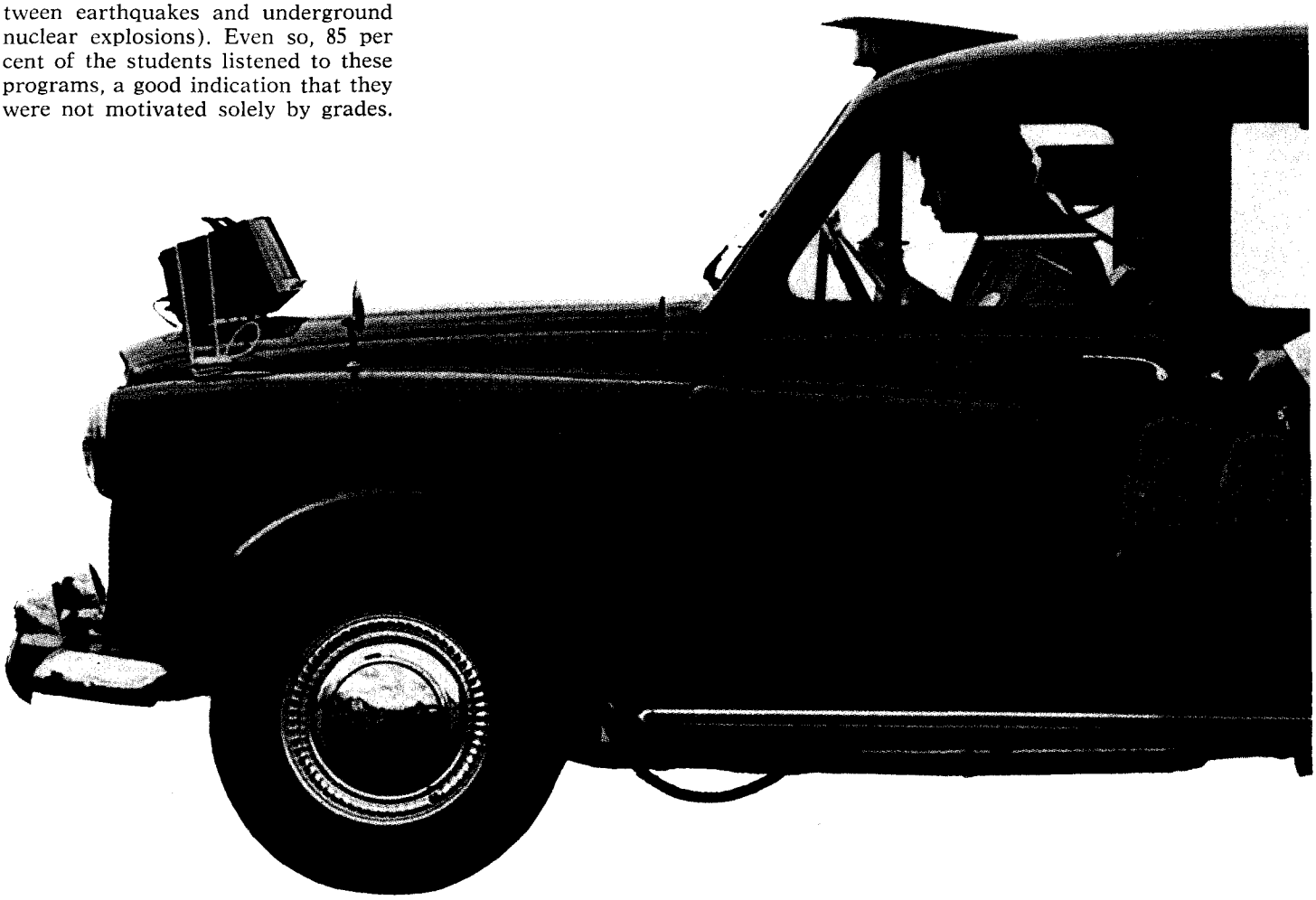
system is more difficult and is likely to vary from discipline to discipline. One hopes more valid criteria will be developed shortly. In the meantime we offer some generalizations based on responses from science students to questions the students were requested, but not compelled, to answer at the end of each week's work.

Generally, students spent longer on their week's work than the ten hours planned—over fourteen hours on average. Even so, about 60 per cent felt the work load to be "just right." The other 40 per cent said there was "too much" work, but to their credit many persevered. Basic motivation no doubt played its part here, especially as more than 60 per cent of the students found the work "fairly difficult." On the other hand, a startling 90 per cent said that the course was "fairly interesting" or "very interesting"—an encouraging indicator that difficulty did not cause all students to lose interest.

Almost all students watched the TV programs, a reflection, perhaps, of the fact that the TV programs in science were closely linked with the written correspondence material, and in some cases assessment material had been based on them. The radio programs, on the other hand, were designed largely as "enrichment" (for example, the political aspects of differentiating between earthquakes and underground nuclear explosions). Even so, 85 per cent of the students listened to these programs, a good indication that they were not motivated solely by grades.

Open University admissions by occupation group (January 1971)

Occupation group	*Applicants (%)*	*Allocated places (%)*
Housewives	9.2	9.8
Armed forces	1.7	2.0
Administrators and managers	6.9	5.6
Teachers	35.9	34.3
Professions and the arts	11.9	10.0
Qualified scientists and engineers	8.0	9.3
Draftsmen, laboratory technicians and assistants	7.5	9.2
Electrical, metal, and allied trades	1.8	2.3
Other manufacturing, farming, mining, construction, transport, etc.	2.8	3.1
Clerical and office staff	8.2	8.1
Shopkeepers, services, recreation workers, firemen, police, etc.	3.4	3.7
Not working (other than housewives)	2.5	2.5
In institutions	0.1	0.1



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More than 90 per cent found the TV programs, and over 80 per cent found the radio programs, fairly or very interesting.

These figures are preliminary indications of general trends. What they show is that no component of the teaching system has failed utterly, and some, in the students' minds at least, have been extremely successful. Where the responses have shown failures in detail, the relevant material will be revised. As for the tutorial system, statistics show that on average about 50 per cent of students attended a local study center in any given week, although attendance tended to drop as the year progressed. Visits to study centers were not compulsory and were impractical for a considerable number of students living in isolated areas (not to mention twenty-five serving prison sentences). Whether falling attendance can be taken as an indication of failure is a question that needs careful attention; certainly the underuse of study centers must be regarded as one of the least successful aspects of the university's work.

By contrast, the summer schools were an unqualified success, both academically and socially. In six intensive days of more than fifteen hours each, students were put through a grueling program of laboratory work and seminars that provided the most startling improvement in academic attainment I have ever witnessed. The way in which students with no previous laboratory experience emerged more than ninety hours later with a good grasp of laboratory technique was a quite remarkable phenomenon.

But face-to-face instruction and summer schools raise a wider educational issue that critics of the Open University have not been slow to exploit. Basically two kinds of opposition to the university have been expressed. The first, and most vociferous, type of critic may be described as the fundamental elitist who would argue that the university is a very special form of institution designed solely for the pursuit of scholarship by a select group of the most able members of the population. The corollary of this argument is that to extend university education is to dilute standards and thus, in effect, to debase the concept of the university (hence Kingsley Amis's celebrated remark, "more will mean worse"). In the case of the Open University, it is often rationalized that the university cannot be a true institution of higher learning because an essential part of university education and scholarship is daily contact and interaction between the teachers and the taught.

Needless to say, members of the Open University reject both the general and special criticisms. By accepting the Robbins philosophy, the country as a whole has rejected the general case, and dissenters must surely be regarded as fighting progress. On the special case there are two things to say. First, the ideal of a continuous personal teacher-student relationship, desirable though it might be, no longer obtains in the average British university with its large classes and mass lectures rather than the intimate tutorial. Second, one may still support the Open University and yet recognize that more face-to-face instruction would be desirable. One does what one can with the resources available. Not to do so would be to condemn the "forgotten million" and others to the fate of no educational opportunity at all.

The argument of the second type of critic is more respectable. It is simply that the Open University's working class idealism is misplaced; what the working class wants, so the argument goes, is not "intellectual" education but purely vocational training. Again, one does not have to disapprove of the Open University to admit that this thesis is both true and false. If deprived members of the community want vocational training, there are ways (but not enough) to get it. This should not be allowed to obscure the evidence that many members of the working class want what the Open University has to offer. The accompanying table shows the proportions of applicants and places allocated to the various occupational groups in 1971. Most of us would prefer the proportion of the working class to be higher, but at the same time it is worth pointing out that the table conceals two mitigating factors.

The first concerns dissemination of information. It is well known that the middle class is more receptive to communications than the working class. Given a severely limited advertising budget, the Open University has experienced considerable difficulty in reaching workers and in convincing them that there is something in it for them. The working class is thus underrepresented in the 1971 intake, not because of intrinsic opposition to the Open University, but simply as a result of imperfect communications. This situation can be expected to improve, and it is notable that the proportion of workers in the 1972 intake is already higher than in 1971.

Second, some members of the working class are "hidden" in the table. An unknown proportion of teachers, for example, would, at the time of teacher training, have been regarded as working class. That teachers are now de-

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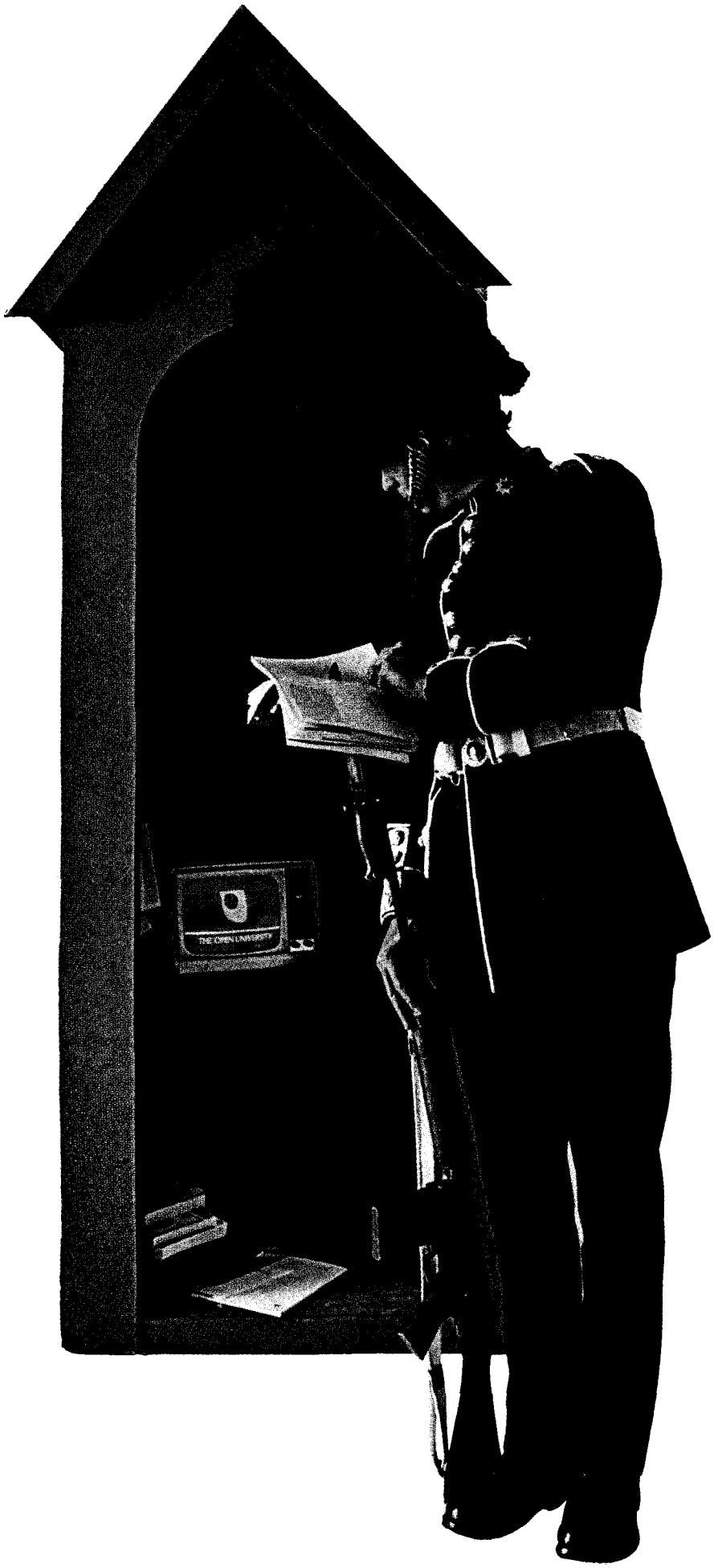

fined as members of the middle class should not obscure this essential point.

Finally, what is the philosophy of the Open University? The answer to this question will probably depend on whom you ask. As with economists, where six are gathered together seven different opinions are likely to emerge. But the issue here centers on comparability of standards and content. The Open University has gone to great lengths to safeguard standards (by the appointment of external assessors, for instance), and although a few commentators remain doubtful, the university itself is convinced that it has succeeded.

But content is a different problem. How, it is asked, can ten to fourteen hours of work a week cover the same ground as one week in a conventional university? The strict answer is that it cannot. But that suggests a further question: need it? In coming to terms with its limitations, the Open University has been forced to ask fundamental questions about the purpose of education. What is the function of undergraduate experimental work? Is it really necessary that so much of the undergraduate program be taken up with rote learning when knowledge is expanding so rapidly? Or is it preferable to concentrate on the teaching of principles, leaving the student to acquire data he requires when he needs them? Is it right that science should be divorced from its interactions with society? And so on.

The Open University does not claim to have answered these questions satisfactorily, but it does claim to have considered them and designed its courses accordingly. The fact remains that higher education in Britain, especially in science, is highly specialized and based on the premise that most participants will ultimately become involved in research and development. Yet, as a recent report shows, fewer than one-third end up in R and D. The Open University is not competing to produce more and more specialists but to turn out the generalist who will carry an appreciation of many disciplines into all spheres of life.

The Open University has, of course, evolved within a particular milieu to meet a particular set of social and academic needs. Whether the particular curriculum it has developed will find a meaning in the United States remains to be seen. But content apart, what the Open University has done is to develop a teaching *system* that is potentially applicable to any country; and on the scale in which it is operated in Britain, it will produce a graduate at about 20 per cent of the cost of a conventional university graduate. In these cost-conscious days this is its source of interest to the world's governments. □

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6:30 A.M. PRIME TIME FOR LEARNING

"Sunrise Semester," NYU's award-winning TV series, answers the need for intellectual contact of about two million early risers from coast to coast.

BY M. L. STEIN

The current interest in open universities and noncampus colleges should not obscure the fact that other programs have pioneered many of the techniques of off-campus learning. For a number of years, for example, some two million people have been getting up regularly for 6:30 a.m. television lectures on such topics as "The Tragic Dramas of Greece and Rome," "The Nature of Matter," "Classical Mythology," and "The Social Anthropology of Africa." And the professors who give these half-hour lectures have become TV personalities and receive fan letters by the thousands from a wide-ranging audience of housewives, businessmen, the young, the old, college graduates, and semiliterates.

The object of their enthusiasm is New York University's *Sunrise Semester*, a TV series that has been wowing them from coast to coast since 1957, when Dr. Floyd Zulli appeared live five days a week with a course in comparative literature, "From Stendhal to Hemingway." After Zulli had discussed Stendhal's *The Red and the Black*, the book sold out in stores across the country.

Such response is not unusual for *Sunrise Semester*, now in its fifteenth year and the winner of four Emmy awards. Since Professor Zulli's debut, a second course each semester has been added, and lectures are pretaped and aired three days a week rather than five. The faculty and production staff are supplied by NYU's Washington Square College of Arts and Science as a public service. The series is presented in color over eighty-five stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System, which also absorbs production costs and provides free use of studio space and of technical personnel. Over the years *Sunrise* has featured such academic luminaries as philosopher Sidney Hook, economist Emanuel Stein, and Henry James's biographer, Leon Edel. Currently, chemist Seymour Z. Lewin is giving a course entitled "Earth, Air, Fire, Water . . . and DNA" (Monday, Wednesday, and Friday), and Associate Professor John A. Coleman of the Spanish department is discoursing on "The New Consciousness: Latin American Literature in Translation" (Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday).

Sunrise courses are offered for credit by NYU and about forty other colleges and universities, which set up their own administrative procedures, tuition schedules, and accreditation. NYU charges the others nothing for incorporating the lectures into their own programs and even provides the schools with study guides and copies of the final examination given by *Sunrise* professors. A number of small colleges with limited facilities and staffs have found these series an exotic addition to their own catalogues. In the past year *Sunrise* has been included by such colleges as Wartburg in Waverly, Iowa; Lewis in Lockport, Illinois; Nasson in Springvale, Maine; and Mary Manse in Toledo, Ohio. But Penn State, Michigan State, and the University of Minnesota also have incorporated *Sunrise* into their curriculums.

Of *Sunrise Semester*'s vast audience, only a few hundred persons take the courses for academic credit. The great majority are intellectual freeloaders with the full blessing of NYU, CBS, and the faculty lecturers. Some send in $10 for a study guide and reading list, but most merely audit the program. It is this huge segment that produces the flood of mail. "We never hear from the students taking the courses for credit," said Dr. Philip Mayerson, acting dean of Washington Square College and a recent *Sunrise* instructor. "Our true fans are mostly people with one or more degrees or those who have never taken a college course in their lives."

According to Tom Brophy, hundreds of letters tell of the viewers' feelings of intimacy with *Sunrise* teachers. "It's the hour of the day before they have to get entangled with their families, their jobs, and other people," he explained. "It's a quiet time when they can relate to another human being who can help them learn, even if he is a screened image."

Brophy, a brisk, balding man who has produced *Sunrise Semester* since its inception, said the show attracts a large number of doctors, lawyers, businessmen, teachers, and retired professionals. "Many of them," he added, "are trying to make up cultural deficiencies and maintain their intellectual life. We also hear from a lot of intelligent housewives, workingmen, and others who regret not having more education."

Professor James Carse, now chairman of the history and literature of religion department, sees something else in the responses to *Sunrise Semester*.

"For me the letters create a dark picture of the continent as a cultural desert," he said. "Many viewers, especially in the smaller towns, apparently do not have exposure to a cultural experience. I've also changed my idea of the television audience since I gave the course. The networks may be very wrong in assuming that people don't want cultural programs. There is really a tremendous amount of intellectual curiosity in this country."

Sunrise professors and Tom Brophy answer most of the correspondence in spite of the demands of the program on their time and energies. For most of the lecturers, television is a totally new experience and, in the beginning, a rather frightening contrast to regular classroom teaching. The lectures are taped three at a time in the cavernous basement studios of CBS on West 57th Street in New York City. A speaker is on-camera for twenty-eight minutes straight—no breaks for commercials or anything else.

All *Sunrise* teachers have survived the experience with varying degrees of trauma. Patricia Myers, associate producer of *Sunrise*, recalls geologist Alistair McCrone's opening lecture. "McCrone had set up eleven props, thinking they were more than enough to last the twenty-eight minutes. In the classroom they would have kept him going a full hour or more with student feedback. In the studio he ran through all of them in exactly seven-and-a-half minutes. I was horrified, but, luckily, he had his notes for the next lecture with him, and he went right into it."

Sunrise Semester isn't all problems. Like commercial TV stars, faculty teachers enjoy celebrity status, if not the same earning power. A *Sunrise* lecturer receives only his regular university salary, but he is relieved of all classroom duties for his television semester.

Still, being in the public eye has its rewards. Arriving at Kennedy International Airport from a European holiday one afternoon, Dr. Fleur Strand, a biologist, was recognized by a customs inspector. He said he watched her three mornings a week, and he waved her through without opening her luggage.

It's as if he were saying in a different way what a Venice, California, hippie scribbled in a note to Dr. Mayerson: "Thank you, *really*. I dug your rap." □

Professor M. L. Stein is chairman of the department of journalism at New York University.

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THE SCHOOLS AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE—AND PROBABLY NEVER WERE

The contention is that American public education "is, and was, free, compulsor

CLASS, BUREAUCRACY, AND SCHOOLS: The Illusion of Educational Change in America

by Michael Katz

Praeger, 158 pp., $5.95

THE GREAT SCHOOL LEGEND: A Revisionist Interpretation of American Public Education

by Colin Greer

Basic Books, 206 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by John Calam

Thanks to revisionist illumination, American educational history seems less dull nowadays. There was a time when its somber moralizing rarely transcended the normal school walls. In the Forties and Fifties, though, it took on the brighter hues of cultural history. By the Sixties it had assumed kaleidoscopic properties as revision followed revision, each new impression more colorful than the last. Two striking patterns of recent days, Michael Katz's analysis of an illusion and Colin Greer's interpretation of a legend, are certain to attract attention.

Katz's arguments are doubtless better known, having appeared in various journals as well as in an earlier book entitled *The Irony of Early School Reform.* Readers, however, will appreciate receiving his work in a single binding, enjoying the benefit of a provocative introduction, central to which is the contention that American public education "is, and was, universal, tax-supported, free, compulsory, bureaucratic, racist, and class-biased."

There follows a three-stage re-examination of the "public school triumphant" theme of American educational historiography. Stage one rejects the inevitability of what Katz terms the nineteenth-century bureaucratic alternative. Indeed, the author shows how paternalistic voluntarism, democratic localism, and corporate voluntarism were also tried. The fact that bureaucracy endured as the essential public education style should not detract, Katz insists, from the legitimacy of the other models. Stage two cites the Boston case to typify the emergence of educational bureaucracy in urban settings circa 1880. Stage three emphasizes twentieth-century continuity of the nineteenth-century bureaucratic model—the wrong model, Katz reasons, since it leads to the comfortable illusion that mere tinkering within a bureaucratic structure constitutes significant reform.

Greer's new book develops more systematically a variety of ideas tried out in his *Cobweb Attitudes,* published two years ago. *The Great School Legend* strikes me, however, as a much more important work than Greer's previous collection of short essays. In general tone it echoes more stridently than Katz's *Class, Bureaucracy, and Schools*; it certainly appears more historiographically argumentative, more thematically iconoclastic. Yet its principal theme resembles Katz's. The school legend, Greer says, relates how "the school was established . . . as the primary means whereby the nation could resolve most of its internal social conflicts. . . ." This legend, Greer writes, has for too long remained unchallenged, with "serious and harmful consequences for today's—largely black—urban poor."

Because some educational historians look upon our present public schools as strongholds of democracy, Greer continues, they set out to find how they got that way. In so doing, they look in the wrong place, use questionable data, and draw erroneous, even smug, conclusions. Thus Greer objects to faulty assumptions about educational opportunity, which he supposes as pivotal in works by Bernard Bailyn, Lawrence A. Cremin, Oscar Handlin, and others. He decries their alleged confusion of the history of ideas with "actual school history." He ironically acknowledges current schools as successful largely by virtue of their capacity in reinforcing such useful modern skills as tolerance for boredom.

There is little doubt that *Class, Bureaucracy, and Schools* and *The Great School Legend* offer persuasive insights of exceptional value to the ongoing debate over public education. On a market crammed with popular debunking, these strenuous analyses hew persistently to their respective historical guidelines—for Katz, the tenuous connection linking theory and action; for Greer, the loose tie binding rhetoric and reality. In contrast with naïve utopians, each author ignores historically rootless visions of push-button environments expected in a decade or two to guarantee a uniformly schooled American public. Quite the contrary. These volumes rest on solid research. Though short, each carries a wealth of illustration. Katz remains the more detached, preserving a certain critical reserve that restricts whatever negative assessment he holds of Cremin's spectacular *American Education: The Colonial Experience* to its being "old-fashioned." More terrierlike, Greer worries major writers who insist upon regarding the public school as "a proven asset in the unquestioned progress of democracy in American life."

Not that these arresting studies avoid all difficulties. Revisionist exercises rarely do. In order to discriminate in short compass between illusions and actualities, both books face problems of representing American schools as they really were. Katz's solution is to draw heavily upon the New York and Massachusetts examples, with central importance afforded Boston between 1850 and 1884. This case-in-point approach is not without dangers of parochialism. Conversely, Greer's resolute attempt to contain lengthy historiographic passages and diverse research findings under one title strains his reach to the utmost. For my money, his informative chapter on immigrants and school performance might have merited expansion at the expense of less extended elaboration of the legend he attacks with such force. These are not major criticisms so much as reminders that such books are not to be confused as to balance and purpose with sweeping syntheses—E. P. Cubberley's *Public Education in the United States* (1919) or Cremin's *American Education: The Colonial Experience* (1970), for example—which frequently serve as targets for their shafts.

I should point out, too, that these books—especially Greer's—take more away from previous interpretations than is perhaps safe. To be sure, illusions and legends abound in social histories of education. But they should

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ıx-supported, universal, bureaucratic, racist, and class-biased."

come as no particular surprise. After all, back in 1965 Jonathan Messerli summarized the gamut of theories explaining the emergence of public school systems, theories ranging all the way from the self-interest of propertied classes and labor agitation to the inculcation of loyalty toward the status quo, providing a compliant working force, and keeping kids off the streets.

Lest I leave the impression that these books are old hat, though, let me add that each is new, fresh, and colorful. Katz's *Class, Bureaucracy, and Schools* reflects the mature thinking of a social historian with a flair for lucidity. Greer's *The Great School Legend* with its useful notes and bibliography far outstrips run-of-the-mill educational muckraking devoid of historical sensitivity. What we have, in fact, are vital contributions full of penetrating questions that nobody must dodge. □

NO PARTICULAR PLACE TO GO: The Making of a Free High School

by Steve Bhaerman and Joel Denker

Simon and Schuster, 222 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by John Patenaude

Free schools, communes, and the counterculture are attractive alternatives for disillusioned youth. Confused and helpless in the system in which they have been reared, students find the euphoric stimuli of "established" freedom in the form of free schools and communes appealing. *No Particular Place to Go: The Making of a Free High School* is one of the few guiding documents that disenchanted middle-class youths can turn to for a clearer perspective on alternatives, how they work, and where they fail.

In separate but complementary chapters, Steve Bhaerman and Joel Denker describe their story as disenfranchised young radical teachers who try to cope within the system but end up, instead, setting up their own alternative high school. The authors offer conclusive evidence that working in a public school, regardless of how innovative it is, is ultimately a fruitless venture. Bhaerman remarks: "Five hours a week in my classes could not change kids substantially, especially when their other teachers reinforced the old values."

Bhaerman and Denker eventually became so disaffected with the system that they saw no possibility of continuing to work within it. On the other hand, the idea of an "alternative school" was nothing more than an abstract fantasy, which involved great risk and had very elusive purposes and goals. Denker recounts: "We knew much more about what we didn't like about public school than what we wanted to erect in its place."

The school began, but with great anxiety. Some of the teachers and students lived communally, while others came just for classes, meetings, or certain social gatherings. There was a lot of apprehension about the "outside authorities" whom they feared would harass them, and much of their beginning energies went into coping with external hassles rather than with the internal conflicts that plagued them. There was constantly a great turnover of students and teachers in the school, and it was difficult finding stabilization.

By the second year they attempted to rebuild the school as a more diversified and cohesive unit. Classes were more structured in terms of content, and the school now included a community day center and three communes scattered across the city. There was a clear discrepancy, however, between the viability of the alternative they were trying to build and the realities of coping with day-to-day living, cooking and cleaning, money, and the ultimate detachment from old values, figure roles, and influence. Instead of establishing nondifferentiating roles, students and teachers retained and reinforced their separate guises. Adults assumed the major responsibilities for the school, drew salaries, and were the prime forces in shaping and directing the school. Students continued in their passive orientation toward learning. They viewed the teachers as "better entertainers."

Because almost no criteria or standards on which to judge free schools yet exist, people often misconstrue the context of anarchistic freedom that these schools supposedly offer. They identify the authoritarian's coercive, nonindividualistic, and relatively unconcerned approach to education with their oppression, and they consider the *new* approach of gradeless, testless, individualistic, and sometimes nonstreamed alternatives to school a valid substitute. Bhaerman and Denker illustrate with their book that this "abstract formula for freedom" is not *liberating* as long as the students and teachers are still attached to the same roles and dependencies of their past existence that they have just shunned. Denker implies that we must change the context in which free schools are often considered: "Until the organizers of free schools are engaged in both intellectual and practical activity, we will not be able to create radical alternatives to the public schools."

Though this book doesn't provide any concrete answers, it is still a useful guide. The most interesting dimension of their story, perhaps, is the record of these two young teachers' personal growth, a learning experience that extends beyond the bounds of any school. When they left the school after the second year, their perspectives grew beyond the limited scope and vision of the goals they had originally protracted for the school. Their school was a worthwhile venture in itself; it was a new release, a new discovery of some other form of existence, but, like the newfound drugs they were taking, it was only a temporary refuge, not a liberation in itself.

Their free high school is certainly no blueprint model for change in terms of a new alternative structure. Rather, it represents, from the consciousness that lies behind it, a serious attempt at an alternative way of life, not one bound to any culture or set of values, but one that transcends the limited potential that we are earmarked for and concretely develops an education for existence instead of existing for education. It is the story of the self-examination of two teachers' lives and young students dissatisfied with their existence. The counterculture and free schools are attractive to the young as an alternative identification to give meaning to their lives. It is no utopia or ultimate liberation in itself, but for disillusioned and noncommitted youth what else is there, with no particular place to go? □

John Patenaude is editor of *Communications on Alternatives*, a newsletter aimed at exploring the approaches to learning in free schools.

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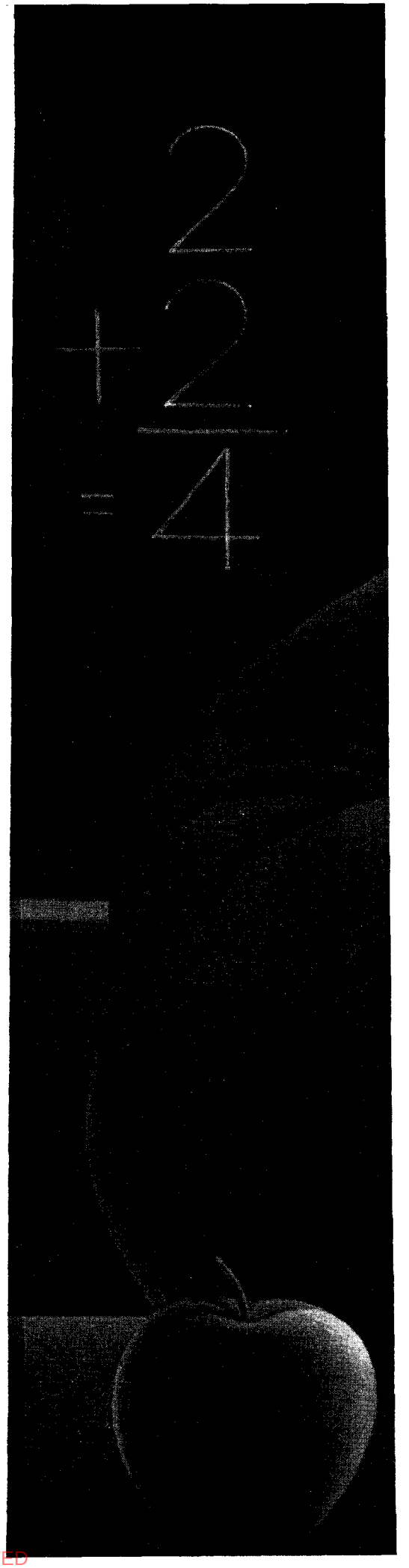
THE COMPELLING CASE FOR BILINGUAL EDUCATION



Like most teachers of non-English-speaking children, Mrs. Newman did not know the child's language. Yet she treated a six-year-old as dense for the crime of not knowing hers.

BY JEFFREY W. KOBRICK

In 1968 a Spanish-speaking community worker named Sister Francis Georgia, observing certain children "visibly roaming the streets" of Boston, conducted a door-to-door survey in a Puerto Rican section of the city. Of the 350 Spanish-speaking school-aged children she found, 65 per cent had never registered in school; many others rarely attended or had dropped out. Armed with these facts, Sister went to the Boston School Department to seek help in locating and providing meaningful programs for Spanish-speaking children who were out of school. Skeptical, Boston school officials told her to produce the "warm bodies"; if she did, they said, "seats" would then be found.

At about the same time, leaders from Boston's poverty communities formed a "Task Force on Children out of School" to investigate the way the school system dealt with poor children generally. Among other things, the task force found that as many as half of Boston's estimated 10,000 Spanish-speaking school children were not in school. Between 1965 and 1969 only four Puerto Rican students graduated from Boston high schools.

Three years later, through the efforts of Sister Francis Georgia, community leader Alex Rodriguez, the Boston task force, and two key legislators, Education Committee Chairman Michael Daly and House Speaker David Bartley, Massachusetts passed the nation's first comprehensive state bilingual education law.

The law declares that classes conducted exclusively in English are "inadequate" for the education of children whose native tongue is another language and that bilingual education programs are necessary "to ensure equal educational opportunity to every child." Massachusetts thus became the first state to *require* school districts to provide bilingual programs for children whose first language is not English. (Other states including New York, California, Illinois, and Texas have laws *permitting* local school districts to provide bilingual programs.) The law calls for the use of both a child's native language and English as mediums of instruction and for the teaching of history and culture associated

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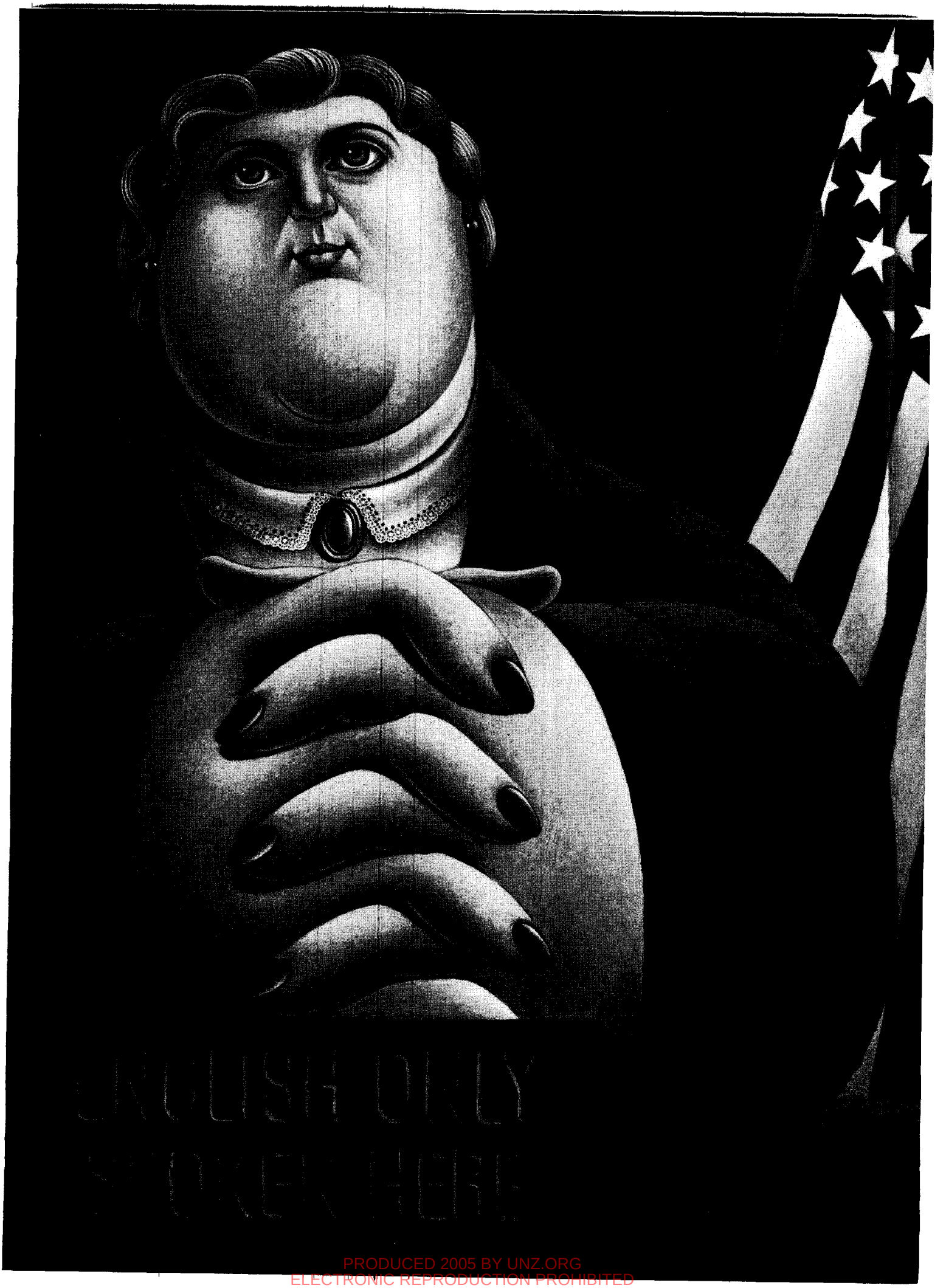

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with a child's native language. It authorizes state expenditures of up to $4-million a year to help districts meet any extra costs of bilingual programs.

The Massachusetts law is a carefully constructed and innovative piece of legislation that hopefully will stimulate legislative efforts elsewhere. Indeed, because the federal Bilingual Education Act has been so underfunded—"Congress has been appropriating drops," notes Senator Walter Mondale, "when showers or even downpours are needed"—there is a critical need for state legislation and funding in areas where there are substantial numbers of Puerto Rican, Chicano, Indian, and other non-English-speaking children. The U. S. Office of Education estimates that five million children attending public schools "speak a language other than English in their homes and neighborhoods." And increasing evidence reveals the almost total failure of our monolingual, monocultural school systems to provide for these children's educational needs.

In New York City alone, 250,000 Puerto Rican children attend the public schools. The estimated dropout (or "pushout") rate for these students has been put as high as 85 per cent. Of those who survive to the eighth grade, 60 per cent are three to five years below reading level. Nor is the plight of thousands of Puerto Rican children any better in the schools of Bridgeport, Chicago, Philadelphia, Newark, Hoboken, or Paterson. In "The Losers," a report on Puerto Rican education in those cities, Richard Margolis writes: "Relatively speaking, the longer a Puerto Rican child attends public school, the less he learns."

Between two and three million Spanish-speaking children attend school in five Southwestern states where, as Stan Steiner shows in *La Raza: The Mexican Americans*, the schools serve only to "de-educate" any child who happens not to be middle class. More than a third of the Spanish-speaking children in New Mexico's schools are in the first grade, and over half of those in grades above the first are two years or more overage for their grade level. One Texas school board required "Spanish-surname" children to spend three years in the first grade until a federal court stopped the practice. Chicanos are still put into classes for the mentally retarded on the basis of intelligence tests administered only in English; again, federal courts are in the process of abolishing this form of discrimination. The average number of school years completed by the Chicano in the Southwest is 7.1 years.

Statistics relating to the education of the more than 200,000 Indian children in public or Bureau of Indian Affairs schools are equally dismal. In 1960, 60 per cent of adult Indians had less than an eighth-grade education. Today the Indian dropout rate is more than twice the national average and in some school districts is 80 or 90 per cent. In an all-Indian public elementary school near Ponca City, Oklahoma, 87 per cent of the children have dropped out by the sixth grade. In Minneapolis, where some 10,000 Indians live, the Indian dropout rate is more than 60 per cent. In Washington, Muckleshoot children are automatically retained an extra year in first grade; and the Nook-Sack Indians automatically are placed in slow-learner classes.

Our monolingual, monocultural school system has succeeded only in condemning whole generations of children to lives of poverty and despair.

One reason schools are failing in their responsibility to these children is that they offer only one curriculum, only one way of doing things, designed to meet the needs of only one group of children. If a child does not fit the mold, so much the worse for him. It is the child who is different, hence deficient; it is the child who must change to meet the needs of the school.

During the first four years of life, a child acquires the sounds, the grammar, and the basic vocabulary of whatever language he hears around him. For many children this language is Spanish or Cree or Chinese or Greek. Seventy-three per cent of all Navajo children entering the first grade speak Navajo but little or no English. Yet when they arrive at school, they find not only that English is the language in which all subjects are taught but that English dominates the entire school life. Children cannot understand or make themselves understood even in the most basic situations. There are schools where a child cannot go to the bathroom without asking in English. One little boy, after being rebuffed repeatedly for failure to speak in English, finally said in Spanish: "If you don't let me go to the bathroom, maybe I piss on your feet."

The effects of this treatment on a child are immediate and deep. Language, and the culture it carries, is at the core of a youngster's concept of himself. For a young child especially, as Theodore Andersson and Mildred Boyer point out, "Language carries all the meanings and overtones of home, family, and love; it is the instrument of his thinking and feeling, his gateway to the world." We all love to be addressed, as George Sánchez says, *en la lengua que mamamos* ("in the language we suckled"). And so when a child enters a school that appears to reject the only words he can use, "He is adversely affected in every aspect of his being."

With English the sole medium of instruction, the child is asked to carry an impossible burden at a time when he can barely understand or speak, let alone read or write, the language. Children are immediately retarded in their schoolwork. For many the situation becomes hopeless, and they drop out of school. In other cases, believing the school system offers no meaningful program, parents may fail to send their children to school at all.

Schools seem unmoved by these results. At any rate, the possibility of hiring some teachers who share a child's culture and could teach him in a language he can understand does not occur to them. Since the curriculum is in English, the child must sink or swim in English.

The injustice goes further: Having insisted that a child learn English, schools make little or no constructive effort to help the child do so. Instead schools assume, or expect, that any child in America will "pick it up" without any help from the school. Alma Bagu tells this story about a little Puerto Rican girl's day in school in New York:

> Sitting in a classroom and staring at words on a blackboard that were to me as foreign as Egyptian hieroglyphics is one of my early recollections of school. The teacher had come up to my desk and bent over, putting her face close to mine. "My name is Mrs. Newman," she said, as if the exaggerated mouthing of her words would make me understand their meaning. I nodded "yes" because I felt that was what she wanted me to do. But she just threw up her hands in despair and touched her fingers to her head to signify to the class I was dense. From that day on school became an ordeal I was forced to endure.

Like most of the people teaching Spanish-speaking or Indian children, Mrs. Newman presumably did not know the child's language. Yet she treated a five- or six-year-old as "dense" for the crime of not knowing hers.

The variety and perversity of the abuses committed against children are unending. In New York it is not unknown for teachers to lecture Puerto Rican students on how rude it is to speak a "strange" language in the presence of those who do not understand it. In the Southwest, where it is widely believed that a child's native language itself "holds him back," children are threatened, shamed, and punished for

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THE MASSACHUSETTS STATUTE

Every school district is required to take an annual census of all school-aged children of "limited English-speaking ability" and to classify them according to their dominant language. Whenever there are twenty or more children who share the same native language, the district must provide a bilingual program. A separate program must be provided for each language group.

The statute calls for the teaching of academic subjects both in a child's native language and in English; for instruction in reading and writing the native language, and in understanding, speaking, reading, and writing English; and for inclusion of the history and culture associated with a child's native language as an integral part of the program.

Although the school district's obligation to provide a bilingual program is mandatory, participation by the children and their parents is voluntary. Any parent whose child has been enrolled in a program has a right to prompt notice of such enrollment (in two languages), a right to visit his child's classes and to confer with school officials, and, finally, a right to *withdraw* his child from the program.

Parent Involvement:

Parents are afforded the right to "maximum practical involvement" in the "planning, development, and evaluation" of the programs serving their children. Parents, along with bilingual teachers, bilingual teachers' aides, and representatives of community groups, also have the right to participate in policy-making and implementation of the law at the state level.

Bilingual Teachers:

The statute creates a new state certification procedure for bilingual teachers that softens some of the previous rigidities and repeals a former U. S. citizenship requirement (which still exists in thirty states). It also allows bilingual teachers who have met some, but not all, of the certification requirements for teachers to serve provisionally and to count two years of provisional service toward a three-year tenure requirement.

State Reimbursement:

The bilingual statute provides for state reimbursement to local school districts for that portion of the cost of a bilingual education program that "exceeds" the district's average per pupil cost. Additional costs not covered under the bilingual statute are eligible for reimbursement under the general aid to education statute. Although the program is "transitional"—a student's *right* to participate lasts only three years—any individual school district is allowed to go beyond this minimum, and programs that are "permitted" by the statute are reimbursed on the same basis as those that are "required." If a program gains support in a particular community, it is entirely possible that it could be extended into a full bilingual program.

The English-speaking:

The major weakness of the statute is that it is *silent* on whether English-speaking children may be enrolled in bilingual programs and thus does not contain adequate safeguards against the isolation of minority children in such programs. Bilingual education can be of great benefit to English- as well as non-English-speaking children, and provision for the enrollment of English speakers should be made. The *Harvard Journal on Legislation* has recently published a revised version of this statute, which provides for the enrollment of English-speaking children in the bilingual program. □

speaking the only language they know. Stan Steiner tells of children forced to kneel in the playground and beg forgiveness for speaking a Spanish word or having to write "I will not speak Spanish in school" 500 times on the blackboard. One teacher makes her children drop a penny in a bowl for every Spanish word they use. "It works!" she says. "They come from poor families, you know."

These are not the isolated acts of a few callous teachers. America's intolerance of diversity is reflected in an ethnocentric educational system designed to "Americanize" foreigners or those who are seen as culturally different. America is the great melting pot, and, as one writer recently stated it, "If you don't want to melt, you had better get out of the pot." The ill-disguised contempt for a child's language is part of a broader distaste for the child himself and the culture he represents. Children who are culturally different are said to be culturally "deprived." Their language and culture are seen as "disadvantages." The children must be "reoriented," "remodeled," "retooled" if they are to succeed in school.

Messages are sent home insisting that parents speak English in the home or warning of the perils of "all-starch diets" (which means rice and beans). Children are preached middle-class maxims about health and cleanliness. The master curriculum for California's migrant schools prescribes "English cultural games," "English culture, music, and song," "English concept of arithmetic"; nowhere is there mention of the Indo-Hispanic contributions to the history and culture of the Southwest. When Robert Kennedy visited an Indian school, the only book available on Indian history was about the rape of a white woman by Delawares. Even a child's *name* is not his own: Carlos becomes Charles; María, Mary.

Humiliated for their language and values, forced to endure the teaching of a culture that is unrelated to the realities of their lives, it is no wonder that children withdraw mentally, then physically, from school. "School is the enemy," said a Ponca Indian testifying before Congress. "It strikes at the roots of existence of an Indian student."

Far from accomplishing its professed aim of integrating minorities into the "mainstream," the monolingual, monocultural school system has succeeded only in denying whole generations of children an education and condemning them to lives of poverty and despair. There is no more tragic example of the fruits of such policies than that of the Cherokees.

In the nineteenth century, before they were "detribalized," the Cherokees had their own highly regarded bilingual school system and bilingual newspaper. Ninety per cent were literate in their own language, and Oklahoma Cherokees had a higher English literacy level than native English-speakers in either Texas or Arkansas. Today, after seventy years of white control, the Cherokee dropout rate in the public schools runs as high as 75 per cent. The median number of school years completed by the adult Cherokee is 5.5. Ninety per cent of the Cherokee families in Adair County, Oklahoma, are on welfare.

Obviously, no particular "program," not even a bilingual one, can be expected to cure all this. The remark of the 1928 Meriam Report on Indian education holds true today: "The most fundamental need in Indian education is a change in point of view."

Bilingual-bicultural education is perhaps the greatest educational priority today in bilingual communities. Its aim is to include children, not exclude them. It is neither a "remedial" program, nor does it seek to "compensate" children for their supposed "deficiencies." It views such children as *advantaged*, not disadvantaged, and seeks to develop bilingualism as a precious asset rather than to stigmatize it as a defect. The very fact of the adoption of a program recognizing a child's language and culture may help to change the way the school views the

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child. It may help to teach us that diversity is to be enjoyed and valued rather than feared or suspected.

There are also strong arguments supporting the pedagogical soundness of bilingual education. Experts the world over stress the importance of allowing a child to begin his schooling in the language he understands best. Such a policy makes it more likely that a child's first experience with school will be a positive rather than a negative one. Moreover, as John Dewey and others have said, language is one of the principal tools through which children learn problem-solving skills in crucial early years. Policies that frustrate a child's native language development can cause permanent harm by literally jamming the only intellectual channel available to him when he arrives at school. Those who would concentrate on teaching a child English overlook the fact that it takes time for a child unfamiliar with the language to achieve a proficiency in it even approaching that of a child raised in an English-speaking home. In the meantime, struggling to understand other academic subjects, children fall hopelessly behind. In a bilingual program, by contrast, two languages are used as mediums of instruction; a child is thus enabled to study academic subjects in his own language at the same time he is learning English. Bilingual programs teach children to read their own language and to understand, speak, read, and write English (in that order). Language is oral. It is "*speech* before it is reading or writing." When a child enters school already speaking and understanding a language, he is ready to learn to read and write it. A program that prematurely forces English on a child can guarantee his eventual illiteracy in that language.

The "English-only" approach also misses the prime opportunity to teach a child to read his own language. Recent experience indicates that development of literacy in one's native language actually enhances the ability to learn English. When the Navajos evaluated their own bilingual school at Rough Rock, Arizona, they found that the children were more proficient in both languages than they would have been "if you tried to stuff English down the throat of a child who can't understand what you're talking about." Nancy Modiano reports similar results in a highly controlled experiment with Indian children in Chiapas, Mexico. The children who had read first in their native language showed greater proficiency in reading *Spanish* (the national language) than their control peers who had been instructed solely in Spanish. Modiano explains that the children were much more confident about learning to read in a language they already knew; having learned the mechanics of the reading act, they could apply their skill in learning to read another language.

In addition to facilitating the learning of English, bilingual education has other benefits. It helps to correct what Bruce Gaarder, former chief of the U. S. Office of Education's modern language section, has called "an absurdity which passeth understanding." More than $1-billion a year is spent on foreign language instruction. "Yet virtually no part of it, no cent, ever goes to maintain the native language competence which already exists in American children." Bilingual education also allows English-speakers to learn a second language far more effectively than they could in a foreign language program, because their classmates are native speakers. And it develops and enhances children's intellectual capabilities. Bertha Treviño found that in the Nye School, outside Laredo, Texas, both Spanish- and English-speaking children learned mathematics better bilingually than they did when taught in English alone. In Montreal, children who were educated bilingually scored higher on both verbal and nonverbal intelligence tests and "appeared to have a more diversified set of mental abilities" than their monolingual peers.

Despite the promise of bilingual education, however, only a handful of programs were in operation in the United States during the 1950s and 60s. In fact, prior to 1968, twenty-one states, including California, New York, Pennsylvania, and Texas, had laws requiring that all public school instruction be in English. In seven states, including Texas, a teacher risked criminal penalties or the revocation of his license if he taught bilingually.

In the late 1960s the Chicanos in the Southwest and other groups mounted a widespread campaign for bilingual, bicultural education. In 1967 Senator Ralph Yarborough of Texas introduced a bilingual education bill in Congress, which finally passed, in modified form, as an amendment to Title VII of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965.

The psychological impact of the federal Bilingual Education Act, a landmark in our history, cannot be overestimated. It reversed a fifty-year-old "one-language" policy and committed the moral force of the national government to meeting "the . . . educational needs of the large numbers of children of limited English-speaking ability in the United States." The act provided financial assistance to local educational agencies for, among other things: "1) bilingual educational programs; 2) programs designed to impart to students a knowledge of the history and culture associated with their languages; 3) efforts to establish closer cooperation between the school and the home."

This commitment by the federal government has slowly influenced states and local communities. Since 1968 eleven states have passed laws permitting local school districts to provide bilingual instruction and, as stated earlier, one state, Massachusetts, has required school districts to provide bilingual education programs (although participation by the children is voluntary).

Nevertheless, even today very few children enjoy the "luxury" of bilingual education. Title VII has become a highly selective program presently serving only 88,000 of an estimated five million non-English-speaking children. The problem rests primarily with the funding structure of Title VII, which has proved singularly unable to stimulate comparable state and local efforts. The federal act, for example, pays the entire cost of the programs it supports. But since Title VII is grossly underfunded, the federal programs necessarily remain limited. If a local government wishes to institute additional bilingual programs, it must appropriate money from local funds. There is no provision for sharing costs across levels. Thus each level of government becomes reluctant to support a comprehensive bilingual program because it fears it alone will bear the possibly large costs of the program. If, however, costs were shared among the different levels of government—federal, state, and local—each agency might be willing to contribute more.

The Massachusetts legislation provides a needed innovation in this respect. The law requires school districts to offer bilingual programs but provides for state reimbursement of that portion of the cost that *exceeds* the district's average per pupil cost. For example, if a district's annual expenditure per child is $800 and the cost to offer bilingual education is $1,000, the district will be reimbursed $200. The philosophy of the Massachusetts law is that a local school district has an obligation to spend at least as much for the education of a bilingual child as it does for the education of any other child. The funding formula thus allows state money to go much further than if the state alone bore the cost. By redirecting money from the regular program to a program that better serves the needs of the non-English-speaking child, scarce resources are put to much more productive use.

The appeal here, however, is not to expediency. Many children in this affluent land are being denied their fundamental right to equal educational opportunity. To the needs of these children society must respond, and now. □

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Exuberant Works by a Russian Who Talked Back to Stalin

by ELENA LEVIN

DIABOLIAD AND OTHER STORIES
by Mikhail Bulgakov

edited by Ellendea Proffer
and Carl R. Proffer
translated from the Russian
by Carl R. Proffer

Indiana University Press, 256 pp., $5.95

THE EARLY PLAYS OF
MIKHAIL BULGAKOV

edited by Ellendea Proffer
translated from the Russian
by Carl R. Proffer and Ellendea Proffer

Indiana University Press, 448 pp., $10

The present fame of Mikhail Bulgakov (1891-1940) represents more than a revival, for it also involves a comparatively recent discovery: his major novel, *The Master and Margarita*, did not appear in print until 1967. The paradoxical fate of this timely satirist was that he should end up virtually timeless.

Bulgakov was born and brought up in Kiev, where his early maturity coincided with the Russian Revolution. He got his degree as a physician in 1916, but after practicing medicine for a few years he gave it up to support himself by writing. Later Bulgakov described some of his experiences as a medical novice in a series of sketches eventually collected as *Notes of a Young Physician*. These *Notes* provide ample proof that his true vocation lay in writing. Toward the end of 1921, that legendary year of famine, cold, and an acute housing shortage, he arrived in Moscow where, as a feature writer for various publications, he turned out innumerable topical pieces. In 1924 Bulgakov published his first satirical fantasy, a novella called *Diaboliad*.

It must be remembered that the decade before the proclamation of Socialist Realism accounted for some of the most innovative, psychologically complex, and stylistically elaborate writing produced under the Soviet regime. A taste for the bizarre and satirical as a genre was also prevalent. (There are some correspondences to it in the early work of Vladimir Nabokov, culminating in *Invitation to a Beheading*.) *Diaboliad* introduces the Devil, with all his half-hidden identification marks, into the Moscow of the mid-Twenties. Under his ubiquitous influence, human identity disappears within the bureaucratic labyrinth. The defiant statement of a person who has lost his personal documents, "I cannot be arrested because I am no one knows who," will be amplified in *The Master and Margarita* in the exchange between the Master and Satan:

"Who are you?"
"Right now, I am nobody."
"Where are you from?"
"From the House of Sorrows. I am a mental patient."

In the end the story assumes the two-dimensional character of an animated cartoon, with flames bursting from the Devil's mouth as the last exuberant touch.

In another satire on Soviet reality, "The Fatal Eggs," Bulgakov combined the plots of at least three of H. G. Wells's early science fictions into an account of the phantasmagoric mishaps caused by a collective farm president's attempts to utilize the theoretical experiments of a scientist. The satirical implications of his novella *Heart of a Dog* apparently struck too close to home: the book has never been published in the Soviet Union. Here again, as in "The Fatal Eggs," Bulgakov starts from a familiar source—in this case, Chekhov's "Kashtanka," the story of a stray dog taken in by a circus dog-

Elena Levin, who translated *Trotsky's Diary in Exile*, has taught at MIT and Radcliffe College.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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trainer. In Bulgakov's version the mutt is picked up by an experimental surgeon who succeeds, to his own dismay, in transforming this "perfectly delightful dog into a filthy scum" of a human being. Such stories proved to be trial balloons for Bulgakov's later work.

But soon a different kind of writing absorbed the author. Recalling the inception of his novel *The White Guard*, which he completed in 1925, Bulgakov wrote: "I dreamed of my native town—snow, winter, Civil War. . . . A silent blizzard rose in my dream, and then there appeared a battered grand piano and next to it people who are no more. . . ." His vision was of Kiev during the turbulent months of 1918 and 1919, between the rise to power of Simeon Petlyura's short-lived but bloody anarchist regime, which seized control of the city following the collapse of foreign occupation, and the first Bolshevik takeover of Kiev.

The White Guard opens with epic solemnity: "Great and terrible was the year of Our Lord 1918, and of the Revolution the second." It goes on to tell the story of one family—the Turbins—caught up in the swirl of cataclysmic events. Yet the novel is much more than a family chronicle: it is also a documentary of the revolution, one of the first to come out of Russia.

Early in the book a quotation from Revelations arrests the reader's attention: "And the third angel poured out his vial upon the rivers and fountains of waters and they became blood." The passage is quoted by a priest to one of the young Turbins who, grieving for the death of their mother, still manage to live as young people do: carelessly, warmly, exhibiting a sense of chivalry, honesty, and camaraderie. Young Dr. Alexei Vasilievich Turbin is an officer, his schoolboy brother, Nikolai, a cadet, in the counterrevolutionary White Guard. Neither has any clear concept of what is going on outside Kiev. Only gradually do they come to realize that overwhelming forces are gathered against them, that destruction and hatred are at large in the land. Witnesses to the dissolution of their world, they are compelled to ask themselves, What are we defending? Then comes the awareness that the Whites cannot hold back the elemental wrath of the people, and a grave reassessment of values begins.

The last third of the novel did not appear in the Soviet Union, since the magazine in which it appeared serially closed down. In this section Dr. Turbin is slowly nursed back to life after having been gravely wounded. As the Red Army approaches Kiev, the Turbins resume the interrupted course of their daily routines. Practicing once again, Dr. Turbin treats a syphilitic patient who obsessively interprets a passage from Revelations: "And God will wipe away all tears from their eyes . . . for the former things are passed away." Thus the book is rounded out on a note of reconciliation and hope.

The tense, episodic style employed by Bulgakov in *The White Guard*—its panoramic effects alternating with echoes of windblown conversations, that "music of the revolution" which Aleksandr Blok evolved in *The Twelve*—was essentially dramatic; and Stanislavsky, in search of contemporary material for his Moscow Art Theater, commissioned the novelist to dramatize his book with the help of two theatrical directors. Stanislavsky himself took a hand in the revisions. While *The Days of the Turbins*, the end product of this "friendly collaboration between the theater and the author," was for the most part faithful to the original, the novel's ending was drastically changed. In the play, Dr. Turbin is killed, his heroic death signalizing the utter defeat of the White Guard. And in the last scene the surviving family group clusters at the window to listen to the victorious strains of the "Internationale" played by an approaching band. *The Days of the Turbins* ends with this epigrammatic exchange:

NIKOLAI TURBIN: Gentlemen, this evening is a great prologue to a new historical play.

STUDZINSKY (a White Guard captain): For some a prologue, but for the others—an epilogue.

It appears that this sententious formulation was contributed by Stanislavsky. True man of the theater that he was, he knew the requirements of the moment and how to respond to them. Reluctantly, Bulgakov learned to comply with them, too. He must have had some bitter experiences in mind when he wrote a few years later in his novelized biography of Molière for adolescents:

Molière decided to resort to another method of bringing his play back to life. This method has long been familiar to playwrights: under powerful pressure, the author deliberately mutilates his work. It is an extreme method! Thus a lizard, caught by the tail, breaks off the tail and escapes. For every lizard realizes that it is better to live without a tail than to lose its life altogether.

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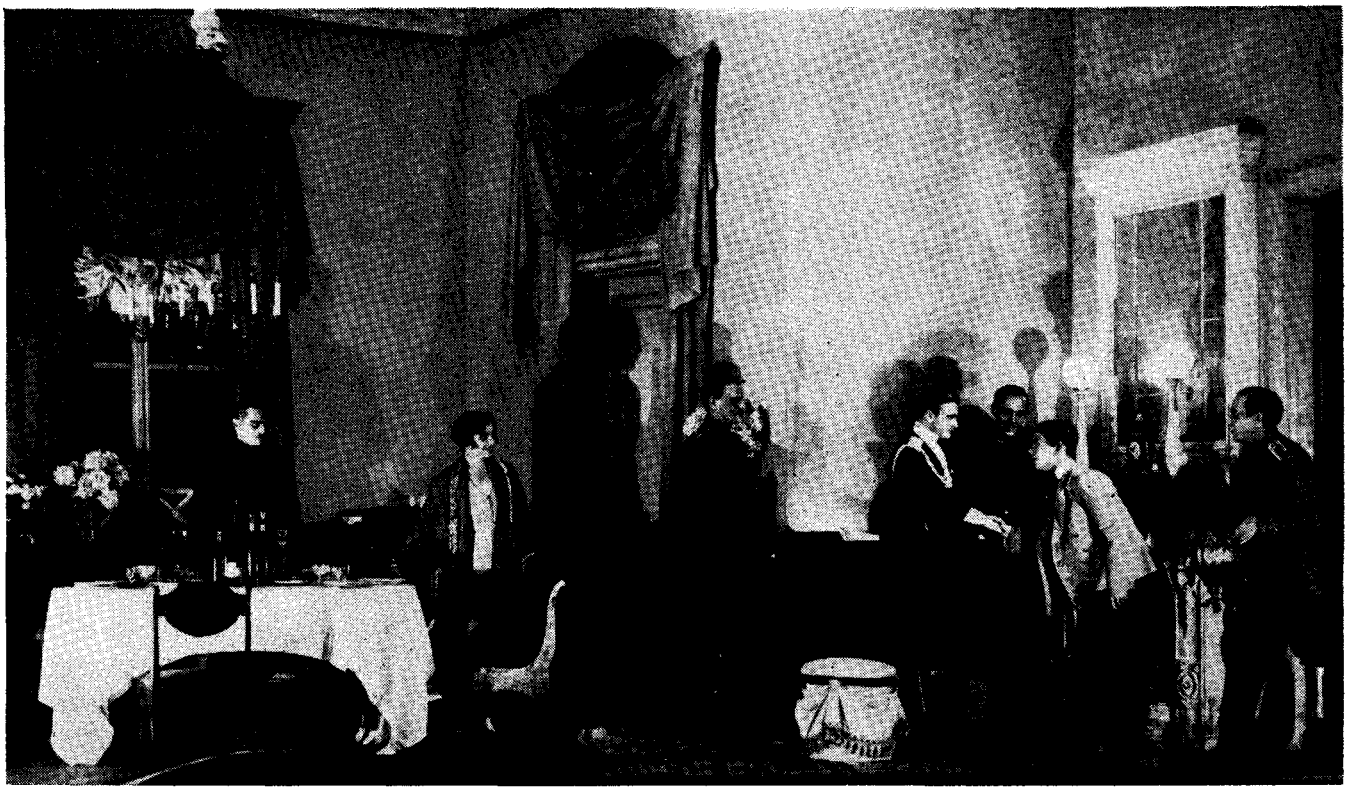

Mikhail Bulgakov (left) and the Moscow Art Theater production of his "The Days of the Turbins" (above, right)—repeatedly silenced, the resilient Bulgakov kept coming up with "ideologically unacceptable" classics.

Realistically staged and brilliantly acted, *The Days of the Turbins* was an overwhelming success. The identification of the audience with the action—and their own recent past—was so powerful that there were hysterics and fainting fits. "I fell in love with these people," wrote the Russian author Victor Nekrasov in 1967, "and I love them to this day. I love them for their honesty, their nobility and their bravery, and ultimately for the tragedy of their position."

However, in those days of "positive" and "negative" heroes a sympathetic presentation of the Whites was ideologically unacceptable. Critics unanimously damned the play. The public, undaunted, flocked to the theater.

In its form, Bulgakov's next work for the stage, *Flight*, a play in eight dreams, written between 1926 and 1928, was a complete departure from the traditional structure of *The Days of the Turbins*. *Flight* depicts the further disintegration of the White movement, as well as the sickness at its core, and many of its characters—most notably the protagonist, a half-demented commander of the White forces—were modeled on actual historical figures. Employing kaleidoscopic shifts of scene, Bulgakov gave his dream play a concreteness that was at once unreal and convincing. Moreover, by abruptly switching the play's mood from farcical to tragic he charged it with an unsettling force that now would be considered typically Brechtian.

Flight had passed the censors and was already in rehearsal when Stalin declared that it elicited pity for the enemy and thus constituted an "anti-Soviet phenomenon." The Central Repertory Committee promptly withdrew the production. Stalin's judgment was shrewd: though the author unequivocally expresses his condemnation of and even contempt for the decadent Whites in this work, *Flight* does not glorify the revolution.

At roughly the same time *Flight* was banned *The Days of the Turbins* was forced to close. Some time before, *Zoyka's Apartment*, a Bulgakov farce parodying the bourgeois aspects of the Twenties, had been condemned as pornographic and withdrawn after a few performances before full houses. A number of other Bulgakov plays never reached the stage.

Repeatedly silenced, the prolific author responded to official disapproval by writing another play. In December 1929, *The Crimson Island* opened in Tairov's Kamerny Theater. The nucleaus of this new work was a story of his that had appeared in 1924 in a Berlin journal published by a group of émigrés who eventually returned to Russia. Subtitled *A Novel by Comrade Jules Verne Translated from the French Into the Aesopian by Mikhail A. Bulgakov*, the tale was an obvious take-off not so much on any single work of Verne's as on Anatole France's *Penguin Island*. It described the dire events that occur on a "large uninhabited island populated by native tribes—red Ethiopians, white Arabs, and Arabs of indefinite color"; the events closely parallel those that took place in 1905 and in February and October 1917, in a certain unspecified country.

In *The Crimson Island*, "a dress rehearsal of a play by Citizen Jules Verne in Gennadi Panfilovich's theater, with music, the eruption of a volcano, and English sailors," this story becomes a play-within-a-play about to be staged in a theater that strongly resembles the Moscow Art Theater. "It's an allegory. . . . to be understood subtly," Jules Verne-Dymogatsky instructs the actors. Verne-Dymogatsky's play is to be rehearsed for the benefit of Savva Lukich, on whose word official permission for the production depends. The roles are being distributed. The director, a veritable Peter Quince, grabs the part of Lord Glenarvan; Verne-Dymogatsky volunteers for the ungrateful part of the upstart Kiri-Kuki (read Kerensky), a "negative type"; the parts of Sizi-Buzi (read Nicholas) the Second, "a dull-witted villain on the throne," and of Ki-Kum and Farra-Teytey (read Lenin and Trotsky), "the first and the second positive natives," are promptly assigned; and the rehearsal gets under way. The dialogue is a hilarious mixture of nineteenth-century translatese—the language used in the play-within-the-play—and the vernacular of the Twenties.

Alas, Savva Lukich condemns the work as politically unsound: no international revolution brings down the curtain. The resourceful director and

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An open letter to readers

Norman Cousins
New York, New York 10017

My purpose in writing is to tell you that my colleagues and I have decided to launch a new magazine. The magazine will be published every two weeks. It will be called WORLD. It will be a world review of ideas, the arts, and the human condition.

Ever since I resigned from the Saturday Review, I have been thinking and dreaming about starting a magazine that, in a certain sense, would belong to its readers and editors.

Usually, new magazines call for a prodigious investment. The reason is that magazines are sold to the consumer at less than the cost of manufacture. What compounds this problem is that the standard way of building a subscription list is through sharply reduced introductory offers.

Little wonder that massive investment has usually been necessary to see a new magazine through to the point where introductory-offer readers can be graduated to full-rate subscribers. But outside investment can mean outside control—and this is something we want to avoid if we possibly can.

Our hope, therefore, is that we can find enough readers who are willing to take a chance on us by becoming long-term subscribers from the very outset.

We decided to put these hopes to the test. I am delighted to say that the responses thus far have been favorable beyond even our most extravagant expectations. As a result, we are scheduling our first issue for late Spring.

What about the magazine itself?

We believe that a magazine is essentially a reading, rather than a viewing, experience. In this sense, we will publish for a readership rather than a flippership.

We will address ourselves to people who attach high value to ideas and the creative arts. Our arena, however, will be the world. We will do more than report on books, plays, movies, music and the arts in just the United States alone. We will attempt to review and report on cultural events on a world scale—"cultural" being defined in its broadest sense.

We will write about the human condition at a time when the ability of human intelligence to meet its problems is being tested as never before. Our hope is to see the world as the astronauts saw it—a beautiful wet blue ball possessing millions of factors in the delicate combination that makes life possible. Our dominant editorial concern, then, will be the proper care of the human habitat—protecting it against war, world environmental poisoning, overcrowding, or any of the things that indignify and humiliate human beings.

In this connection, I am pleased to announce that U Thant, former Secretary-General of the U.N., and Buckminster Fuller, architect-philosopher-innovator, have joined the Board of Editors. They will preside over a major section of the magazine to be called "Planetary Management."

We will also give major attention to what we believe will be one of the most compelling issues in the years ahead—the squandering of human resources, far

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of the Saturday Review

more costly than the waste of physical resources.

There is no point in talking about conservation of land unless we also talk about conservation of life.

I think I have said enough to indicate that the new magazine will direct its central editorial energies both to the enjoyment of creative living and to the pursuit of vital ideas. It is an error, however, to try to be too detailed about a magazine in advance of publication. A magazine has to describe itself, issue by issue.

The only thing we can be sure of at this point is that we are going to make plenty of mistakes. If we are lucky, they will be fruitful mistakes and the magazine will change for the better because of them. New magazines are not really invented or created in one piece. They evolve. They are the product of creative interaction between editors and readers.

It may be irresponsible, therefore, to try to tell a reader everything he may want to know about the nature of a magazine, its underlying philosophy, or its capacity for growth. What we can try to do, however, is to tell you something about our hopes, philosophy, and our approach – and to seek your help in achieving our aims.

Some specifics: The rates will be $12 for one year; $20 for two years. For pre-publication Charter subscribers we propose a special three-year rate of $25.

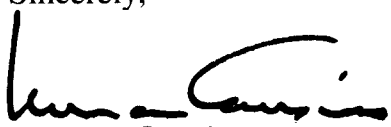
The reason we emphasize three-year subscriptions is that they reduce sharply the astoundingly high cost of processing renewals.

Even more important is the fact that long-term subscriptions will free us to do our main job – which is to try to publish a magazine you will read and respect.

We ask no money now. That can come later. What we do need right now is an expression of your interest.

As I said earlier, in inviting you to join us in what we hope will be an exciting adventure in ideas, we realize we are asking you to take a chance on us. We have high hopes of justifying that confidence. The process begins with the Charter Subscription form attached.

Sincerely,



Norman Cousins

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the actors—given five minutes to amend the flaw—swiftly rewrite the ending, while the despairing author tears his hair. *The Crimson Island* ends with Lukich granting the company permission to perform Verne-Dymogatsky's drama, which is also called "The Crimson Island." As the play's title blazes in fiery letters "on the ship, the volcano, and in the audience," Kiri-Kuki responds by crying out, "Now and forevermore, world without end!"—to which Savva Lukich gives a hearty amen. The liturgical evocation equating the religious tsarist past and the atheistic revolutionary present as two aspects of the same tyranny must have been quite clear to the audience.

The Crimson Island was withdrawn after four performances. This last blow resulted in a momentous decision on Bulgakov's part: to appeal his case to the highest authority. In a letter "to the Soviet Government," which is both a masterpiece of psychological manipulation and a unique literary document stating Bulgakov's credo as a writer, the author asked that he be deported from the USSR. After documenting his charge that he had been persecuted by the press, he went on to cite the one positive review of *The Crimson Island*, in which the reviewer interpreted the play as a witty protest against the "ominous force which breeds helots, toadies, and panegyrists." Indeed, the shadow of such a force does exist in the play—Bulgakov wrote to Stalin—adding with a strategic about-face: "It is the shadow of the Central Repertory Committee. It is killing creative thought and it will end by destroying Soviet dramaturgy."

In this letter, written in March 1930, Bulgakov also stated his conviction that, as a writer, he was duty-bound to fight against censorship. Tracing all the other qualities in his work to this conviction, he defined himself as a satirist (parenthetically adding that he was a mystical writer) and spoke of Saltykov-Shchedrin—the great nineteenth-century satirist revered by Lenin—as his master. He reiterated his belief that the intelligentsia still represented the best in Russian society; and, since objective depiction of its destinies was at present impossible, he declared himself annihilated as a writer. Should the government find it impossible to grant his plea for deportation, Bulgakov went on, he requested that it allow him to work in the theater, which was now closed to him, in whatever capacity it saw fit, even as an extra or a stagehand.

The times, which would soon become fiercely cannibalistic, were still "vegetarian," as the poet Anna Akhmatova put it in retrospect. Accordingly, Stalin saw to it that Bulgakov got a position in the Moscow Art Theater, where he was charged with dramatizing a number of classic Russian novels. In 1932, he was given further cause for hope: *The Days of the Turbins* returned to the stage and enjoyed a new vogue. Stalin himself is reported to have seen the play fifteen times. One wonders why—out of what deep recesses of *Schadenfreude*?

"Who could explain to me," Bulgakov asked in his life of Molière, "why a play that could not be performed in 1664 or 1667 could be performed in 1669?" His own fortunes were now happily changed, and he could look forward to the production of his play on Molière, *A Cabal of Hypocrites*, which had been completed in 1930. But the project was ill-starred from the start. Stanislavsky totally misunderstood its thrust. Bulgakov conceived of his Molière as a playwright who, caught in the crossfire of his patrons' whims, was willing to assent to any self-humiliation in order to save his *Tartuffe*. Biographical facts were altered to suit this conception. As his wife put it, "in his historical plays Bulgakov used the past to express his attitude to the present." In essence, it was a play about the position of an artist under tyranny. (I am told by someone who attended a recent Moscow performance of *A Cabal of Hypocrites* that it was staged in a manner that underlined the similarities of the problems faced by the seventeenth-century French satirist with those that beset Russian authors of Stalin's time. The reaction of the audience was intensely emotional, with consternation followed by tumultuous applause.

Stanislavsky, on the other hand, wanted to have a biographically accurate drama that presented Molière as a towering genius. The running battle between the author and the director dragged on for four years, in the course of which everyone's nerves were worn to a frazzle. When the richly elaborate production was staged at last it was condemned as "false glitter and no content." After so much expenditure of spirit, the enforced closing in a week must have been crushing to all concerned.

In his next major play, *Last Days* (of Pushkin) Bulgakov stubbornly carried his ideas to their logical conclusion. In this study of genius destroyed by a tyrannical society, Pushkin does not appear on the stage at all. Bulgakov relied on the audience to imaginatively supply its own image of the play's missing hero. The work was begun in collaboration with V. V. Veresaev, an authority on Pushkin, but the scholar recoiled against Bulgakov's wilful disregard of historical facts, while the playwright shuddered at Veresaev's lack of dramatic sense. *Last Days* was produced three years after Bulgakov's death and ran for several years.

To appreciate Bulgakov's resistance to Stanislavsky, one must remember the awe-inspiring image of this man who was the bane of Chekhov's last years and at the same time made his plays world-famous, who distorted Bulgakov's intentions in *The Days of the Turbins* and turned it into a classic of the Soviet theater. "To understand Stanislavsky's greatness," Yuri Olesha reminisced devotedly, "one should reflect that not a single action of this man was ever admitted to be erroneous. All his thoughts, assumptions, and deductions were taken to be authoritative."

Quite another portrait emerges from *A Theater Novel* (translated as *Black Snow*), which Bulgakov wrote largely after his break with the Moscow Art Theater in 1936 and which was published for the first time in 1965. In this *roman à clef* without malice—an autobiographical revelation couched in satire and a parody of theatrical life that is yet embued with the author's love of the theater—Bulgakov portrays his Stanislavsky figure as an emperor without clothes and lampoons the master's famous Method school of acting with devastating wit.

The novel was never completed. In 1937, stricken by a long progressive disease, Bulgakov set the satire aside to devote all his energies to the task of completing *The Master and Margarita*, a work he had begun nearly ten years before. Blind during the last seven months of his life, he was dictating finishing touches on that complex book almost until the day he died.

One can only marvel at the resilience of spirit that enabled Bulgakov to go on in the face of all those damning reviews carefully clipped and saved, of yet another refusal of his petition to visit Paris, of the whole dismal succession of blows and disappointments he was forced to endure. What sustained him? Some tentative answers may be suggested. In the 1930s a consuming love entered his life, and in 1932 he was able to get married. His friend Sergei Ermolinsky, in a moving memoir, testifies that the Bulgakov household "radiated happiness, as if to spite all the hostile elements." The support he must have received from his wife, who saved his manuscripts, is reminiscent of that given to her husband by another remarkable woman, Nadezhda Mandelstam. Bulgakov was fortunate to be immersed in the work of the theater which he loved, in the whole collective—and cushioning—enterprise of its complex machinery. And there also must have been deeper reasons, rooted perhaps in his early life, for his prodigious capacity to triumph over misfortune.

Admittedly, he knew moments of despair. In his letter to Stalin, Bulgakov wrote that he "threw into the stove" the drafts of his novel about the theater and about the Devil. These are the very novels we are reading today

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with the amazed realization that in the vast desert of Soviet literature of the Thirties there was this fresh underground spring. It was *The Master and Margarita* that fully explained the puzzling reference to himself as a mystical writer in his letter to Stalin, and that made clear the exalted esteem in which he held the calling of the satirist. In this book Woland, the Devil, retorts to the Master, who tells him that his novel has been burned: "This cannot be. Manuscripts don't burn."

The thought is reminiscent of Bulgakov's biography of Molière:

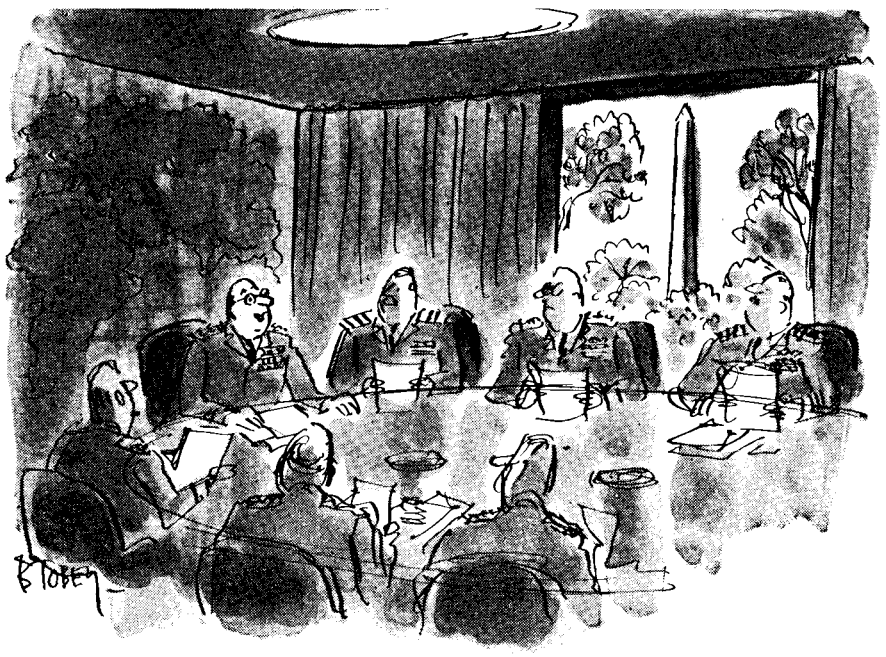
> And so my hero passed into the earth of Paris and vanished in it. And so, in the course of time, did all his manuscripts and letters as though conjured into thin air. It was said that his manuscripts perished in a fire, and that his letters, carefully collected by some fanatic, were then consigned to flames. . . .
>
> But one day . . . he left the plot of earth which he shared with suicides and stillborn infants and took up his place over the basin of a dried-out fountain. There he is! It is he, the King's comedian, with bronze bows on his shoes. And I, who am never to see him, send him my farewell greetings.

A note on the translations: Several of Bulgakov's works have been translated twice, by Mirra Ginsburg and by Michael Glenny. One can always rely on Mirra Ginsburg for an accurate rendition of the text, although her faithfulness creates occasional roughness. Michael Glenny gains a smoother effect by ignoring the subtleties. The high readability he achieves by treating the text rather freely sometimes leans in the direction of slick magazine prose. In his translation of *The Master and Margarita* he had access to a typescript of the text containing a number of passages omitted from the version used by Mirra Ginsburg. Much was made of the importance of these passages for a full understanding of the text. The consensus of reviewers' opinion—largely unchecked by comparison of the English work with the original Russian—was that, because of its completeness, Mr. Glenny's translation was superior.

Now, in his translation of *The White Guard*, Mr. Glenny inexplicably omits three pages of an involved but structurally important dream of Doctor Turbin's—an omission that, making due allowance for the discrepancy of the works involved, can be compared to omitting Ivan's dream from *The Brothers Karamazov*.

Carl and Ellendea Proffer have just brought out a translation of Bulgakov plays and the early prose. Unfortunately, they have little feeling for spoken language. A warning is in order that, if the plays are to be produced, *their texts should be revised.* (*Flight* is in a better translation by Mirra Ginsburg, and *The Days of the Turbins* has been translated twice before.) Certain anachronisms should have been eliminated by the editors: To mention some of the more glaring examples, "a stub of indelible pencil," so evocative of the questionnaires of the Twenties, is not a "ball-point pen"; the electric lights in 1921 are not "neon"; vegetable oil should not be translated literally as "Lenten butter"; the Russian word *ilot* means "helot" and not "idol."

If pedantry can be defined as assiduousness that went amiss, the Proffers are true pedants. Nevertheless, they have performed a useful service in rescuing these hitherto unpublished stories and plays from obscurity.



"Gentlemen, let's knock it off for today. It's cherry-blossom ***time!"***

THE SAVAGE GOD:
A Study of Suicide

by A. Alvarez

Random House, 244 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Albert Rothenberg

■ Patients in psychotherapy often reach a point where they hover between self-destruction and self-creation. Feelings of wanting to give up, vanish, or die fill the therapy hours. It is a frightening time for the patient, and sometimes for the therapist as well. But such yearnings often signal a turning point: the patient, confronting his basic conflicts, is experiencing the full brunt of anxiety about change. He recognizes that his problem is within himself; moreover; he has learned so much he can no longer go back to the way things were. He experiences a break with the past and the challenge of making himself into the person he wishes to be. Slowly and arduously, he tries out new ways of reacting to people, explores new situations, and makes choices that help him feel and be what he wants.

Although they are opposites, destruction and creation are intricately related to each other. Innovative creation is intrinsically violent, involving radical destruction of the modes and forms of the past or our ordinary ways of looking at the world. For the artist the creative process often involves the healthy channeling of destructive impulses, which he, like everyone, must struggle with to turn to useful ends. In a complicated way, self-destruction is related to artistic creation, too. But it pertains most particularly to self-creation and to man's essential control of his inner world and his death.

As A. Alvarez states in his ferocious and fascinating book, *The Savage God*, the topic of suicide has special relevance now, in a world hovering between annihilation and self-regeneration. The English critic starts off with a vivid account of the events surrounding the self-induced death at age thirty-one of the poet Sylvia Plath. Then, lovingly and forcefully, he analyzes his theme. In the process Alvarez briefly traces the historical background of the Western view of death and suicide (suicide attempts, he reminds us, were punished by hanging as recently as the nineteenth century) and discusses psychological and sociological theories, common fallacies about suicide, the existential world of the suicidal person, and the relationship of suicide to literature—the area he knows best. Alvarez points out that he is concerned not with the topic of suicide *in* literature—*i.e.*, suicides committed by literary characters or suicide as a literary device—but with suicide *and* literature.

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Beginning with Dante's fascination with the hell of suicides, he touches on the theme of self-destruction in the works and lives of John Donne, William Cowper, Thomas Chatterton, and the nineteenth-century Romantics. The theme was increasingly woven into the fabric of the arts until, in the twentieth century, it became focal to a specific artistic movement. For the Dadaists of the Twenties the act of suicide was itself an artistic expression.

Alvarez argues that a literary revolution has occurred in the last fifteen years. This revolution, he feels, is an outgrowth of the experimentalism in art and of the emergence of suicide as an important theme in this century. Both elements are, in turn, related to the contemporary threat of dying an absurd death:

> Just as the decay of religious authority in the nineteenth century made life seem absurd by depriving it of any ultimate coherence, so the growth of modern technology has made death itself absurd by reducing it to a random happening totally unconnected with the inner rhythms and logic of the lives destroyed. This, then, is the Savage God whom Yeats foresaw and whose intolerable, demanding presence Wilfrd Owen sensed at the front.

The term Alvarez uses to describe this literary revolution—a term he has previously employed in the essay collection *Beyond All This Fiddle* and in his other critical writings—is Extremism. He characterizes the Extremists as writers who are willing to take a risk, writers who have rescued literature from the irrelevant and produced a form that finally breaks with classicism and also supersedes the Romanticism of the nineteenth century. The Extremists, he writes, are "committed to psychic exploration out along that friable edge that divides the tolerable from the intolerable." Their art is "an accurate reflection of the nihilism of our own violent societies." Unlike the confessional poets—Allen Ginsberg and his followers, for example—they impose esthetic control upon the turmoil of their inner worlds. Essentially "they are committed to the raw materials of dreams; all the griefs and guilts and hostility which dreams express only elliptically, by displacement and disguise, they seek to express directly, poignantly, . . . and in full consciousness." The four leading Extremist poets in the English language listed by Alvarez are: Robert Lowell, John Berryman, Ted Hughes, and Sylvia Plath.

Alvarez's concern with Plath is deep and personal. Clearly, her death was terribly important to him not only because he was a friend of hers and one of the last people to see her alive, but because Sylvia's suicide deeply touched his own inner concerns. In the courageous and poignant epilogue to his book Alvarez confesses that he, too, has attempted suicide.

On the surface, Sylvia Plath's life was not especially unusual. Her father was a German immigrant biologist who died when she was nine years old; her mother was the daughter of German immigrants. Raised in the Boston area with her younger brother, Sylvia attended Wellesley High School and, later, Smith College. Even as a student she received considerable recognition for her writing. She and Ted Hughes, both highly talented, met while Sylvia held a Fulbright fellowship in England. Her first attempt to take her life, prior to their marriage, is fictionally depicted in her best-selling, posthumously published novel, *The Bell Jar*. That she and Hughes separated does not alone explain why, a few months thereafter, Sylvia committed suicide.

At once chilling and beautiful, her poetry is turbulent with violence and death that occur in full view of an indifferent, almost approving universe. To be sure, this is not directed outward, against the world, but inward, against the poet herself. And the death with which she is obsessed—as we now clearly know—is her own. Yet the poetic creation juxtaposes violence with a sense of peace, and death with the concerns of life. The subtly tender rhythms of her lines enclose and hold the bitterness, resentment, and hatred in the words—and the destructiveness behind the words. I find an awful loneliness in the first three lines of her poem "Edge": "The woman is perfected, / Her dead/Body wears the smile of accomplishment," and in the later reference in the same poem to: "odors bleed/From the sweet, deep throats of the night flowers."

Would these lines be so effective if we didn't know that Sylvia Plath committed suicide or that they were written shortly before she died? It is hard to say after the fact. But Alvarez decries the tendency to interpret her suicide as poetic sacrifice, the idea that taking her life validated her poetry and proved her seriousness and sincerity. Suggesting that her suicide was essentially, a "'cry for help' which fatally misfired," he asks that she be remembered as "an enormously gifted poet whose death came carelessly, by mistake and too soon."

Alvarez cites a series of important circumstances—a note Sylvia wrote containing a phone number with a request to call a doctor, an appointment with a household helper who was to arrive not long after she turned on the gas, the fact that her downstairs neighbor could have opened her door but was overcome by leakage of the gas. And, offering some less cogent opinions

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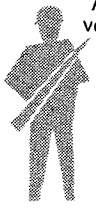

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about her mental outlook, Alvarez argues that Sylvia was taking a risk. She was, he feels, acting out the theme of her poetry once and for all to rid herself of it.

In spite of the recent public disclaimers of this argument in London newspapers by Ted Hughes, I suspect that Alvarez is basically right. Close inspection of the circumstances surrounding suicides, either attempted or successful, nearly always reveals that a way out of dying, however small, has been left open. The intended suicide consciously or unconsciously tips off an acute observer or provides someone with a chance to stop him. Sylvia Plath's final poems themselves are replete with references to her intention, the method she chose, and clues to why she wanted to kill herself. Veiled threats months before, odd coincidences, omissions at the time of the act, all serve to demonstrate that suicide is usually "'a cry for help' which fatally misfired." These indications of a cry for help almost invariably arouse guilt in those associated with the successful suicide.

The Savage God is a passionate work. The author's concern with the young poet's death—possibly motivated by guilt—and his desire to come to terms with his own suicide attempt begin and end this truly existentialist critique. The book is a masterpiece of a sort because it achieves what it sets out to do. Rejecting the bloodless analytical methods of social and medical scientists, Alvarez focuses on the personal and the particular aspects of suicide, as well as the abstract. He is interested in its general and specific causes, the role of suicide as a phenomenon in the world, and the meaning of the act itself.

Terrifying as it seems, the act of self-destruction reaffirms the importance of the individual and his inner turmoil in a society where mass control and mass annihilation are a constant concern. Of all life's experiences death most strikingly emphasizes our individuality and separateness from other people. Suicide dramatizes individuality and separateness even more than does natural death because it forces us to look beneath the surface of natural events and ordinary motivations to search the darkest regions of the human heart. Although neither suicide epidemics nor social factors fully explain the individual act, killing one's self could seem to be a kind of triumph over death, as well as over uncontrollable social and political forces. As a response, for instance, to totalitarianism, actual or threatened, it might appear to be a triumph of freedom.

Alvarez is certainly correct to say that suicide and literature are closely related because both affirm the uniqueness of the individual. But I believe he exaggerates the literary revolution of the Extremists. Although the poets he mentions deal directly with frightening aspects of their inner worlds in their works, their risk-taking is only more obvious than that of their predecessors rather than truly new. Poets and other artists have always taken risks; they have always attempted to explore their deepest thoughts and expose them to the world. They may not have confessed their inner violence and turmoil to the extent that the Extremists do, but esthetically controlled violence, risk, and personal turmoil have ever been present in art. Alvarez tends to be romantic about suicide and romantic about the revolution of the Extremist poets.

Sylvia Plath had strong drives to creation and to destruction, and she fused both in her poems. But she was not personally able to turn from self-destruction to self-creation and a renewed life because she was incapable of freeing herself from elements in her personality that compelled her to repeat the same patterns again and again. Creation of poetry and self-creation are not the same, as Alvarez well knows. He observes that emotively expressing a problem, a feeling, or a conflict does not cure it and that poetry is never therapeutic in itself. Nor does the act of attempting suicide teach or exorcise anything, as Alvarez indicates in the story of his own attempt.

The danger in the romantic view is that persons contemplating suicide frequently rationalize it, considering self-destruction an act of individual freedom and dignity. But the impulse to take one's life never truly springs from rational deliberations. Many factors beyond surface motivations enter in: a cry for help unheeded, unbearable hostility toward close and significant people, the need to repeat a childhood conflict or act out a childhood wish. The cause is always complex.

The complexity of the act of suicide may give it certain dignity; and assuredly the compexity argues against any one-sided moral view. But Alvarez also suggests that suicide is not a result of sickness. I strongly disagree: the act of suicide is not an affirmation of true independence; it is, instead, a confession of dependency on others. This is most clearly seen in those persons who appear to take their lives to affirm their dignity, to achieve recognition or, as the Dada artists supposedly intended, to make an artistic statement. Why would a person think of killing himself for such a reason unless he were obsessed with his effect upon other people? Such excessive concern for the opinion of others is a sickness, a pathological dependency.

Alvarez holds that self-destruction is ". . . beyond social or psychic prophylaxis, . . . a terrible but utterly natural reaction to the strained, narrow, unnatural necessities we sometimes create for ourselves." He is, of course, partially right—suicide is natural just as disease is natural. To call it sickness need not deprive the act of human dignity nor introduce a subtle form of moral condemnation. Suicide is a medical problem. The despair out of which suicide arises is essentially temporary; it is a clouding over by a disturbing past. And the past, being past, can always be overcome.

Albert Rothenberg, associate professor of psychiatry at the Yale University School of Medicine, is principal investigator of the research project entitled "Studies in the Creative Process," which is supported by the National Institute of Mental Health.

IN SEARCH OF NIXON:
A Psychohistorical Inquiry

by Bruce Mazlish

Basic Books, 197 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by George Stricker

■ Psychohistory represents a fusion between psychoanalytic theory and the facts of history, using each to illuminate the other. It is not a scientific discipline since the underlying theory is still conjectural, and it is not a clinical technique because the subject is not a patient. Rather, psychohistory appears to be a literary enterprise that, at its best, can produce a work like Erik Erikson's *Young Man Luther*, which reads well and expands both psychoanalysis and history. At its worst, psychohistory can be an unsupportable assault upon an individual, such as resulted from Ralph Ginzburg's misconceived questionnaire about Barry Goldwater in 1964, which appeared in *Fact*. Bruce Mazlish is far too competent a psychohistorian to fall into many of the pitfalls awaiting a naïve investigator, but Richard Nixon is far too opaque a subject to provide data for a truly informative psychohistory.

The psychohistorian faces numerous problems in general, and they are particularly troublesome with a subject such as Nixon. Mazlish recognizes most of them, states them explicitly whenever possible, and displays commendable caution about several interpretations; nevertheless, he often writes as though stating the problem will resolve it. Thus he will comment in an early part of the book that paucity of information can only produce speculations, but in later sections will cite these speculations as if they had been established. Mazlish had no direct contact with

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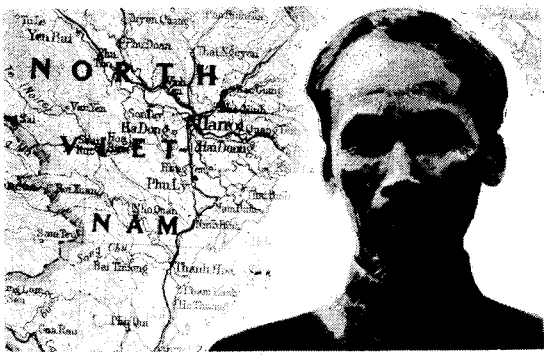

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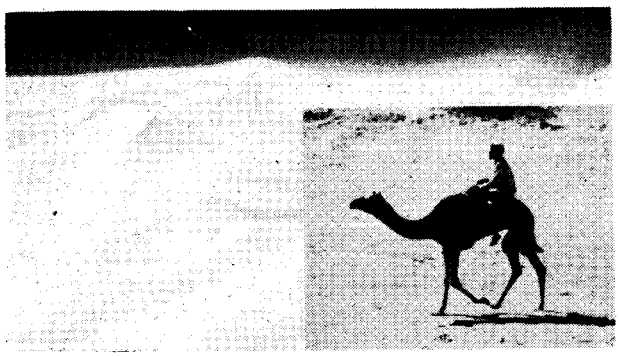

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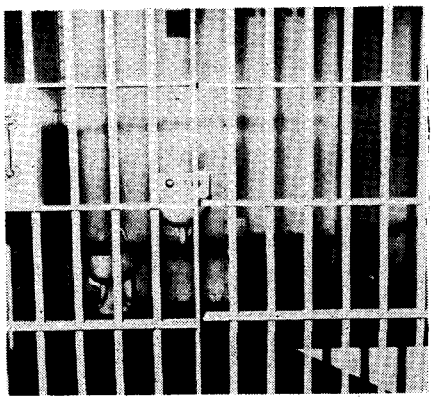

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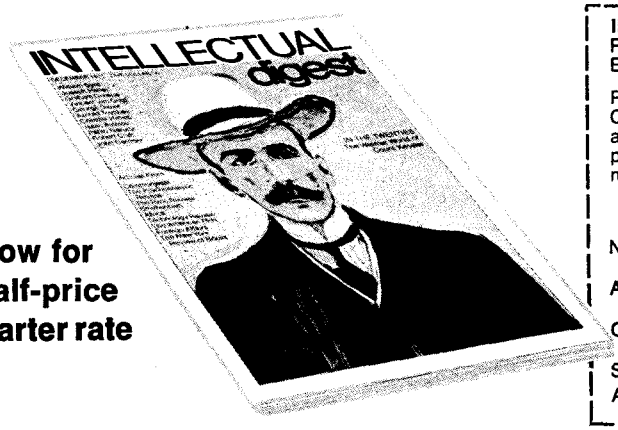

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Nixon at all; instead he drew on some of his writings, which, like those of any politician, are of questionable authorship, and he also relied strongly on secondary sources, particularly *Nixon: A Political Portrait*, by Earl Mazo and Stephen Hess, and *Nixon Agonistes*, by Garry Wills.

We have now reached the stage where image appears to supplant substance as a source of political success, and no one knows this better than Richard Nixon. While Edmund Muskie tries to make the voters look at him and think of Abraham Lincoln, and John Lindsay strives to recreate the charismatic style of John Kennedy, Richard Nixon seems determined to make the voters forget that he is Richard Nixon. Thus, all the continuous talk of a "new Nixon." In view of this emphasis on image, basing a personality analysis on the public statements of a candidate is highly questionable. Mazlish is aware of the political nature of Nixon's speeches and their likely ghost-written origin, as well as the highly collaborative nature of his *Six Crises*, yet he cites them as evidence where they fit.

A graver danger of psychohistory, and one that is difficult to avoid, is selectivity of material. On the strength of this volume one might question the existence of Nelson Rockefeller, see John Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey as peripheral and one-dimensional characters, and dismiss the Helen Gahagan Douglas campaign and the California press conference as minor and unimportant interludes. Of course, the evidence for the inquiry is meant to be illustrative rather than comprehensive, but the down-playing or omission of some incidents raises serious questions about the over-all adequacy of the analysis.

Because of the importance of countertransferential material in any psychoanalytic formulation, I would have appreciated a statement of personal orientation from Mazlish. I had a nagging doubt while reading this book concerning the propriety of his approach, and it certainly did not arise from an inclination to protect the subject. It is true that public figures are fair game for evaluation, and the office of the President is so significant that any increased knowledge about the incumbent is valuable. Moreover, Dr. Mazlish's analysis is neither sensationalistic nor partisan and, unless it is quoted out of context, will give little comfort to either the Republican or Democratic National Committees. Nevertheless, I do feel that even the President of the United States has some right to privacy, and this analysis, made without Nixon's cooperation and consent, often struck me as more clinical than is appropriate.

Leaving aside questions of evidence and propriety, which may be like discussing religion without regard to matters of faith or morality, how adequate is the analysis? Unfortunately, Mazlish does not present any cogent summary of his formulation, preferring an accumulation of interpretations. These are occasionally contradictory and leave the reader with the impression that each vagary can be explained individually, but the whole is less than the sum of the parts. For example, Mazlish finds Nixon's three outstanding personality traits to be role identification (or the tendency to assume a role and then absorb himself in it), ambivalence, and denial. These are viewed as partially responsible for the aura of distrust that has always surrounded Nixon, because his behavior contributed to uncertainty about his principles. However, do these cardinal traits really define the man? For example, his admiration of strong men and his appointment of predominantly weak men to Cabinet positions are cited by Mazlish as an example of Nixon's ambivalence. But this appears to do little more than cover a contradiction with jargon.

Perhaps out of an attempt to be fair, the author emphasizes Nixon's sense of compassion, an argument that I find hard to accept. In a superficial treatment, his aggression is seen as a per-

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PRESIDENTIAL PAPERS

Try matching *these* well-known authors with their works! The challenger is Glennis Zilm of Edmonton, Alberta. Confirm your nominations on page 77.

1. *Why England Slept* ( )
2. *The Winning of the West* ( )
3. *Years of Decision* ( )
4. *Six Crises* ( )
5. *The Happy Warrior; Alfred E. Smith* ( )
6. *Fishing and Hunting Sketches* ( )
7. *The New Freedom* ( )
8. *The Challenge to Liberty* ( )
9. *Crusade in Europe* ( )
10. *Notes on the State of Virginia* ( )
11. *Report on Weights and Measures* ( )
12. *The Vantage Point* ( )

A. John Quincy Adams
B. Grover Cleveland
C. Dwight Eisenhower
D. Herbert Hoover
E. Thomas Jefferson
F. Lyndon B. Johnson
G. John F. Kennedy
H. Richard M. Nixon
I. Franklin D. Roosevelt
J. Theodore Roosevelt
K. Harry S. Truman
L. Woodrow Wilson

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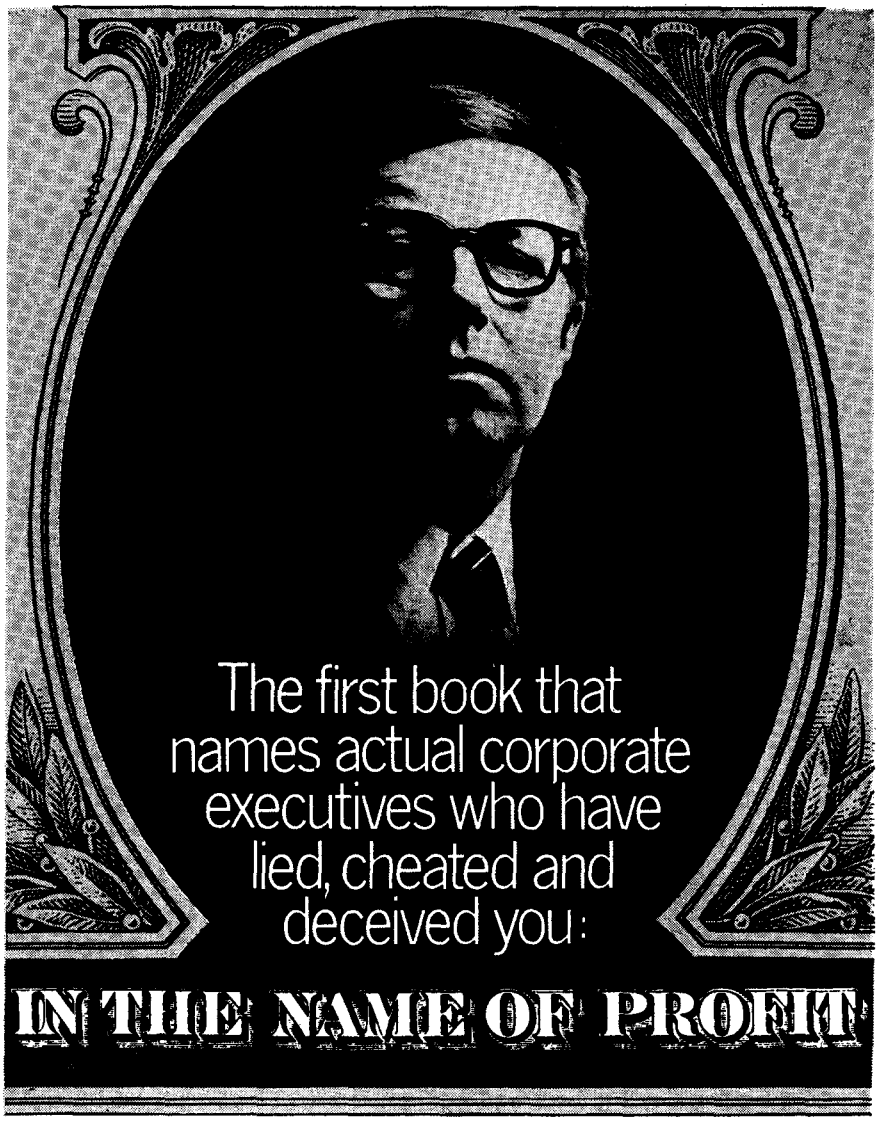
sonal source of ambivalence, which is expressed by projecting it upon others. This can only be acceptable if we forget the early campaigns and assume that Agnew is not an autonomous agent. The selectivity of material is probably most distorting in dismissing as unimportant much of Nixon's political in-fighting, which certainly indicates his manner of handling aggressive impulses. Mazlish also has a tendency to regard the President's public image of self-confidence as reflective of his private self-image. That ignores considerable evidence concerning Nixon's need for love and reassurance. In general, I found Wills's *Nixon Agnostes* not only politically richer but also more acute psychologically.

One recurring question Mazlish faces directly: he does not believe there is now, or ever has been, a new Nixon, but simply a continuous application of a core personality to a series of new events. This is easier to accept if we *think solely in terms of pragmatism* rather than look for ideological consistencies. Viewed as the responses of a consummate role player who can adjust his public position to accord with his perception of the sentiment of the majority, Nixon's frequent shifts can be seen as part and parcel of the same process. His stance on China, communism, economic policy, civil rights, and other issues can vary, as long as they are always consistent with the current public fancy. Is there anything wrong with a President who is responsive to the wishes of the electorate? Some insist that it is a leader's task to lead and not to follow but there are problems beyond this. Nixon has not been unerring in his judgment of public opinion, often confusing what is in his personal interest with what is in the national interest. It is more astute to see the shift in attitude about economic controls as a change in feeling about what is politically expedient than as a change in basic ideological principles and, if this line of thinking is acceptable, as Mazlish states, there is no clear evidence for a new Nixon.

Where, then, are we in the search for Nixon? We have as a President a man who has been in public life for almost three decades but about whom we know remarkably little. His formative years are unclear, his adult years befogged, and his motivation remains cloudy. Mazlish does not provide sufficient evidence to correct this situation and, when we leave the political arena, leaves some question about the propriety of doing so. Up to now the search for Nixon has not been rewarding.

George Stricker is professor of psychology and assistant director of the Institute of Advanced Psychological Studies at Adelphi University, Garden City, New York.



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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

The American literati like nothing so much as a British writer. Anthony Burgess was honey for the bears when he played the role of Our Man in New York recently. The fifty-four-year-old Manchester-born Burgess even looks like a Graham Greene agent—shaggy, rumpled, with deceptively innocent blue eyes. He was celebrating the success of Stanley Kubrick's film based on the Burgess novel *A Clockwork Orange* (Ballantine, $1.25). Considering that he sold all the screen rights in 1963 for scarcely the rind of the orange—$500—he was a good sport to come at all. "I really don't mind," says Burgess. "I'm so surprised at having made money writing that I'm afraid to tempt fate with grumbling."

Burgess is delighted with the cinematic treatment of his book. *A Clockwork Orange* is an Orwellian vision of wanton violence. However terrible that evil, Burgess seems to say, we should fear even more the paternalistic, technological society which has limitless power to challenge evil. "The movie has the spirit," says Burgess. "My own mind's furniture was gray and drab. Kubrick saw it in brilliant colors." Now Kubrick has asked him for a novel on Napoleon from which he will again make a film. "I see it as a rather comic Napoleon," says Burgess, "his hand inside his vest because he has a bad stomach."

If Americans indulge in literary Anglophilia, the English don't. The British really don't like their writers," says Burgess. For the next ten minutes he muttered about how English writers are taxed, surfacing to observe, "Look at Orwell—poor, dying of tuberculosis. Look at Dylan Thomas—impoverished, neglected. Why, even when C. P. Snow got his knighthood, it was through the scientific route. How Evelyn Waugh would have liked a knighthood!"

Burgess himself started writing in earnest only when he was in his thirties. As a foreign service officer in Malaysia in the 1950s he suffered severe headaches. They were diagnosed as an incurable brain tumor, and Burgess was given a year to live. "Depend upon it, Sir, when a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully," Dr. Johnson said. During the "last year of his life," Burgess returned to England and wrote five novels, several scripts, and assorted essays—and he hasn't quit the pace since. In his own blackly humorous manner, he has tried a number of intellectual postures in such books as *The Long Day Wanes*, his fine spy novel, *Tremor of Intent* and his darkly hilarious *Enderby* (Ballantine, 95¢ each). So far, he has seventeen titles to his name.

Rather than sit still for taxes, Burgess recollects England from afar. With his beautiful second wife, Liliana, formerly a Cambridge don, he settled in Malta in 1968. But even for Burgess, born a Catholic, the rigid censorship of the local bishop was a Maltese cross he could not bear. So they moved on, and actually live nowhere now. He likes the United States—"all that vastness, and those milkshakes," and got to know Hollywood when Warner Brothers brought him to write a screenplay on the life of Shakespeare. He even made a pilgrimage to Forest Lawn Cemetery, "where there is no death." Burgess has taught at Princeton, Columbia, and the University of North Carolina, and loves American writers.

How about British writers? "Wain, Amis, Braine, Osborne have all gone Establishment." Typically British.

Rollene W. Saal

Fiction

Let's start with the big ones before we get down to the best. In Leon Uris's *QB VII* (Bantam, $1.50), a writer incriminates a distinguished doctor who may have been involved in concentration camp atrocities. A courtroom drama unfolds, the past rises up, the story gets going. In spite of all the obvious defects—especially those skinny, sentimentalized characters—Uris juggles lots of material and never forgets that he is primarily a storyteller.

Ernest Hemingway's posthumous novel, *Islands in the Stream* (Bantam, $1.50), is said to be his last major work. It has all the elements of the earlier fiction but somehow reduced in size—*The Old Man and the Sea* cut down to a small boy catching fish. Painter-hero Thomas Hudson, divorced, disassociated, lives on Bimini, greets his visiting sons, recalls Paris in the old days, remembers a logjam up in Michigan, goes to Cuba, where he hangs around the Floridita drinking frost-rimmed daiquiris and enjoying the company of Honest Lil ("... there was the big body and the rose color was artificial now and there was no mystery about any of it, although it was still a lovely face"). Hudson gets his chance to show courage and face death on a makeshift gunboat in search of survivors of a German U-boat. One character finally says it: "Poor you. Poor me. Poor everybody." For sentiment alone, real *aficionados* would probably prefer to return to *The Fifth Column and Four Stories of the Spanish Civil War* (Scribners, $2.45). *The Fifth Column* is Hemingway's only play; the scene of the stories is Madrid.

One critic called R. V. Cassill's *Doctor Cobb's Game* (Bantam, $1.50) "the remarkable story of Dr. Michael Cobb, a man of mad, dazzling vision," which seems to me a more apt description of the novelist himself. Basing his story on the Profumo case in those not so distant days when Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies advertised to the world that London swings, Cassill has written a long, complex novel about human relationships and psychosexual *a Non-Jewish Childhood* (Signet, 95¢) bears more than a passing resemblance to his own youth. Tommy Shannon, growing up in Dubuque during World War II, yearns for nubile Gertrude Schwartz. As an altar boy, he has time for fantasy, which leads to confessing 119 sexual thoughts to Father Grundy. The sex is teen-aged, Midwestern, raw, and very funny. Mrs. Portnoy, meet Mrs. Shannon.

The classic recollection of convent youth, Mary McCarthy's *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood* (Harvest, $2.45), has just been reissued. Orphaned by a flu epidemic in 1918, Mary and her brothers end up with a Protestant grandfather and Jewish grandmother. Mary attends an old-fashioned, but genteel convent school. "*Ma Mère*, I have lost my faith," says young Mary. "Pray, my power in a charged contemporary environment. He nearly pulls it off.

Poor Robert Byrne, if *Memories of* child," murmurs the Sister.

Thomas Savage's *Daddy's Girl* (Ballantine, 95¢) is one of those small, beautifully written novels often overlooked in the hardcover crush. It's a "lost lady" story about cheeky, bright Marty Linehan, whose father deserted her mother, and who muddles through too many marriages and lovers, and far too much liquor, seeking some assurance of her own person-ness. Tenderly narrated by Marty's college friend, now grown to a wry, Jamesian stockbroker, it is the American equivalent of de Maupassant's *Une Vie*.

New and noted: Thomas Tryon's *The Other* (Fawcett Crest, $1.25), which critics compared for sheer delicious terror

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to *The Turn of the Screw*, simply baffled me. Twin boys in Connecticut in the Thirties get involved in dreadful events that lead to death, suicide and, yes, a severed finger. Maybe it's an acquired taste. . . . Ernest K. Gann's *The Antagonists* (Signet, $1.50) reads like a big-screen movie. In the first century, a group of courageous Jews hold out at Masada for three years against the overwhelming forces of Rome. The story, blocked out with chunky characters, involves a face-off between Roman commander Flavius and the tall, intense Eleazar ben Yair (obviously played by Charlton Heston). This may not be "the biography of the human spirit," as one critic said, but it's a good duel-in-the-sun historical novel. . . . Diane Cilento is a beautiful movie star married to Sean Connery. She is also a writer who in *Hybrid* (Dell, $1.25) shows she understands something about Caribbean life and mixed-up race relations. This fervent novel tells about a West Indian half-caste who becomes an international pop star; when he tries to make a better life for the folks back home, island violence runs him down.

China

American visitors to China lose little time running up books about it. The most publicized visit is immortalized in a book of photos with text by the press corps, *The President's Trip to China* (Bantam, $1.50). The news isn't much harder on paper than it was on TV. For those who missed the ride home, Mrs. Nixon reminisced, "People are the same the world over."

A younger, hipper group—members of the Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars—visited the Mainland last summer. In *China!: Inside the People's Republic* (Bantam, $1.50), these historians, political scientists, and China students report on their tour to the factories, communes, and child-care centers. What particularly interested them was the Chinese "generation gap"; the older Chinese are viewed by the young as living testimony to the changes that have occurred in their country during their own lives. At a certain ceremonial time, the book reports, families eat a "meal of bitter remembrance," of leaves and tree bark combined with acrid herbs, to recall the days of famine. Another visitor was twenty-three-year-old Chinese-American Jan C. Ting. *An American in China* (Paperback Library, 95¢) records a more casual acquaintance with ordinarily inaccessible rural communes, a dozen Chinese cities, and the inevitably amazing acupuncture technique.

Among the most astute China-watchers are scholars who, like Chang Hsin-hai, left China disenchanted with the Kuomintang but unable to come to terms with Marxism. Echoing Edgar Snow, who wrote the foreword to *America and China: A New Approach to Asia* (Royalton College Press, $2.95), Chang Hsin-hai asserts that Marxism, like Buddhism and other foreign philosphies before it, will be absorbed into the intricate fabric of Chinese life; that in the historic view this political-social structure is "only a moment in history." As for the resurgence of Chinese national energies, Chang refers to an ancient proverb that strictly translates as "rebirth through application," and means something like "faith can move mountains."

Francis L. K. Hsu, a Chinese-born American anthropologist, calls himself "a marginal man," while Henry Steele Commager in his introduction to Hsu's *Americans and Chinese* (Doubleday/Natural History Press, $5.95) puts him in the tradition of those great foreign observers of the American scene, a line that extends from Tocqueville to Denis Brogan. His book contrasts American individualism, with its consequent rootlessness, insecurity, and depression, to the strong interdependence that is essential to Chinese life.

Now that we seem to have found China, Barbara W. Tuchman's *Stilwell and the American Experience in China, 1911-1945* (Bantam, $2.25) is the best book on how we lost it. Exhaustively researched, written with the great authority that marks all her work, this history sees "Vinegar Joe" as "quintessentially American," a complex person who poured out his bitterest thoughts in his journals: "Wrote and wrote. Terrible. . . . I am just scribbling to keep from biting the radiator." Stilwell led the American war effort in China until he was recalled at Chiang Kai-shek's command. He represented the United States's final and supreme effort. "Yet the mission failed . . . because the goal was unachievable," writes Mrs. Tuchman. "The impulse was not Chinese. . . . Even the Yellow River Road that Stilwell built in 1921 had disappeared twelve years later. China was a problem for which there was no American solution."

Against the Grain

For all her charm, wit, and good humor, Australian-born Germaine Greer is a raging revolutionary, and her call to arms sounds loud and clear in one of the best women's liberation books, *The Female Eunuch* (Bantam, $1.95). Hers is "a dialogue between the wondering woman and the world," a world in which passive, accepting women have allowed men to "commandeer all the energy and streamline it into an aggressive conquistadorial power." Lucid, supremely intelligent in its anti-Freud arguments, her first-class study leads to a rethinking of the traditional rules

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of love, sex, society, and the very nature of womanhood.

In *Tomorrow's Tomorrow* (Anchor, $1.95), Joyce A. Ladner, a black sociologist, insists that black women have always been liberated, because the white society has never permitted the black man to protect his females. The major concern of this readable, provocative work on black women is not women's rights, however, but an insistence upon the black life-style—essence, soul—instead of white middle-class values imposed upon the black community.

Saul D. Alinsky has been called "a man very much in the American grain," yet he often goes against it. Born in Chicago in 1909, he has spent a lifetime organizing people for action, from the Back of the Yards area in Chicago in the 1930s to black urban ghettos and Chicanos in California in recent years. Now he has turned his attention to the middle class, "numb, bewildered, scared into silence. They don't know what if anything they can do. This is the job for today's radical—to fan the embers of hopelessness into a flame to fight." *Rules for Radicals* (Vintage, $1.95) is Alinsky's brilliant, pragmatic guide for working within the system to bring about change. And that means don't call anyone "pig."

In *SDS: A Profile* (Scribners, $2.95), Alan Adelson takes a cool look at a hot subject. His study of the Students for a Democratic Society follows the growth of white radicalism in this country, its attempts to come to terms with revolution within society, and the final crashing effect of the Weatherman schism, "the last straw in convincing the country that student radicals in general were nuts."

Surely the most moving book on young radicals is J. Anthony Lukas's *Don't Shoot—We Are Your Children!* (Dell, $1.25). Lukas draws superb portraits of ten radicalized Americans: Dave of SDS, who saw Harvard as "an institution of the ruling class, operated to socialize people in a certain way"; Sue, a white girl from Savannah, whose involvement in black civil rights led her back to her roots; Jerry Rubin, cofounder of the Yippies, who makes the outrageous into a philosophy and who said, "Any of the tactics I now use, I learned at home. I learned just how far to push before you got totally wiped out"; and Linda Fitzpatrick, the daughter of a wealthy Connecticut family, who was murdered in an East Village basement with her boyfriend, Groovy. When the Linda-Groovy story was published first, as a *New York Times* feature, Lucas heard from hundreds of parents asking how to reach their children. "I told them I didn't know," he said. "I was just a reporter." He was far too modest; his book goes a long way in providing answers.

TWO: A Phallic Novel

by Alberto Moravia
translated from the Italian
by Angus Davidson

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 353 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Peter Wood

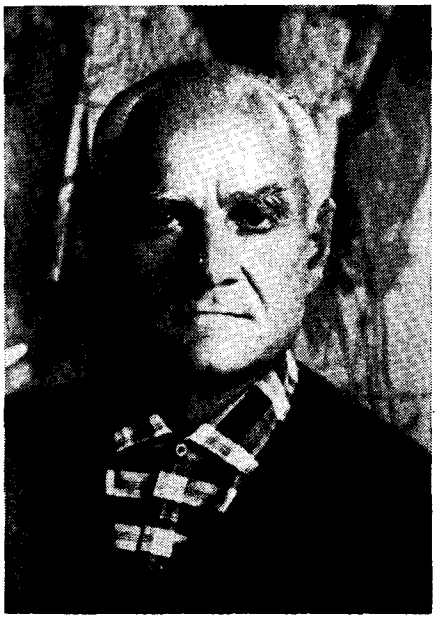
■ Pornography that does not amuse is bad; pornography that fails to titillate is worse; and pornography that does neither, that masquerades as literature, is worst of all. By these criteria Alberto Moravia's latest work to be translated into English is superlatively bad.

The story, told in the first person, concerns a man and his phallus. Rico is a short, balding, thirty-five-year-old screen-writer. Like the Lone Ranger to his horse, Silver, Rico is wont to talk to his member when the going gets rough, and it does from the very first page. Whereas the masked man's purpose was to urge his steed on, however, Rico must rein his in. And what makes *The Lone Ranger*, by comparison, seem a work of exquisite taste is that the alter ego in Moravia's book talks back. These conversations, a mixture of Krafft-Ebing and pseudo-Freud, take for their text Rico's words to a friend: ". . . you know perfectly well that there's nothing that cannot be interpreted in the light of sex." Rico thinks himself pitiful and his life a failure because he is saddled not on the burro he deserves, but on a hot-blooded stallion, eighteen hands high and more much than he can manage.

In a *Girl, 20*, another recent novel preoccupied with sex, Kingsley Amis, with better sense than Moravia, observes that the particular part of the male anatomy is "a splendid thing, and a splendid idea as well. . . . The trouble is that in every case it's got a man at the end of it." The man at the end of it in this novel is, in his own words as he stares at himself in the mirror, "a grotesque figure of an imitation Silenus from a Pompeian vase. . . ." He is also an exhibitionist and a satyr.

Still, it is hard not to fall in some way under the sway of the talent that produced books as powerful as *Two Women* and *The Women of Rome*. Moravia's ability as a narrative writer shows through even here. It is as if Albert Bierstadt, the painter of vast canvases of the American wilderness, had chosen for once to picture a YMCA latrine. After an initial distasteful shock, one begins to enjoy the brush strokes and the ability to render detail.

Alberto Moravia—odd couple's tall tale.



Peter Wood, an occasional short story writer, works for Time-Life Books.

THE LIONHEADS

by Josiah Bunting

Braziller, 212 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Martin Russ

■ Mighty few officers have ever been rewarded for exercising caution or for going out of their way to preserve the lives of their troops. It is common knowledge, or should be, that in Vietnam only those officers who were willing to throw their men into battle—any battle, as long as it made their units appear aggressive—got the medals and promotions. General Melvin Zais, to cite one of many possible examples, launched no less than ten successive frontal assaults against "Hamburger Hill" in May of 1968, only to abandon the position once it was captured. Regardless of whether the battle was "a senseless and irresponsible action," as Senator Edward Kennedy asserted, it certainly did nothing to retard General Zais's career; today he is Director of Operations on the Joint Staff of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

The protagonist in *The Lionheads* is likewise rewarded for doubtful accomplishments. Major General George Lemming commands the Twelfth Division, operating in the Mekong Delta in the post-Tet spring of 1968. The novelist brings him grandly onstage as "George, earl of Lemming" complete with lords-attendant, each projecting that deferential eagerness a general of this type cherishes in aides and staff officers. One settles down for a sardonic portrait of the kind of godlike personage who seems to have become standard among Army general officers. But the narrative turns out to be quite unfanciful—realistic almost to a fault:

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readers unfamiliar with the modern military machine will find themselves occasionally bewildered. Nothing is dramatized in the usual war-novel manner; much is conveyed by means of directives, operations orders, official inquiries, and the like. Indeed, some passages are reminiscent of a field manual. The novel's saving graces are the author's sense of irony and his sharp ear for the military's depersonalizing jargon ("You individuals over there . . . get busy and utilize those entrenching tools.")

The plot is almost too simple—a series of static scenes that explore a situation rather than develop a story. General Lemming, dissatisfied with one of his brigade commanders, "Shuffling George" Robertson, orders him to produce a high body-count within three weeks, or face the consequences. In the subsequent operation against the Vietcong, Robertson drags his heels—according to the general—and is relieved of command.

"Shuffling George" is the novel's most interesting character. While the other two brigade commanders are satisfactorily aggressive ("aggressive in bearing, aggressive in seeking new responsibilities, aggressive in the barber shop"—as well as aggressive in body-count terms), Colonel Robertson lacks the outward fierceness and dedication to corporate success that Lemming expects. The novelist makes it clear that, while Robertson is a good officer by most standards, his concern for his troops' welfare rather than for scoring points in the ruthless career-advancement game presents a threat to Lemming's own upward mobility. Thus it becomes necessary that he be "written off as a man whose colonelcy will be terminal."

At first glance, *The Lionheads* seems to focus mainly on the grotesquely callous and short-sighted body-count policy that spawned such figures as Colonel George Patton III, Colonel Henry "Gunfighter" Emerson, General Melvin Zais, and General Julian Ewell (called the Butcher of the Delta when he commanded the Ninth Division, in which the novelist perhaps not so incidentally served). More specifically, however, it takes aim at the kind of self-serving and advancement-seeking leadership that now flourishes within the command level of the U.S. Army.

Martin Russ, who has written several war-oriented books, is currently teaching writing at Penn State's Altoona campus.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1G, 2J, 3K, 4H, 5I, 6B, 7L, 8D, 9C, 10E, 11A, 12F.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 5: prated, parted, depart, petard.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1503

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1503 will be found in the next issue.

BYQ WKKO NBY ZBCYG B ZCN-
GRJA, VRG CG GBEAT B HCTA
DBY GK VA BVOA GK TAOO CG.
—TBDRAO VRGOAJ

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(Continued on page 82)

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PERSONALS

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EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 889-R, Belmont, California 94002.

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 83)

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR—for the Rochester Museum and Science Center. Includes large regional museum of science, Strasenburgh Planetarium, Family Museum of Discovery (to be developed). Responsibility for direction of staff, planning, fund raising. Experience needed as top administrator. Write for details to Alfred M. Hallenbeck, 657 East Avenue, Rochester, N.Y. 14607.

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QUOGUE, LONG ISLAND (in the Hamptons)—Big, old, funky summer house on 1 acre with over 30 trees and shrubs. 10 bedrooms, 4 large brick fireplaces, 3 porches, all appliances. Living and dining rooms are 50' x 22' expanse. Entire house, except baths, kitchen, pantry, all dark, stained, varnished wood. Plumbing, wiring in good, restored condition. Everything painted, varnished and well-maintained. $75,000 firm. SR Box E-753.

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NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS—Historic townhouse. 11 rooms, 5 bedrooms, modern kitchen, double lot, winterized. $87,500. 212-758-4298.

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TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

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THOMPSONVILLE, N.Y.—Rent cottages, June or September. Pool, river, 60 acres. Groups, individuals. $100 week/$300 month. 516-676-1155.

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LAKE PEEKSKILL, N.Y.—Lakefront, 2 bedrooms. August 1st-September 15th. $120 week. Evenings 212-522-1438, weekends 914-LA 8-7208.

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For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

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PUERTO RICO—Small, 2 bedroom apartment, furnished, two blocks from beach. Mid-June to mid-August. $175 monthly. SR Box G-617.

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Furnished

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FOUR 3-ACRE LOTS, nondivisible, in conservationist community of 12. Open woods, gentle slopes, brooks, private beach on mile-long unspoiled lake. Bordering state forest on both sides, land in upper Plymouth valley largely under one control: cannot be spoiled. Hard surface road through valley. 2 miles from ski tows. Kenneth S. Webb, Plymouth, Vermont 05057. 802-422-3444.

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PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

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NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

MAINE—Wooded acreage, starting at $90 per acre—also all forms of real estate. FRANKLIN REALTY Co., 44 Main Street, Farmington, Maine 04938. Tel. Office 207-778-2852 (Mr. Barrows).

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CAMPS

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP"? Investigate Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado. 26th summer. Unregimented ranch/travel program. Boys, girls 13-17. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

SEVENTEEN OR ENTERING 12th GRADE? The Farm and Wilderness Foundation offers places in counselor apprentice groups. Learn leadership skills, what makes people tick. Accept challenge of rugged work, wilderness trips, self-understanding. Varied summer under Quaker leadership.

BETWEEN TWELVE AND FIFTEEN? Three offbeat small camps:

SALTASH MOUNTAIN, 40 boys. Pioneering, lumberjack sports, extensive hiking and canoe trips.

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BOOKLETS. Jack Hunter, Farm & Wilderness Camps, Woodstock, Vermont 05091.

JOIN A MARINE ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Send for brochure: UNDER SEA ACADEMY, 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. 412-335-8844.

JUDGMENT RIDGE — Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($150 extra). 36 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, farming, hiking, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

SAWTOOTH WILDERNESS CAMP—An exciting and meaningful camping experience. Valuable outdoor skills taught. In Idaho's spectacular White Cloud mountains. Boys 10-16. July 8th-29th, August 5th-26th. Box 153, Sun Valley, Idaho 83353.

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THE PUTNEY WORK CAMP provides an experience that integrates work and recreation, the arts and current concerns. A vitalizing summer with well selected contemporaries in a country setting. Coed, ages 13-17. The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346. 802-387-4212.

SUBTROPICAL RANCHO RUIDOSO. Kids, 10-15. Horses, pool, Gulf trips, old Mexico. Route 1, Box 1755, McAllen, Texas 78501.

WOOLMAN HILL. SUMMER PROJECT, Deerfield, Massachusetts 01342. Crafts, organic farming, rural skills. Coed, 14-16.

INNOVATIVE SUMMER COMMUNITY—Coed, 15-18. Challenging ecological and work projects. Spontaneous outdoor activities and fun! Northern Michigan. Innisfree Project, 1039 Olivia, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104.

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RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

VACATIONS

THOUSAND ISLANDS FAMILY VACATION—Meals, congenial, reasonable. Brochure, McGarry, 45 Callingham, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts 02568.

INVEST IN NEW Vacation/Business home concept. Details of British property from: Guideworth Getaways, P.O. Box 120, St. Albans, England.

VACATIONS

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $80 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine Brochure!

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

HILTON HEAD ISLAND, S.C.—A famed, sea island on the sunny plantation coast of South Carolina. Luxurious accommodations in an oceanfront inn, villas or cabanas. Gracious service and delightful dining on local seafoods and Carolina specialties. Tennis, golf, cycling, fishing, sailing and relaxing. Everything for a perfect vacation and all at the Sheraton-Adventure Inn. For color brochures, rates and reservations, write Sheraton-Adventure Inn, Box 15, Hilton Head Island, S.C. 29928.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR. Charming seacoast inn, motel, efficiency apartments on ocean. Informal. Modern. Modified American, European Plans. Seafood, lobsters featured. Cocktails. Scenic boat trips. Motel mid-May to late October. Inn late June-September. Ocean Point Inn, Box A10, Ocean Point, Maine 04557.

THORN HILL LODGE. Charming country inn on quiet hillside facing Mt. Washington. Swimming pool, lawn sports. $80 up weekly including your choice of 2 or 3 meals daily. D. Darville, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

THE RATES ARE RIDICULOUS . . . for our cottages in June. Claremont Hotel & Cottages, Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679.

RELAXED ISLAND TROPADISE. Endless beach, pool. Caribe Adventure Inn, 158S, Sanibel Island, Florida 33957.

WILD LOONS CALL from Indian Lake's clear mountain waters, Adirondacks. American Plan, families, adults. *Rustic, informal. Sailing, horses, guided canoe trips.* Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Don and Kathie Murray, Dept. 6, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

YOU'LL FIND WILD RICE PANCAKES south of Canada. Shingwauk Village . . . for that northern Minnesota vacation on your mind. Everything that's special about northern Minnesota is Shingwauk Village . . . from a crystal lake to "wild rice pancakes" . . . great fishing . . . swimming pool . . . golf . . . supervised children's activities . . . nonhousekeeping cottages . . . hearty home cooking. Vacation on your mind? Check the map, you'll find northern Minnesota just South Of Canada . . . right in the middle of: Shingwauk Village, Box 37, Aitkin, Minnesota 56431.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

WYOMING WILDERNESS—Small, secluded guest ranch south of Jackson Hole. Quiet, relaxed, personable. Family rates. Box Y Ranch, Box 1172B, Jackson Hole, Wyoming 83001.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR, Vermont lake. ADULTS: bungalows (fireplace, bath). All meals or housekeeping. Canoeing. Sailing. Tennis. Near golf, Dartmouth, White Mountains. CAMPERS (2 years through 12): "Sleep Away" or Day Camp. Swimming. Boating. Pony. Climbing. Crafts. Cookouts. Square Dancing. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC, 10010. 212-GR 3-0222.

GASCON RANCH. Rociada, New Mexico. *Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.*

UP-ISLAND ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling. Modern cottages (nonhousekeeping). $15 to $21 daily per person includes hearty New England breakfasts, Lobster Cookout Tuesday, bountiful Sunday Night Buffet. Special rates May 27th-June 16th and September 10th-30th. Booklet. O. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager. 617-645-2521. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 85)

A COOL, CLEAN TEN MILES AT SEA . . . serene island, quiet, fourteen-guest inn, June-September. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

VERMONT'S FAMOUS FAMILY RESORT on Lake Champlain. Complete Color Brochure. TYLER PLACE, Box 133, Highgate Springs, Vermont 05460.

ON A CLEAR BLUE LAKE. Cottage colony in towering pines. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Delicious meals. Water skiing, canoe trips, tennis, lobster bakes, sauna, entertainment. Breakfast and dinner included. Color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

VERMONT. Luxury resort and condominiums on scenic hillside. 9 hole golf, heated pool, championship tennis, fishing. Low May, June rates. Fox Run, Box O-SR, Ludlow, Vermont 05149. 802-228-8101.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine, In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

DEAD INDIAN RANCH offering backpacking into the North Absaroka Wilderness and the Beartooth Primitive Area. Mrs. Paul Ritterbrown, Sunlight Stage, Cody, Wyoming 82414.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE COAST. Your week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food and exciting sailing. $150 weekly—no extras. For brochure: Schooner Timberwind, Box 247B, Rockport, Maine 04856.

A TREASURE by the sea. Unique oceanside resort apartments. Leisure living in tropical tranquillity—or exciting sport fishing and imaginative underwater exploring. Interested? Sunburst South Resort, Box 145, Islamorada, Florida Keys, 33036.

NASSAU—Relax in 1-2-3 room apartments. On excellent beach, pool. Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

CAMDEN, MAINE—A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Windjammer cruises, lobster boats or just quiet contemplation. WHITEHALL INN has reflected this magic since 1902. A historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits. June opening. A.P., M.A.P. Write Box SR, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine 04843.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private beach.

YOUR OWN PRIVATE FLOATING VILLA. Aquavilla is a new resort in Eleuthera Bahamas, where each couple gets a spacious private suite of rooms floating atop crystal clear Bahamian waters. Complete water sports center, brand new tennis court, and The Captain's Table restaurant. And all for about half what you'd spend at other island resorts. See your travel agent or write our reservations office: Aquavilla Reservations, Box N7535, Nassau, Bahamas.

CARIBBEAN SEA—Idyllic beach. Mental-physical reconditioning. Cabana efficiencies. CARIBE PLAYA, Patillas, Puerto Rico.

COME AWAY—breathe our fresh air—rare combination of scented pine and ocean spray. Motels and efficiencies. Coffee Shop-Cocktail Lounge. Pool. Fishing. Golf. May into October. Brochure. 207-646-5662. Mr./Mrs. Maurice Weare, Cliff House and Motels, Box R, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

NANTUCKET, Island of Enchantment, 30 miles at sea, less than one hour by air from New York or Boston. Sandy beaches, warm water swimming, surfing, golf, your favorite sports, varied evening entertainment. Well-equipped boat basin. Modern accommodations. Excellent restaurants. Advance reservations recommended for August. Free illustrated booklet, Information Service, 45 Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

BUCKS COUNTY — If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a charming country inn. 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. For a brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel. 215-297-5661.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open to November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Box 118R, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

VACATIONS

SUN VALLEY, IDAHO—Luxurious, split-level, 3 bedroom, fully-equipped condominium available for seasonal rental. Also for summer months. $600 month. Ideally situated, center of village, shuttle bus to lifts, free use of heated pool. Write SR Box G-433.

LITTLE DIX BAY, VIRGIN GORDA, British Virgin Islands. There is still a place where you can enjoy true peace, relaxation and an utterly unspoiled environment, combined with the quiet luxury of fine resort living.

AT LITTLE DIX BAY, nature's on your side and so are we. Around a crescent bay, green mountains sweep down to a powdery white sand beach and turquoise, transparent waters. Accommodations are secluded, informal yet supremely comfortable: cone-topped cottages, or spacious rooms with patios and gorgeous views. From the main pavilion, see pelicans diving and the Caribbean gold of the sunsets.

ALL WATER SPORTS—use of sailboats, snorkel masks, fins, water skis, and water taxis to nearby cays and beaches—are free: included in our rates. So is tennis. The snorkeling and scuba-diving are among the finest in the world.

THE CLIMATE IS FANTASTIC: sunny, beautiful, cooled year round by the trade winds. With our lower summer rates, May 1st-November 1st, we get $35 per day per person double, including all meals. For a brochure or reservations see your travel agent, or call or write Resort Representation, 30 Rockefeller Plaza West, New York, N.Y. 10020. Tel. 212-245-8055; Chicago 312-372-4489; Washington, D.C., 202-347-4951; represented in the West by Glen W. Fawcett.

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FABULOUS MARCO ISLAND, FLORIDA efficiency apartments near Naples-on-the-Gulf. Furnished, garden-type, air conditioned, kitchenette, cablevision, pool. At 3 mile beach. Excellent fishing, golf, tennis, shelling, restaurants, stores. Only $80 weekly, $270 monthly (4 weeks). Contact Norman Myers, Box 906, Burlington, Vermont. Tel. 802-862-5757 or 802-864-4100.

AMERICAN COUPLE invites adult guests to their beautiful Canadian ranch. Good food and beds, peace and simple pleasures. Write: Skull Springs Ranch, Box 1060, Coaldale, Alberta, or phone 1-403-345-4297.

BEACH PLUM INN, Menemsha, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts 02552. Small, informal, overlooking sea. Beautiful accommodations, superb food, American Plan. All sports. $21-$31 daily per person. May 26th-September 25th. 617-645-9454.

WHAT MAKES ME. GREAT? The scent of pine, a breeze from the sea, a beauty spot 'neath friendly mountains. This is a gracious summer resort with sumptuous food. June 18th-September 18th. Asticou Inn, Northeast Harbor, Maine 04662.

BARBADOS, ST. JAMES—Four-room suite on oceanfront. June or July. Write H. S. Tuckwell, 71 Cambridge Street, Winnipeg, Canada.

OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA, W.I. Vacation villa beautifully furnished. Private beach, large pool, lighted tennis court, 4 bedrooms, each with own bath, for eight persons. Staff of 4 with best chef on the island. Weekly $650, April 15th to December 15th. Write SR Box G-588.

RUGGED WILDERNESS ADVENTURE, combined with luxury cruise ship comfort, at a bargain price. Sail North America's only prairie ocean, Lake Winnipeg (9,398 sq. miles). Five days of excitement, on board and on shore. Make your reservation now, on the New Luxury Liner, M.S. Lord Selkirk. Sailing every week June through October. All inclusive fares only $135 per person. Free color brochure. Write Venture Manitoba Tours, Dept. SR2, P.O. 1701, Winnipeg R3C 2Z6 Canada.

VERMONT—The Beckoning Country: Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained inn. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, air conditioning. 802-247-5766. Write Brandon Inn, A Vermont Resort, Box 206, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $140 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

VACATIONS

HOTEL ON SMALL ISLAND—Pool, superb beaches, remote, peaceful. $25 double. Write Sportsman's House, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765. 809-741-3751.

MAINE. Bogtrotters, botanists, birders, other boarders. Roam, read, relax by the sea. The Bucks, Craignair, Spruce Head, Maine 04859.

SHELBURNE MUSEUM VACATION! Tour 45 acres, 35 buildings, plus breakfast, dinner, gratuity, tax, new air conditioned motel room, color television. All for $19.95 per person double occupancy, May 15th through June 30th and all September only. Shelburne Inn and New Motel, Box 4, Shelburne, Vermont, U.S. 7.

PLYMOUTH ROCK—Take one home from our beach, a stone's throw from the original. 94 deluxe rooms, heated pool. Golf, restaurants nearby. AAA. Open all year. Governor Bradford Motor Inn, Plymouth, Massachusetts 02360.

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COLONIAL ATMOSPHERE RESORT on lake in mountain area. Sandy beach, par 3 golf. Woodbound Inn, Box 190, Jaffrey, New Hampshire 03452.

WHALER'S INNE. Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons, $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

WEST COAST Summer Humanities Workshop—coed, for high school students—Claremont Men's College, June 25th-July 22nd. Box 25, Inglewood, California 90306.

ADIRONDACK SUMMER WORKSHOPS. Ceramics, weaving, sculpture. Brochure (SR), Brant Lakes Art Center, 3083 May Road, Wantagh, N.Y. 11793.

VERMONT SUMMER ARTS CENTER for amateurs and professionals. Chamber music, arts, crafts, dance, yoga. Weekly session, or longer, June 25th-August 20th. Creative vacation on a college campus in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Write: Anne Allen, Executive Secretary, Lyndon State College, Lyndonville, Vermont 05851.

CONFERENCE CENTER, Berkshires. Available for small groups. Weekends or longer. All facilities including meals. Inviting informality; tennis, swimming. Box 88, Hancock, Massachusetts 01237. 413-738-5032.

SUMMER WORKSHOP: Mime, Opera, Acting. June 18th-July 29th. $490. Write Valley Studio, Spring Green, Wisconsin 53588.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN—ENGLAND. SCHILLER COLLEGE—See "Studies Abroad." Liberal arts, language, theatre.

MASS MEDIA IN MEXICO: Graduate seminar, Mexico City, July 3rd-August 11th, six credits. Conducted by Dr. Michael Ryan with key Mexican media experts. Also seminars on "Film in Britain" and "British Broadcasting in Transition." School of Communications, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122.

LONDON THEATRE WORKSHOP, 1972. Exciting vacation/study at Imperial College of London University. Theatre, Action Seminars, Cinema. Students and non-students. $545. July 29th-August 26th. Box 7124, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin 53213.

ROME, ITALY. Diversified curriculum. Outstanding faculty. Etruscan archaeological program. Classes June 12th-July 19th. $760. Trinity College/Rome Campus, Hartford, Connecticut 06106.

FILM SCHOOL Summer Workshop, $750. PAFI, Apartado 1106, Cuernavaca, Morelos, Mexico.

SUMMER ABROAD: Age groups 14-18, 17-22, 10-14. 4-6 weeks, from $595. Language-study-travel. Sports and camp; underwater archaeology. Programs in France, Spain, Switzerland, Austria, Mexico. Cost includes flights, much sightseeing, festivities. European Language Institute, SR, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10017.

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SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

CAMBRIDGE (Caius College), ENGLAND, International Summer School. The Economy, Politics and Education are discussed in "Modern Britain" July 8th-29th. The course, open to all ages, provides three morning lectures and discussion seminars on Modern Britain. Lecturers include senior members of Oxford and Cambridge University and experts in their own particular profession or field of study. Excursions, parties and dances. College credits generally available. Write: Mrs. P. M. Simpson, 560 2nd Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215.

SUMMER SESSIONS AT SEA. World Campus Afloat accredited study cruises to South Pacific and Asia. Workshops, seminars, classes and travel for educators, businessmen, other adult groups. Brochure: Chapman College, CC13, Orange, California 92666, or phone 714-633-8821, Ext. 317.

HIGH SCHOOL SPANISH PROGRAM — One month in beautiful hacienda in Colima, Mexico. Write: Richard Hancock, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

IRELAND OFFERS exceptional academic experiences for international college students. Write Institute of Irish Studies, U.S. Office, Franconia, N.H. 03580.

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INTERNATIONAL STUDIES FOR EDUCATORS. Summer 1972. *Graduate and undergraduate credit programs in* Europe, U.S.S.R., England, Israel, New Zealand and Africa covering elementary and secondary subjects. Information: Dr. Frank Klassen, American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education, One Dupont Circle, Washington, D.C. 20036.

BRITISH THEATRE. Summer 1972. Plays, workshops, celebrity lectures. Four hours credit. $1,195 pays all. Write: Theatre Department, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, 75222.

SUMMER STUDY in Russia and Scandinavia for teenagers, June 20th-August 1st, under guidance of two professional educators. One year's high school credit in history may be earned. P.O. Box 28, Lee, Massachusetts 01238. 413-243-2774.

STUDIES ABROAD

HEIDELBERG - BERLIN - PARIS - MADRID - LONDON. SCHILLER COLLEGE—Liberal Arts; B.A., M.A. curricula; academic year programs. American credit system. Special programs: music, theatre, fine arts. International business administration. Graduate, undergraduate, and high school summer courses. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. (Phone: 405-842-5979) or 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

PRAESTEGAARDEN FOTOSKOLE—A unique setting for study and realization in cinema and photography. Summer and Winter program openings. Praestegaarden Fotoskole, Klim Strand, 9690 Fjerritslev, Denmark.

STUDY AT SEA. World Campus Afloat Semester sails September and February to exotic ports round the world. Accredited. Financial aid available. Write: Chapman College, Box CC17, Orange, California 92666.

ACADEMIC YEAR IN SPAIN — University Programs: Undergraduate, B.A., M.A. TOTAL, $1,985. (Semester $1,385.) Summer $485. FELLOWSHIPS, AYS, 67 Orchard Ridge, Chappaqua, N.Y. 10514. 914-238-4306.

STUDY PROGRAMS IN FRANCE—French, Dance, Music, Art-History, Painting, Cuisine, Sculpture, Theatre, Photography, Cinema. 1. Academic year, two semesters. 2. Interim program, January 4th-February 1st. 3. Summer in France, July 1st-August 12th. 4. Christmas in Paris and London, December 23rd-January 2nd. Eminent artist/professors. Write airmail (3 International coupons) to: PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY, 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5, France.

AMERICAN JUNIOR COLLEGE OF BARCELONA — Intensive two-year bicultural study in Spain. Credits transferable. Write: Jean Pinkham, 1525 41st Place, Des Moines, Iowa 50311.

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ART IN ROME. Tyler School of Art of Temple University offers both summer session and graduate or junior year or semester abroad. Fully equipped studios on the Tiber near Spanish Steps. Painting, print making, sculpture, art history. Contact: Rome, Box 2910, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19126.

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DASHING OVER WHITEWATER RAPIDS in river boats is the West's most popular attraction for families and folks of all ages. For a free color brochure describing all river expeditions, write Discovery, Dept. SR-472, P.O. Box 8398, Salt Lake City, Utah 84108.

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WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21Z Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

AUTO BABYSITTERS—INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than outdoor airport/pier parking. Pickup/delivery. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garages, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11216. 212-493-9800.

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THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

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EUROPE — AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

TRAVEL

LIVELY FRENCH FAMILY welcomes guests. Ultramodernized house, outstanding cuisine. $175 week. Thevenin, Solignac, Haute Vienne, France.

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MARINE ARCHAEOLOGY: Participate in the excavation of a 16th century wreck off the coast of Bermuda, August 1st-21st; cost $1,275 plus air fare; scuba certificate required. Survey and excavate the port of Sparta on the coast of Greece, August 8th-29th; cost $1,175 plus air fare. Write Educational Expeditions International, 68 Leonard Street, SR1, Belmont, Massachusetts 02178.

ORIENT TOUR—6 countries, 35 days, $1,225. Departs June 26th. California Student Tours, 1800 Broadway, San Francisco, California 94104.

GREECE-TURKEY—Live with Greek families. Study Greek culture. Greece, June 21st-July 21st, $610; Greece-Turkey, July 25th-August 15th, $590. Hellenic Institute, 560 Riverside Drive, 15F, NYC, 10027.

A CANYON VOYAGE. Magnificent, deep-walled, red-rock canyons by rubber raft or jet boat. Photographers' Paradise. Tag-A-Long Tours, Box 1206H, Moab, Utah 84532.

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CRUISE THE MAINE COAST—Comfortable 60' yawl, trained crew. Fine food, hot showers, low weekly rate. Information, write Hutoka Cruises, c/o Rent-All of Bath, Bath, Maine.

FAMILY OF MAN SEMINAR, planned with cooperation of United Nations, invites fifteen adults unique world travel experience, July. 639 Park, Huntington, N.Y. 11743.

SAIL THE MAINE COAST. Historic schooner "STEPHEN TABER." Relaxed, informal vacation. $150 weekly. *Reduced rates June and September. All inclusive.* Write Capt. Orvil Young, Box 561-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

GRAND TOUR OF EUROPE—unmatched, personally escorted—$628. Professor Berg, Saint Mary's College, California 94575.

FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS and Graduates. Stay in a Soviet youth center. Or sail with Breton fishermen; ski in August at Mont Blanc; make bicycle trip in Denmark; climb glacier-covered Alps; hike with Czech students; speak French in France or Spanish in Spain all summer; live with European family. Music festivals, theatres. Exceptional summer travel plans in Western Europe—Russia—Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. 21st year. Write: George R. Shumlin, Putney Student Travel, Putney, Vermont 05346.

EUROPE THIS SUMMER? Ages 22-35. Looking for a low-cost coed trip combining a magnificent ten country itinerary with loads of free time, theatre tickets, fine hotels and all meals? Eight weeks, $1,675; six weeks, $1,475; four weeks, $1,150; WITH NO EXTRAS. Dr. S. M. Lutnick, 313 Post Avenue, Westbury, N.Y. 11590. 516-WA 1-7898.

GET YOUR HANDS DIRTY! Participate in scientific field expeditions recently made accessible by Educational Expeditions International and the Smithsonian Institution to selected members of the general public. No special qualifications necessary to become actively involved in expeditions led by prominent scientists in anthropology, archaeology, geology, ecology, botany and astronomy in Africa, the Middle East and South America. Costs start at $1,275 plus air fare. Participation limited; early registration essential. Educational Expeditions International, SR8, 68 Leonard Street, Belmont, Massachusetts 02178. 617-489-3030.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1986

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Disinclined, averse	116 135 149 163
B. Bring forth, sow the seeds of	167 184 200 3 17 107 124 138
C. Carry out, perform	139 168 15 37 49 79 136 177 207 2
D. Small, agile antelope of the high mountains of Europe and the Caucasus	66 77 89 125 154 170 213
E. _____ Saint Mary: urban district of Devonshire, birthplace of Coleridge	216 1 12 31 80 147
F. Care for tenderly, nurture	85 92 103 127 143 152 174
G. Stuffed derma	61 99 108 123 155 175
H. Until now	182 193 223 26 34 198 21 94
I. County of N. Scotland including about 70 islands	114 178 73 95 106 186
J. He was made lord mayor of London in 1397	29 41 59 76 90 112 128 185 45 171 189
K. Losing the right to by some offense or error	205 221 4 14 47 120 162 183 203 44
L. Existing or occurring in a high or extreme degree	129 157 169 190 210 219 19
M. Scram, blow	55 65 33 117 158 179 191
N. Winner 1921 Nobel Prize in physics	199 209 20 40 52 62 132 172
O. Celebrate, jubilate (Eng. sl.)	68 109 165 176 202 115 145
P. Reduce severity, pressure, etc. (2 wds.)	146 164 51 74 126 38 159
Q. Bring about by discussion and settlement of terms	220 64 204 10 28 42 54 82 105
R. Milk-and-water; lukewarm; vapid (comp.)	160 206 7 30 48 57 69 111 142 195
S. Put out; annihilate	56 113 25 39 84 101 188 22 75 208
T. Am. goatsucker related to the whippoorwill	24 150 215 58 87 98 72 141 119
U. Friendly Islands	91 196 100 131 214
V. Ger. botanist (1501-66) after whom a genus of plants cultivated for handsome drooping flowers was named	166 197 134 46 60
W. Egyptian goddess of fertility	148 9 161 144
X. Ostracized (3 wds.)	151 81 43 122 180 201 118 13 18 5 32 181 11 63
Y. Am. golfer, winner in 1953 of U.S. Open, Master's, and British Open	88 187 211 27 104
Z. With broad or comprehensive understanding (3 wds.)	6 35 110 102 96 222 217 50 121 192
Z¹. "___ he had followed us / From the land of mist and snow" (3 wds.; Coleridge, "Rime of the Ancient Mariner")	70 212 130 83 194 8 97 67 23 71 137 78 93 153
Z². Snow-on-the-mountain	36 53 16 133 173 140 86 156 218

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

				1 E	2 C	3 B	4 K	5 X		6 Z	7 R		8 Z¹		9 W	10 Q	11 X	12 E
	13 X	14 K		15 C	16 Z²	17 B	18 X	19 L	20 N	21 H	22 S	23 Z¹	24 T		25 S	26 H	27 Y	28 Q
	29 J	30 R	31 E	32 X		33 M	34 H	35 Z		36 Z²	37 C		38 P	39 S	40 N	41 J	42 Q	43 X
44 K		45 J	46 V	47 K	48 R		49 C	50 Z	51 P	52 N		53 Z²	54 Q	55 M	56 S		57 R	58 T
59 J	60 V	61 G	62 N	63 X		64 Q	65 M	66 D	67 Z¹		68 O	69 R	70 Z¹		71 Z¹	72 T	73 I	74 P
75 S		76 J	77 D	78 Z²		79 C	80 E	81 X	82 Q	83 Z¹	84 S	85 F	86 Z²		87 T	88 Y	89 D	90 J
	91 U	92 F	93 Z¹		94 H	95 I	96 Z		97 Z¹	98 T	99 G	100 U	101 S		102 Z	103 F		104 Y
105 Q	106 I	107 B	108 G		109 O	110 Z		111 R	112 J	113 S		114 I	115 O	116 A	117 M	118 X	119 T	
120 K	121 Z		122 X	123 G	124 B		125 D	126 P	127 F	128 J	129 L	130 Z¹	131 U		132 N	133 Z²		134 V
135 A	136 C	137 Z¹		138 B	139 C	140 Z²		141 T	142 R	143 F	144 W	145 O	146 P	147 E		148 W	149 A	
150 T	151 X		152 F	153 Z¹	154 D	155 G	156 Z²	157 L		158 M	159 P		160 R	161 W	162 K	163 A		164 P
165 O	166 V	167 B	168 C	169 L	170 D	171 J	172 N		173 Z²	174 F	175 G		176 O	177 C	178 I	179 M	180 X	
181 X	182 H	183 K	184 B	185 J		186 I	187 Y	188 S		189 J	190 L	191 M	192 Z		193 H	194 Z¹		195 R
196 U	197 V	198 H	199 N		200 B	201 X	202 O	203 K	204 Q		205 K	206 R	207 C	208 S	209 N	210 L	211 Y	
212 Z¹	213 D		214 U		215 T	216 E	217 Z	218 Z²		219 L	220 Q	221 K	222 Z	223 H				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 5 of this issue.

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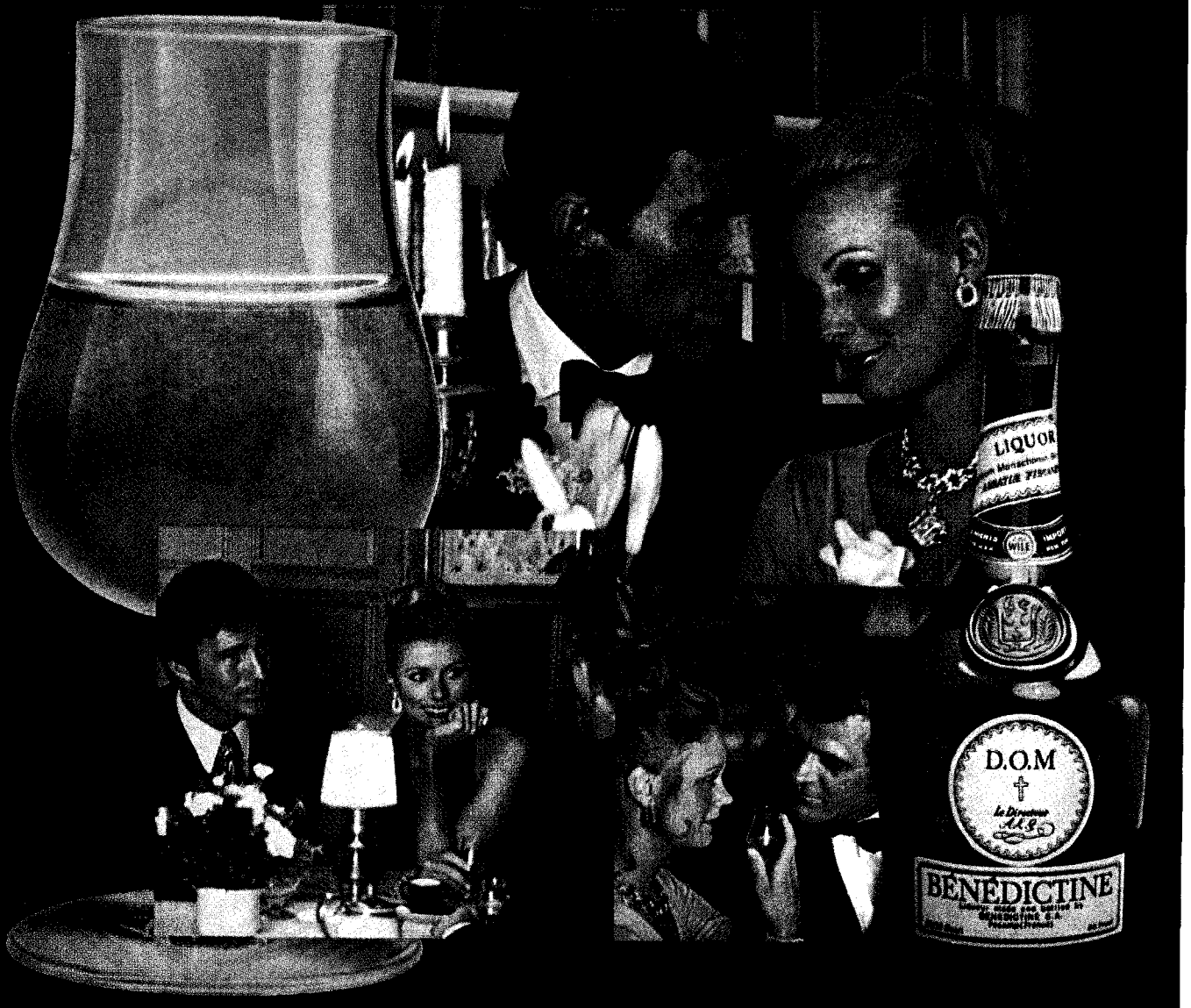
The spectacular way to end a dinner and begin an evening



After coffee enjoy

Benedictine

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Texaco presents the Metropolitan Opera salutes Sir Rudolf Bing.

On April 30, the world's great opera stars will perform highlights of the Metropolitan Opera Gala for Sir Rudolf Bing on CBS-TV.

For the last 22 years, Sir Rudolf, General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera, has been a dynamic force in the cultural life of the country. Now he is about to retire. To commemorate this event, many of the world's great opera stars will gather at the Met to pay tribute to the great impresario in the best way they can, with individual performances of their most famous roles. Texaco, which sponsors the Metropolitan Opera radio broadcasts each season, is especially pleased to bring you the most stirring moments of Sir Rudolf Bing's farewell in a one-hour CBS-TV special.

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